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THE
SMITH ALUMNAE
QUARTERLY

INDEX

VOLS. I, II, III, IV, V

NOVEMBER, 1914

INDEX OF VOLUMES I-V OF THE SMITH ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

EXPLANATORY

In addition to the usual abbreviations, the following are used:

A. C. A., Association of Collegiate Alumnae.

S. C., Smith College.

S. C. A. C. W., Smith College Association for Christian Work.

In the case of married alumnae, all entries are put under the married name, but reference is made from the maiden name and the class designation is given under both headings.

In the case of members of the faculty who are alumnae of Smith College, entries have only the class designation appended, without reference to position; all other members of the faculty (except the President and the President-Emeritus) have (f) after the name, also without reference to rank.

To keep the Index within bounds, most entries forming a regular feature of each issue had to be omitted. Consequently, notices of Concerts; Lectures; Speakers at Vespers; items concerning Campus changes; College Choir; Debates; Dramatics; Elections; Gymnasium and Field Association; Press Board; Registration statistics; S. C. Monthly Board; S. C. Weekly Board; as well as Faculty appointments and resignations and Trustees' Meetings will be found under the heading "News from Northampton" in each number of the QUARTERLY.

Under the Heading "The Alumnae Association," also in each Number of the QUARTERLY will be found accounts of The Alumnae Council; The Committee of Five; the Office Report of the Association; the Report of the QUARTERLY Board and the Reports of the President, the Secretary, and the Treasurer of the Association.

References are to volume and page. For the benefit of those who possess unbound volumes of the QUARTERLY, the following Table is inserted to enable them to turn to the proper number when a special page is sought.

Vol. I.	Oct. 1909	pp.	1-52		Apr. 1912		117-180
	Jan. 1910		53-100		July 1912		181-250
	Apr. 1910		101-160	Vol. IV.	Nov. 1912	pp.	1-64
	July 1910		161-216		Feb. 1913		65-128
Vol. II.	Oct. 1910	pp.	1-64		Apr. 1913		129-200
	Jan. 1911		65-114		July 1913		201-276
	Apr. 1911		115-174	Vol. V.	Nov. 1913	pp.	1-68
	July 1911		175-240		Feb. 1914		69-136
Vol. III.	Nov. 1911	pp.	1-56		Apr. 1914		137-208
	Feb. 1912		57-116		July 1914		209-292

The Advertising Sections are not paged, therefore the references here given are to Volume and *Number*. Inclusive figures are given where possible; *e.g.*, 2: 3-5: 4 signifies that the advertisement having this reference may be found in Vol. II., Number 3 and in each Number thereafter; 3: 1-3 in the same way means Volume III., Numbers one, two, and three.

INDEX

	PAGE
"A. B. C. for alums.," Grace Viele.....	2: 211
Abbott, Herbert V. (f), Tribute to Arthur Henry Pierce, (<i>S. C. Weekly</i>).....	5: 154
—; married to Miss S. Berenson.....	2: 204
Absences, excuses for (<i>S. C. Weekly</i>).....	4: 106
—, A. L. Coinstock.....	5: 211
—, for seniors, 1913.....	4: 171
Academy of Music and Northampton Play-ers (<i>S. C. Weekly</i>).....	4: 38
Adams, E. K. (f), Open marks vs. closed.....	3: 1
—, Vocational movement and the College woman.....	2: 175
—; appointed chairman A. C. A. Committee on Vocational opportunities.....	1: 141
—; prepares A. C. A. Bulletin of Vocational training.....	5: 35
Adams, M. D., 99, The Newcomers (immigra-tion).....	1: 31
Adaptability a result of college training L. (L.) Moore.....	2: 196
Addams, Jane; degree of LL.D. conferred on, at Inauguration of Pres. Burton.....	2: 30
Admission to S. C. see Entrance require-ments.	
Advertisements, Charms of, F. (D.) Gifford.....	1: 131
Advertisements in the <i>Quarterly</i> , see <i>Alumnae Quarterly</i> , Advertisements; See also List of Advertisers appended to this Index.	
Albright House; Mrs. E. E. Carman appointed head.....	3: 37
Aldrich, Gladys, 03 see Hutchins, G. (Al-drich)	
Allen, C. (Tuckerman), ex-79, Why Smith girls are different.....	5: 238
Allen Field J. T. Johnson.....	4: 206
Allen, M. (Lusch), 02; death of.....	1: 45
Allen, R. (Strickland), 99, A Day at decen-nial.....	1: 29
Allen, S. (Foster), 09, Song—The Fairies' dance.....	1: 172
Allison, Ethel, 01; death of.....	4: 186
Almirall, N. L., 01 see Royal, N. (Almirall)	
Alumnae Assembly, first held in John M. Greene Hall (1911).....	2: 212
Alumnae Assembly, or The Smith Family at Home, (1912).....	3: 190
—, (1913).....	4: 208
—, (1914).....	5: 223
Alumnae Association of S. C.; affiliation with A. C. A. voted.....	5: 40
—; cup presented to by 1910.....	5: 230
—; incorporated.....	5: 112, 272
—; life membership fees, disposal of.....	2: 55, 57
—; membership, percentage by classes.....	4: 40
—; office for in College Hall.....	5: 273
—; plans for alumnae work E. (B.) Woods 1: 208, 2: 46	
—; seal for, time for receiving designs ex-tended.....	5: 292
See also under "The Alumnae Association" in each issue	
Alumnae Day; editorial statement.....	5: 236
—; question of; committee appointed.....	5: 273
Alumnae Field Day proposed A. P. Roches-ter.....	5: 30
Alumnae Fund; arranged for.....	3: 236
—; committee appointed.....	5: 40
—; committee's first report (1914).....	5: 274
Alumnae gifts; examples of other colleges G. P. Fuller.....	3: 125
See also Alumni Funds	
Alumnae House, Northampton; announce-ment of opening.....	4: 154
—; described and illustrated E. N. Hill.....	5: 184a
Alumnae of S. C.; geographical distribution of 2: 233	
—; —; map.....	2: 206
—; solidarity of.....	4: 97
Alumnae procession, 1909: (<i>picture</i>).....	1: 35
—, 1910; (<i>picture</i>).....	1: 200
Alumnae <i>QUARTERLY</i> ; advertisements; duty of mentioning, (editorial) E. E. Rand.....	5: 171

	PAGE
—; —, (—), E. N. Hill.....	5: 177
—; —, Why advertise in the <i>QUARTERLY</i> ? M. E. (N.) Cushing.....	5: 175
—; "Alumnae notes," how make room for? Marg. Townsend.....	5: 101
Amita Fairgrieve.....	5: 175
M. (S.) Kirkpatrick.....	5: 175
—; becomes official organ of Alumnae Asso-ciation.....	5: 39
—; business office, new address in N. Y.....	3: 114
—; —, removed to Northampton.....	4: 256
—; The Case for S. S. Titsworth.....	3: 184
—; Caxton type on cover.....	4: 128
—; cover design (first).....	1: 50
—; editorial plea for support H. (B.) Ford.....	1: 180
—; editorial plea for more contributions. H. (B.) Ford.....	2: 87
—; gift subscription cards.....	4: 63
—; re-organization of management.....	2: 55, 57
—; subscribers, number of by classes.....	4: 258; 5: 273
—; "Who's who" in Florence Reeves.....	4: 31
Alumnae-Student Rally in May; first occa-sion.....	4: 227
—; second year of, 1914.....	5: 182
Alumnae Trustees, Concerning E. H. Johnson 2: 115	
—; list of electors for, 1913.....	5: 40
—; suggestions as to nomination M. M. Wells.....	2: 201
E. T. Emerson.....	3: 27
E. E. Porter.....	5: 104
—; —; Report of Committee on.....	3: 238
—; term of office extended.....	3: 150, 158
Alumni Funds, lessons from other colleges G. P. Fuller.....	3: 57
See also Alumnae gifts	
American Red Cross Town and Country Nursing Service F. F. Clement.....	5: 159
Anderson, F. J., 98 see Gilbert, F. (And-erson)	
Angell, F. A., 11 The Point system.....	4: 78
Arizona desert, A Drive through E. C. Scales.....	3: 204
Art Department, loan collection of prints, started.....	2: 92
—; —; proves popular.....	3: 36
Art exhibition of work of Alumnae; plan for E. (McG.) Kimball.....	5: 176
—; 1914, described H. R. Mabie.....	5: 209
Art Gallery, see Graham Hall; Hillyer Art Gallery	
A. C. A.; Report of 30th annual meeting.....	3: 116
—; Report of 32d annual meeting.....	5: 237
—; Boston Branch; statement of object.....	4: 128
Astronomical Fellowship offered by the Maria Mitchell Assoc. of Nantucket.....	3: 115
Athletics; Intercollegiate Alumnae athletics in N. Y. City planned Lillian Schoeder.....	5: 207
—; at S. C., see under "News from Northamp-ton," in each issue	
Ayres, Marjorie, 95 see Best, M. (Ayres)	
Babcock, Elizabeth, ex-11 Butterfly Days (from 1911 Class Book).....	2: 185
Bacon, C. (Mitchell), 97 Students' Aid Asso-ciation and a Vocational Fellowship.....	3: 6
Bacon, J. (Daskam), 98 On the poetry of young women.....	2: 146
Baine, H. W., 05 see Isaacson, H. (Baine)	
Baker, C. L., 93 Bide-a-wee at Old Deer-field.....	5: 172
Baldwin House; Mrs. Marg. Duffield ap-pointed Head.....	2: 52
Baldwin, R. (Bowles), 87, The President-elect of S. C.....	1: 9
—; elected permanent trustee.....	3: 150, 158
Baldwin, Sidney, 10, Serenading at Commence-ment; a plea for the seniors.....	4: 225
Baldwin, Simeon E. (Gov. of Connecticut), gives address Feb. 22, 1912.....	3: 153
Bannon, Charlotte A Municipal theater.....	4: 81

- | | PAGE | | PAGE |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------|----------------------|------|
| Barbour, E. G., 03 | see | Glines, E. (Barbour) | |
| Barrows, A. I., 97 | see | Seelye, A. (Barrows) | |
| Barta, M. W., 02 | see | Birdseye, M. (Barta) | |
| Bartle, Virginia 03, Plea for Chemistry of Cookery | 3: 202 | | |
| Bartter, F. (Buffington), 01, Bilibid | 3: 132 | | |
| Basfulness of alumnae E. (T.) Leonard | 1: 77 | | |
| Baskin, E. R., 11, Home (<i>poem</i>) | 4: 217 | | |
| —; The Method in Périgord | 3: 146 | | |
| Bassett, John S. (f), Recent action concerning the Master's Degree | 5: 12 | | |
| —; appointed on committee of Universal Races Congress, London | 1: 141 | | |
| —; appointed Professor of Amer. Hist. at Columbia Univ. Summer School | 1: 141 | | |
| Bates, C. (Wolcott), 86; death of | 3: 240 | | |
| Baumgarten, Alma, 98, What did it cost you? | 5: 98 | | |
| Bayliss, M. E., 14, The Hillier Art Gallery, changes in, summer of 1913 | 5: 37 | | |
| Beauty of literature E. (P.) Howes | 1: 63 | | |
| Bee-keeping, joys and sorrows of E. K. Dunton | 5: 239 | | |
| Beeken, K. (Keith), 10; death of | 5: 201 | | |
| Beginnings of S. C. Rev. J. M. Greene | 1: 101 | | |
| Benton, Mary L. (f), The problem of the Woman's College | 4: 68 | | |
| —; degree of L. H. D. conferred on, 1914 | 5: 254 | | |
| —; resignation of | 5: 179, 225 | | |
| —; Alumnae Assoc. resolutions | 5: 272 | | |
| Berenson, Senda (f), married to H. V. Abbott | 2: 204 | | |
| Berry, K. F., 02, Song: "Will you come with me, Sophia, dear?" | 2: 209 | | |
| Best, M. (Ayres), 95, Evanston alumnae and the Million-dollar fund | 4: 148 | | |
| Bianchi, M. G. (D); her "Gabrielle and other Poems" reviewed by M. A. Jordan | 4: 219 | | |
| Biklé, L. (Cable), 98, Commuters' joys | 1: 82 | | |
| —, A Plea for "signboards" (capitalization in titles) | 5: 99 | | |
| Biological building; view of from architect's drawing | 5: 69 | | |
| —; described | 5: 111 | | |
| Biological Society see Clubs, departmental | | | |
| Birdseye, M. (Barta), 02 The eternal domestic | 3: 80 | | |
| Black, Rev. Hugh; delivers Commencement address, 1910 | 1: 203 | | |
| Blackstone M. B., 93; killed by burglar | 1: 212 | | |
| Blair, A. A., 06 see Butler, A. (Blair) | | | |
| Blind, N. Y. Institute for; its music course R. (L.) Moses | 3: 140 | | |
| Bliss, H. C., 99 see Ford, H. (Bliss) | | | |
| Boardman, H. H., 88 see Hunt, H. (Boardman) | | | |
| Boat-house facilities | 2: 94 | | |
| Boat-house, New (<i>picture</i>) | 4: 201 | | |
| Bodman, R. M., 87; death of | 5: 118 | | |
| Booth, Mary, ex-02; death of | 5: 284 | | |
| Botanic Garden of S. C., plan of | 1: 135 | | |
| Bourland, C. B., 93, The S. C. Orchestra | 4: 76 | | |
| —, Students' Aid Soc. Fellowship offer | 4: 156 | | |
| Bowles, R. S., 87 see Baldwin, R. (Bowles) | | | |
| Boyd, H. A., 92 see Hawes, H. (Boyd) | | | |
| Boyd's Restaurant moves | 1: 86 | | |
| Bradford, C. L., 03 see Morison, C. (Bradford) | | | |
| Bradford, S. S., 93, Address, "Torch-bearers" at Alumnae Assembly, 1913 | 4: 212 | | |
| Branch, A. H., 97; Comment on her poems, in Boston Transcript | 2: 94 | | |
| —; Her "Rose of the Wind" given by St. Louis S. C. Club | 3: 40 | | |
| Breton "Pardon" at La Clarté E. H. Creevey | 3: 65 | | |
| Bridges, M. D., 06, The College woman in the country town | 5: 176 | | |
| Brooks, R. (Fayerweather), 01; death of | 3: 99 | | |
| Brown, E. B., 92, Twenty years after | 3: 219 | | |
| Brown, E. S., 01 see Stearns, E. (Brown) | | | |
| Browne, N. E., 82, Caps and points | 5: 30 | | |
| —, Bibliography of the published work of Smith Alumnae and non-graduates 1: 123; 2: 83 (and in each QUARTERLY thereafter) | | | |
| Bryant, M. J., 81 see Cary, M. (Bryant) | | | |
| Bryn Mawr College; S. C. the model for | 2: 169 | | |
| —, Class of 1905; gift to its Alma Mater | 4: 63 | | |
| Buffington, F. C., 01 see Bartter, F. (Buffington) | | | |
| Bureau of Occupations see Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations; Occupations, Philadelphia Bureau of | | | |
| Burns, Robert; holograph sheet of owned by Prof. Henry M. Tyler | 2: 155 | | |
| Burton, Rev. Marion Leroy, Ph. D., (President of S. C.), Abstract of Baccalaureate Sermon, 1914 | 5: 216 | | |
| —, Concerning pledges to the Million-dollar fund | 3: 86 | | |
| —, Inaugural address | 2: 1 | | |
| —, Letter offering room in College Hall as office for Alumnae Association | 5: 273 | | |
| —, The New Dean | 3: 122 | | |
| —, Progress of the Million-dollar fund | 3: 117 | | |
| —, To the Alumnae | 2: 65; 4: 201 | | |
| —, At Constantinople | 1: 215 | | |
| —, Inauguration of; arrangements for | 1: 214 | | |
| —; date announced | 1: 214 | | |
| —; greeting from the Alumnae M. (D.) Dey | 2: 18 | | |
| —; greeting from the student body S. C. Evans | 2: 19 | | |
| —; greeting in behalf of the faculty of S. C. Henry M. Tyler | 2: 17 | | |
| —; "October the 5th, 1910" E. N. Hill | 2: 24 | | |
| —; order of exercises | 2: 21 | | |
| —; "The Uninvited guest at" E. N. Hill | 2: 41 | | |
| —; Inaugural procession (<i>picture</i>) | 2: 16 | | |
| —; moves into the President's House | 2: 50 | | |
| —; portraits | 1: 9; 2: 1 | | |
| —, The President-elect of S. C. R. (B.) Baldwin | 1: 9 | | |
| —; speaks at Alumnae Assembly | 2: 213; 3: 196 | | |
| —; visit to S. C., while Pres.-elect | 1: 85 | | |
| —; year abroad | 1: 140 | | |
| Butler, A. (Blair), 96; death of | 1: 153 | | |
| "Busy" R. H. French | 2: 143 | | |
| Cable, L. L., 98, see Biklé, L. (Cable) | | | |
| Caldwell, Lura, ex-08; death of | 1: 48 | | |
| Calkins, M. W., 85, About graduate fellowships | 2: 49 | | |
| —, Vocational guidance, or vocational training | 5: 100 | | |
| —, Degree of LL. D. conferred on at Inauguration of Pres. Burton | 2: 30 | | |
| —; receives degree from Columbia Univ. | 1: 44 | | |
| —; speaks of Consumers' League | 1: 84 | | |
| Camp Fire Girls C. W. Newcomb | 4: 150 | | |
| Campus of S. C.: map of in 1872 | 5: 1 | | |
| —; plan of Botanical Garden | 1: 135 | | |
| —; new gateway | 4: 35 | | |
| —; new lights for | 2: 92 | | |
| Campus Houses, how they got their names | | | |
| Pres. L. C. Seelye | 5: 1 | | |
| Capitals and punctuation in book titles | | | |
| N. E. Browne | 5: 30 | | |
| —; a reply L. (C.) Biklé | 5: 99 | | |
| —; again M. A. Tenney | 5: 171 | | |
| Carle, K. E., or; death of | 3: 245 | | |
| Carle, K. E. (Stevens), 03; death of | 1: 212 | | |
| Carpenter, B. E., 07; death of | 4: 51 | | |
| Carpenter, Elizabeth, 15; receives prize for entrance examination | 3: 89; 4: 44 | | |
| Cary, M. (Bryant), 81, Esperanto | 5: 173 | | |
| —; a correction | 5: 278 | | |
| Caverno, J. H., 87; Athens | 5: 244 | | |
| Classical Studies, on committee of School of | 5: 241 | | |
| Ceilings, fascination of S. S. Titsworth | 2: 141 | | |
| Certificate, entrance by; criticised E. G. Sebring | 5: 69 | | |
| See also Entrance requirements | | | |
| Chandler, L. (Tower), 05, Journeying in China | 5: 103, 124 | | |
| Chapel exercises, reservation of seats abolished | 1: 84 | | |
| Chaperonage see Absences; Social regulations | | | |
| Charley, Constance, 01; death of | 5: 283 | | |
| Chase, C. G., 05, Should the college offer stenography and typewriting? | 4: 161 | | |
| Chase, E. W., 02 and Walbridge, H. I., 02 "Alice in Wonderland"; play at 10th reunion | 3: 223 | | |
| Cheever, L. S., 90, Announcement as to Inauguration of President Burton | 1: 214 | | |
| Child-training; opinions wanted K. (M.) Cone | 1: 180 | | |

	PAGE		PAGE
Child-placing Society; work of A. P. Hincks	5: 23	Comstock, A. L., 97, A Commencement invitation	4: 129
Child Welfare Exhibit of Hampshire Co., 1912; part taken by S. C. Students	3: 156	—, "The Honor of your presence"	5: 137
Children of other people O. (D.) Torrence	1: 185	—, "Neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red her-ring"	1: 32
Children, The Cry of A. M. Wheeler	2: 198	—, The New work of the College Physician	5: 74
China, journeying in L. (T.) Chandler	5: 103, 124	—, What's in an absence	5: 211
Chinese musical instruments given to Music Dept. by H. (O'M.) Dalrymple	2: 95	—, chosen Dean of S. C.	3: 122, 157, 158, 169
Christmas carols sung by S. C. A. C. W.	2: 97	—, The New Dean Pres. M. L. Burton	3: 122
Christmas-tree, Northampton's municipal	5: 108	—, portrait (<i>photograph</i>)	3: 117
Church, V. (Frame), 99, Some plays and a baby	2: 199	Cone, K. (Morris), 79, Class secretaries' association at Dartmouth	1: 185
Churchyard, Grace, 88 see Simons, G. (Churchyard)		—, Culture vs. Home Economics in the country town	5: 101
Civic duty of women G. (C.) Simons, Alumnae Assembly, 1913	4: 209	—, Opinions wanted	1: 180
Clapp, Lucia see Noyes, L. (Clapp)		—, Serenading at Commencement	4: 226
Clark Annex torn down	3: 35	—, A Suggestion	3: 86
Clark House, fire at	1: 136	—, speaks at Alumnae Assembly, 1914	5: 230
Clark, John Bates, Ph. D., LL. D. (Trustee of S. C.), Concerning Deans	3: 123	Conkling, G. (Hazard), 99, The Child in the French convent (<i>poem</i>)	1: 5
Clark, M. (Whitcomb), oo, A Letter from India	5: 32	—, A Handmaid in Mexico	1: 188
Clarke, E. C., 03, see Lund, E. (Clarke)		—, To an orchid (<i>poem</i>)	4: 145
Clarke, E. (Lawrence), 83, Last "official" party for President Seelye	2: 45	Cookery, chemistry of; a plea for Virginia Bartle	3: 202
—, Letter to local clubs as to Million-dollar fund	2: 159	Cooper, R. W., 12, The S. C. Laundry	5: 214
—, The Naples Table Association	1: 196	Co-operative dormitory, need for M. B. Smith	1: 181
—, proposes an Assoc. of Class secretaries	1: 147	Course cards for first semester to be made out in May	4: 173
—, Tribute to President Seelye (reprinted)	1: 174	Cowling, Donald John, Ph. D., D. D. (Pres. Carleton Coll.) Greeting from American Institutions at Inauguration of Pres. Burton	2: 38
Class expenditures, committee to reduce	3: 154	Crane, Esther, 10, Leadership in college	2: 42
Class reunions; see under "News from Northampton," in each July issue		Craven, Virginia, 10 see Lupton, V. (Craven)	
Class Secretaries and card indexes E. (McG.) Kimball	1: 184	Creevey, E. H., 05, A Pardon at La Clarté	
Class Secretaries Association; at Dartmouth K. (M.) Cone	1: 185	Crete, archaeological work at, of E. H. Hall	4: 46
—, advised for S. C. E. (L.) Clarke	1: 147	Crim, A. J., 09, The Comfortable comma	3: 202
—, formed	1: 209	Culture vs. Home Economics in the country town K. (M.) Cone	5: 101
Class Secretaries, Bureau of, at Yale	2: 170	Cummings, F. W., oo; becomes manager of Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations	3: 47
Clef Club see Clubs Departmental		Current Alumnae publications see Published work of Smith Alumnae	
Clement, F. F., 03, American Red Cross Town and Country Nursing Service	5: 159	Current Events Club see Clubs, departmental	
Clubs, Departmental; doings of for 1910	1: 143	Cushing, M. E. (Newton), ex-93, Why advertise in the QUARTERLY?	5: 175
See also under "News from Northampton" in each issue		"Cut" system see Absences	
Cochrane, Gertrude, 10 see Smith, G. (Cochrane)			
Coe, M. E., 97, A Summer's eavesdropping	2: 43	Dalrymple, H. (O'M.), 09; gift of Chinese musical instruments to Music Dept. of S. C.	2: 95
College authorities at S. C. J. (R.) Hill	2: 126	Dancing; The Modern dance movement, a commentary A. L. Martin	5: 90
College degree, The commercial value of Helen Wright	3: 204	Daniels, A. (Entwistle) ex-93; death of	4: 183
College Hall; old chapel in, reduced to earlier dimensions	3: 35	Daniels, M. B., 82; death of	1: 43
College Settlements; and Smith Alumnae	5: 275	Daskam, J. D., 98 see Bacon, J. (Daskam)	
—, N. Y. Settlement, 25th anniversary planned for	5: 275	Davis, F. S., 04 see Gifford, F. (Davis)	
College Settlement Association; Blazing the settlement trail H. (R.) Thayer	2: 130	Day, A. F., 10, The Press Board	1: 142
—, Mt. Ivy, work of Smith girls at M. C. Yeaw	1: 195	Day, E. (Lewis), 95, To virtue, knowledge	4: 130
—, new work of E. H. Johnson	4: 22	Dean and Registrar; division of duties (S. C. Weekly)	4: 36
—, Report of Smith chapter, 1909	1: 42	Deans, Concerning John Bates Clark	3: 123
—, Joint Fellowship; further work of	4: 257	Debating Union; requirements for membership	5: 246
—, offer for 1914	5: 206	Decennial, A Day at R. (S.) Allen	1: 29
—, plans for 1909	1: 49	Deerfield, Mass., G. (Cochrane) Smith's guest house at C. I. Baker	5: 172
—, question of eligibility	2: 57	de Long, E. M., 01, Appeal of the Kentucky mountains	5: 163
—, Report of C. M. Welsh, Fellow, 1908-09	1: 91	—, Doings on Troublesome	4: 17
Collin, G. L., 06, The Gift specialists	4: 80	—, Nineteen-one's decennial; poem for	2: 221
—, The Sisterhood	1: 11	—, A School pageant	2: 186
—, elected to QUARTERLY Board	5: 67	—, Settlement school of, in E. Kentucky	3: 171
—, In memoriam	5: 119	Departmental clubs see Clubs, departmental	
—, Memorial fund for Students' Aid Society proposed	5: 190	Dewey House; Miss H. C. Kingsley appointed Head	2: 52
—, tribute to by O. (D.) Torrence	5: 115	Dewing, W. W., 02 see Wallace, W. (Dewing)	
Colloquium see Clubs departmental		Dey, M. (Duguid), 84, Greeting from Alumnae at Inauguration of Pres. Burton	2: 18
Commas and the "simple life" A. J. Crim	3: 202	—, scholarship given by	2: 53
Commencement week; Alumnae headquarters for first tried	2: 206	Dickinson House; Mrs. J. (Robinson) Hill, (S. C. 80) appointed Head	4: 34
—, the Dean's invitation to the Alumnae A. L. Comstock	4: 129, 5: 137	Dill, Judge James B., (Trustee of S. C.); death of	2: 100
—, hosts or guests see Hosts or guests		Divorce rate of college women A. (F.) Valentine	2: 197
See also under "News from Northampton" in each July issue		Domestic science see Vocational vs. cultural courses	
Commuters' joys L. C. Biklé	1: 82		
Comradeship, in college and after Ruth Lowrey	3: 144		

- Domestic service, humors of; — in E. Penn-
sylvania M. (B.) Birdseye.....3: 80
—; — in the South N. (A.) Royal.....1: 76
Drake, F. H., 97 see Sammis, F. (Drake)
Dramatics; An Alumnae dramatic committee
formed.....3: 43
—; Lend-a-Hand Dramatic Club prize for
play; specifications for.....3: 90
—; Senior see Senior dramatics
—; Students' Building plays; alphabetical
division for.....1: 86
Drawing as a college study P. (W.) Leonard.....5: 150
Duffield, E. G. F., 11, Serenading at class sup-
pers; a reply.....4: 160
—; writes burlesque, "Pin of the Force" for
1911's third reunion.....5: 265
Duguid, M. E., 84 see Dey, M. (Duguid)
Dunbar, O. H., 94 see Torrence, O. (Dunbar)
Dunton, E. K., 97, My bee-hive.....5: 239
Duryee, Alice 02; death of.....2: 163
Dyar, Gertrude, 97 see ter Meulen, G. (Dyar)
- Earle, J. (Perry), 90; death of.....4: 111
Eavesdropping at a summer resort M. E.
Coe.....2: 43
Education of a child; an experiment H.
(Boyd) Hawes.....5: 156
Eighty-eight, Class of and suffrage in Cali-
fornia.....3: 95
Eighty-two's 30th reunion songs.....3: 216
Elocution, The Gentle art of A. W. Tallant
and A. W. Stone.....3: 148
Emerson, E. T., or, Alumnae trustees, nomi-
nation of.....3: 27
—, "An Appreciation"—Pres. Burton and
the Million-dollar fund.....4: 202
—, A disregarded virtue; promptness.....1: 181
—, Another possible vocation.....2: 195
—, As to dues to Alumnae Assoc.....3: 94
—, Our official introduction.....1: 1
—, Social work for the volunteer.....5: 172
Entrance requirements; at S. C., regulations
for, 1910 J. (R.) Hill.....1: 169
—; for colleges Clyde Furst.....5: 145
—; —; E. G. Sebring.....5: 69
—; —; Dorothea Wells.....5: 146
See also Vocational vs. cultural courses
Entwistle, Antoinette, ex-93 see Daniels,
A. (Entwistle)
Esperanto M. (B.) Cary.....5: 173, 278
Esterbrook, E. M., 98, A Knapsack tramp.....4: 164
Evans, A. D., 11, Letter descriptive of work
in rural schools.....4: 195
Evans, Marion, 03 see Stanwood M. (Evans)
Evans, S. C., 11, Greeting from students, at
Inauguration of Pres. Burton.....2: 19
Evanston alumnae and the Million-dollar
fund M. (A.) Best.....4: 148
Ewing, E. (Learoyd), 92, Translation of Horace
Ode II., 6.....3: 21
"Executive," On being H. (B.) Ford.....5: 241
Expenses in college Alma Baumgarten.....5: 98
Expenses of students see Class expenditures;
Financial assistance; Lawrence House; Self-
help Society; Students' Aid Society
Eynard, S. (Hyde), 00; death of.....3: 97
- Faculty committee on Conference with Alum-
nae, constitution of.....1: 146
Faculty committee of Recommendations
see Recommendations, Faculty committee
of
Faculty of S. C. adopt academic costume for
public occasions.....5: 179, 182
—; notes of; see under "News from North-
ampton" in each issue
Fahnestock, H. Z. (Humphrey) 96, The Year
(reprinted).....1: 20
Fairgrieve, Amita, 12, "Alumnae Notes" in
QUARTERLY; how make room for.....5: 175
—, and Miller, H. F., 10; awarded prize for
play, "Purple and Fine Linen".....3: 154
Farming, pleasure and profit in S. (H.) Voll-
mer.....2: 192
Fayerweather, Ruth, 01 see Brooks, R.
(Fayerweather)
Fellowships, Graduate, as an object for Alum-
nae work M. W. Calkins.....2: 49
Ferris, Amy, 01, Lure of interior decoration
as a profession.....5: 93
- Ferry, C. (Taylor), 00; death of.....4: 186
—; memorial membership in Students' Aid
Assoc. for.....5: 121
Fessenden, A. G., 03; death of.....3: 101
Financial assistance available at S. C.....5: 85
See also Expenses of students
Fire system at S. C. H. C. Peabody.....4: 74
Flershem, A. W., 97
— see Valentine, A. (Flershem)
Flower-sending habit; its excess condemned; 36, 38
Foley, E. L., 01, Nursing as a profession for
college women.....1: 106
Food for the hundreds H. F. Greene.....5: 31
Foote, H. (Risley), 86; an authority on rose
growing.....4: 110, 260
Ford, H. (Bliss), 99, "In Parvo"; In Mem-
oriam R. W. Gilder, (*poem*, reprinted).....2: 137
—, To our silent partners.....1: 180
—, Why the sea is boiling hot.....2: 87
—, On being executive.....5: 241
Forest, Katherine, 05, Smith women in the
Women's Industrial Exhibition, (N. Y. City) 4: 154
Foster, Sheila, 09 see Allen, S. (Foster)
Frame, V. W., 99 see Church, V. (Frame)
French Club see Clubs, departmental
French, R. H., 02, "I am busy".....2: 143
—; resigns as business manager of ALUMNAE
QUARTERLY.....2: 113
Frey, G. (Rogers), 84; death of.....1: 150
Friedlander, Max (Professor in the Univ. of
Berlin); greeting from foreign institutions at
Inauguration of Pres. Burton.....2: 37
Fuller, G. P., 03, How other alumnae give.....3: 125
—, Life at a girl's camp.....3: 32
—, The Permanent alumni fund.....3: 57
—, A Royal road.....5: 29
Furst, Clyde College entrance requirements.....5: 145
- Gallagher, E. C., 07; gift to S. C. Library in
memory of.....5: 244
—; Memorial Reading Room in College Li-
brary.....1: 142
Gane, Gertrude, 94, and Marjory, 01; give
Hubbell portrait of Pres. Seelye to College
Library.....2: 153
General Education Board; conditional gift to
S. C. accepted.....3: 150
German Club see Clubs, departmental
Gifford, F. (Davis), 04, Advertisements.....1: 130
—, Call for the new days (*poem*).....2: 68
—, For President Seelye (*poem*).....1: 176
—, A Joy from little things (*poem*, reprinted).....1: 73
—, Origins (*poem*).....1: 13
—; notice of poems in *Literary Digest*.....4: 188
Gift specialists G. L. Collin.....4: 89
Gilbert, F. (Anderson), 98, In defence of the
cultural.....4: 220
—, A Many-sided vocation.....3: 73
Gillett, Rev. Arthur (Trustee of S. C.); presides
at "Valedictory Meeting" of Pres. Seelye.....1: 203
Gillett and Northrop Houses; beginnings of.....1: 193
—; described.....2: 50
—; finished.....3: 35
—; picture of.....3: 57
Gillett House; Miss M. R. Spalding appointed
Head.....3: 37
Gilman, Florence, M. D.; appointed College
Physician.....1: 38
—; work of as College Physician A. L. Com-
stock.....5: 74
Girl's camp, life at G. P. Fuller.....3: 32
Gladden, Rev. Washington, D. D.; delivers
Commencement address, 1911.....2: 212
Gleditsch, Ellen (Professor in Univ. of Chris-
tiania); degree of Sc. D. conferred on at
1914 Commencement.....5: 254
—; speaks at Alumnae Assembly, 1914.....5: 228
Glines, E. (Barbour), 03, Siesta in Taboga
(*poem*).....1: 57
—, —, (corrected form).....1: 110a
Goodman, M. A., 96, Wanderer, (*poem*).....1: 109
Gordon, Rev. George A., D. D.; delivers Com-
mencement address, 1909.....1: 35
Grading see Marking system; Marks open
and closed
Graham, C. A., 10 see Long, C. (Graham)
Graham Hall (Hillyer Art Gallery); described 2: 92
—; first used.....3: 36
—; named for Christine (Graham) Long.....3: 79
—; picture (*photograph*).....4: 1

	PAGE		PAGE
Grand-daughters' Society, account of	2: 158	Hincks, A. P., oo, Work with dependent children	5: 23
Gray, A. R., 06 <i>see</i> Skinner, A. (Gray)		Hirth, E. P., 05; appointed manager Dept. for Social Workers in Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations	5: 285
Gray, William D. (f), Verses "To Father and Mother" at Golden Wedding of President-Emeritus and Mrs. Seelye	5: 84	—; resigns from Faculty Committee of Recommendations	1: 50
Greek Club <i>see</i> Clubs, departmental		Hitchcock, E. (Tomlinson), 99; death of	2: 108
Greek in our educational system Henry M. Tyler	1: 54	Holstein, Ludwig, Poem; "Appleblossoms," translated by Agnes Mynter	2: 86
Greene, H. F., 91, Concerning "right choice food"	5: 31	Homans, S. M., 90 <i>see</i> Vollmer, S. (Homans)	
Green, H. (Stearns), 11; death of	4: 54	Home Economics and women's colleges E. (R.) McKeon	4: 140
Greene, Rev. John M., D. D., (Trustee of S. C.)		Horace: Translation of Od II, 6 by E. (L.) Ewing	3: 21
—; Beginnings of Smith College	1: 101	Hospitals; social work for, a new vocation E. T. Emerson	2: 195
—; Sophia Smith; what she read	1: 104	—; <i>See also</i> Social service nurse, work of	
—; auditorium named for	2: 150	"Hosts or guests"	4: 28
—; <i>See also</i> John M. Greene Hall		—; again	4: 91
"Grind," estimation of A. M. Pierce	2: 87	Housekeepers and economics J. M. Wallace	4: 94
Guest-room mottoes E. W. Hawkins	3: 31	Housing problem at S. C.; difficulties of	4: 175
Gulliver, J. H., 79, Relation of colleges to Secondary schools	5: 138	Howe, F. B., ex-99 <i>see</i> Mucklow, F. (Howe)	
—; degree of LL. D. conferred on, at Inauguration of Pres. Burton	2: 30	Howe, Julia Ward; degree of LL. D. conferred on at Inauguration of Pres. Burton	2: 29, 30
—; elected Hon. Vice-president of International Peace Forum	2: 233	Howes, E. (Puffer), 91, Beauty of literature (reprinted)	1: 63
—; introduces vocational courses at Rockford College	1: 43	—; Place of music and art in the curriculum of a cultural college	5: 4
—; work at Rockford College	1: 211	—; reply to Professor Sleeper	5: 144
Gulliver, Mary, 82; paints portrait of Professor Henry M. Tyler	1: 202	Howland, E. (Mason), 04; death of	3: 49
Gymnasium and Field Association; terms of granting "S"	2: 51	Hubbard, George W. (First Treasurer of S. C.); tribute to, by President Seelye	1: 205
Gymnasium (The old) moved	1: 38	Hubbard House; Mrs. L. P. McCandlish appointed Head	1: 39
Hadley, Arthur Twining (President Yale University); gives address Feb. 22, 1913	4: 166	Hubbell, Henry Salem; painter of two portraits of President Seelye	2: 153
Hadzits, Walter David Depue (f); resolutions on death of	2: 52	—; reproduction of his portrait (seated) of President Seelye	2: 175
—; memorial vesper service for	2: 151	Hull, Rosamond <i>see</i> Morse, R. (Hull)	
Hall, G. Stanley, Tribute to Theodate L. Smith, 82	5: 191	Humphrey, H. Z., 96, <i>see</i> Fahnestock, H. Z. (Humphrey)	
Halley's comet, seen at S. C. Observatory	1: 141	Hunt, H. (Boardman), 88; death of	5: 118
Hamblett, Julia, 14; Mary Lanning scholarship awarded to	3: 89	Hutchins, G. (Aldrich), 03; death of	1: 212
Hatch, E. H., 09 <i>see</i> Rucker, A. (Hatch)		Hyde, F. (Keith), 97, A Plea for open-air schools	5: 95
Hatfield House; Mrs. C. M. W. Parker appointed Head	3: 37	Hyde, S. S., oo <i>see</i> Eynard, S. (Hyde)	
—; moved	1: 38	Immigration; work in Department of M. D. Adams	1: 31
Hawes, H. (Boyd), 92, Beginning a liberal education	5: 156	Inauguration of President Burton <i>see</i> Burton, Marion Leroy, Inauguration of Industrial reform, problem of E. H. Westwood	4: 25
—; degree of L. H. D. conferred on at Inauguration of Pres. Burton	2: 29	Information clerk, trials of C. (T.) Stevenson	3: 81
Hawkins, E. W., 01, Hour-glass sands (<i>poem</i>)	3: 183	Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations; organization of M. A. Van Kleeck	3: 14
—; Life of the party	1: 28	—; progress of	3: 163
—; "Sweet sleep"	3: 31	—; Report of first year M. A. Van Kleeck	4: 31
—; and Morse, R. (H.), 01, "The shy looks of Shylock"; decennial play of 1901	2: 223	—; S. C. representatives in directorate	3: 115
Hazard, G. W., 99 <i>see</i> Conkling, G. (Hazard)		—; Social work Dept.; M. A. Van Kleeck	4: 85
Hazen, Charles D., (f); resignation of	5: 179	—; E. P. Hirth, Smith, 05 appointed manager <i>See also</i> Occupations, Philadelphia Bureau of	5: 285
—; —; Alumnae resolutions concerning	5: 272	Interior Decoration as a profession Amy Ferris	5: 93
—; —; resolutions by trustees	5: 224	International arbitration, prize for essay on, announced	1: 38
Heads of (Campus) houses; new organization of	1: 146	Isaacson, H. (Baine), 05; death of	5: 197, 284
Hepburn, A. (Smith), 03; death of	5: 196	Italy, social service in M. H. A. Mather	4: 96
Higbee, N. (Wetherbee), 80; first president of Assoc. of Class secretaries	1: 209	Ivy-Day, close of, and the glee club M. (W.) Clark	5: 32
Hill, E. N., 03, The Advertising department of the QUARTERLY	5: 177	Jackson, Alice, 98; memorial fund for	3: 42
—; The Alumnae House, Northampton (illus.)	5: 184a	—; service in memory of	1: 137
—; Appeal of a class treasurer	1: 74	Jackson, Florence, 93; connected with Women's Educational and Industrial Union, Boston	5: 118
—; October the 5th, 1910	2: 24	Japan; organization of S. C. Club in	4: 41; 5: 41
—; Plea for contributions to "Let us Talk" in QUARTERLY	3: 28	Jefferson, Rev. Charles E., D. D.; gives address at Commencement, 1914	5: 255
—; A Triplet	3: 131	John M. Greene Hall; beginning of building	1: 37
—; The Uninvited guest	2: 41	—; described	1: 194
—; Washington's Birthday, after ten years	4: 165	—; first used	1: 200
Hill, J. (Robinson), 80, College authorities	2: 126	—; first used for chapel exercises	2: 50
—; Robert Woods; a tribute	1: 88	—; named	2: 150
—; To the older alumnae (as to admission requirements at S. C.)	1: 169	—; picture of	1: 200
—; appointed Head of Dickinson House	4: 34	Johnson, E. H., 94, College Settlements Association, new work of	4: 22
—; death of; Alumnae Assoc. resolutions concerning	5: 272		
—; —; tribute to, by President Seelye	5: 114		
Hillyer Art Gallery; gifts to	3: 78		
—; improvements in; <i>see</i> under "News from Northampton" in each issue			
—; rearrangement of	5: 37		
—; <i>See also</i> Graham Hall			

- Johnson, E. H., the fellowship offer. 4: 257
 —, Concerning Alumnae Trustees. 2: 115
 Johnson, F. M., 97, The joys of social service. 5: 18
 Johnson, J. T., 11, Allen Field. 4: 206
 Jones, M. H., 97; ordained and installed as pastor. 2: 163
 Jordan, M. A. (f) A Dressy bookseller. 1: 2
 —, Golden wedding of President-Emeritus and Mrs. Seelye. 5: 84
 —, Review of Mrs. Bianchi's "Gabrielle and other Poems". 4: 219
 —, Tribute to Ludella L. Peck. 4: 65
Journal des Débats; excerpt from, concerning S. C. 4: 97
 Journalistic experiences in Germany E. (vom B.) Van Hook. 3: 22
 June-bugs; every dormitory window screened against. 4: 233
- Kant, Emmanuel; portrait of bought for Philosophy department'. 2: 92
 Keith, F. E., 97 see Hyde, F. (Keith)
 Keith, Kate, 10 see Beeken, K. (Keith)
 Kentucky highlanders, a school among E. M. de Long. 3: 171, 174
 Kentucky mountains, appeal of E. M. de Long. 5: 163
 Kenyon, Dorothy, 08, The Women's University Club (N. Y. City). 5: 167
 Kern, M. M., 07 see Tutt, M. (Kern)
 Ketchum, H. A., 07; death of. 4: 270
 Keyes, M. W., 99, Better than stunts. 2: 139
 —, "In Absentia," quinquennial play. 5: 260
 Kimball, Everett (f), The new marking system. 4: 10
 Kimball, E. (McGrew), or, Alumnae art exhibition, plan for. 5: 176
 —, Class secretaries and card indexes. 1: 184
 —, What Commencement meant, (1910). 1: 197
 —, elected secretary of Association of Class Secretaries. 1: 209
 Kimball, M. F., 10; death of. 2: 167, 168
 Kimball, Rosamond, 09; organizes loan library of text-books for students. 1: 48
 King, Elizabeth, 96; death of. 3: 242
 King, Henry Churchill, D. D., LL. D. (President of Oberlin College); delivers Commencement address, 1913. 4: 204
 Kingsbury, A. (McElroy), 07; death of. 4: 191
 Kirkpatrick, M. (Staples), 10, "Alumnae notes," in QUARTERLY; how make room for 5: 175
 Knapp, Genevieve, 97 see McConnell, G. (Knapp)
 Knapp, I. (Richards) 97; death of. 1: 44
 —, memorial fund for Students' Aid Soc. 2: 58
 Koues, M. P., 12 see Sachs, M. (Koues)
- Labor laws see Industrial reform
 Ladd, E. (Sanderson), 04, The Self-help bureau. 3: 9
 Language à la Lewis Carroll A. W. Tallant. 3: 29
 Lanning, Mary Tomlinson, ex-12; memorial fountain; described. 3: 38
 —; picture of. 3: 1
 —; unveiled. 2: 206
 —, memorial scholarship founded. 2: 92
 Lanning, Mr. W. H.; gifts in memory of daughter. 1: 206
 Lantern slides of S. C.; appropriation for. 2: 55, 57
 —; bought. 2: 64
 Laodiceans, A Word to (editorial) C. (S.) Whipple. 1: 53
 Laundry, The S. C. R. W. Cooper. 5: 215
 Lawrence House; announcement of cooperative plan. 3: 158
 —; Cooperative housekeeping in M. B. Smith. 3: 188
 —; Miss J. E. Turner appointed Head 3: 207; 4: 34
 —; Miss Turner on its working. 4: 176
 —; opened as a cooperative house. 4: 35
 Laws, B. (Reeves), 99, "If" (class poem for 15th reunion). 5: 250
 Lazard, Marguerite, 11; Students' Aid Soc. Fellowship awarded to, 1914. 5: 276
 Leadership in college Esther Crane. 2: 42
 Learoyd, Elizabeth, 92 see Ewing, E. (Learoyd)
 Leavens, D. D., or; first missionary supported by S. C. 1: 39, 88
 Lee, J. (Perry), 86, A House of Mercy (reprinted). 1: 22
 —; resignation of. 5: 34
- Leighton, E. E. 94 see Miller, E. (Leighton)
 Lend-a-Hand Dramatic Club; awards prize for play to Amita Fairgrieve and H. F. Miller. 3: 154
 —; specifications for prize offered. 3: 90
 Leonard, E. (Tyler), 05, The Bashful alumna. 1: 77
 Leonard, L. A., 99; death of. 2: 234
 Leonard, P. (Wiggin), 90, Value of drawing as a college study. 5: 150
 Leonard, Ruth, 10 see Moses, R. (Leonard)
 "Let us talk" (editorial). 1: 74
 Le Verrier, Charles, Une visite à "Smith College" (reprinted from *Le Journal des Débats*). 4: 97
 Lewis, E. D., 95 see Day, E. (Lewis)
 Lewis, M. D., 94, Student ways and means at S. C. 5: 85
 Library beginnings in a small village M. D. Bridges. 5: 176
 Library of S. C.; Building; described F. H. Snow. 1: 59
 —; the "Browsing Room" (picture). 2: 115
 —; dedication of. 1: 194
 —; German seminar room in, a memorial to Margaret (May) Ward, 99. 3: 170
 —; pictures of. 1: 59, 200
 —; Reading Room named for Louise Whiting Lyon. 4: 102, 103
 —; gifts to, see under "News from Northampton" in each issue
 "Life at Smith"; song M. H. A. Mather. 2: 210
 "Life which is life indeed" (Baccalaureate sermon, 1914) President M. L. Burton. 5: 216
 "Light-cuts" 4: 171
 —; final arrangement. 4: 229
 Lloyd, L. (Maverick), 97, From an unmusical alumna. 4: 158
 Local clubs; see under "The Alumnae Association" in each issue
 Lockwood, Wilton; his portrait of Prof. Stoddard placed in the Library. 4: 103
 London, L. S., 04 see Moore, L. (London)
 Long, C. (Graham), 10; addition to Art Gallery the gift of. 3: 79
 See also Graham Hall
 Lord, H. T., 11, The stamp savings society and the working girl. 4: 13
 Lovell, B. C., 05, The Mystery (poem). 1: 179
 Lowrey, Ruth, 09, The Morris Chair speaks up. 3: 144
 Luce, Robert; gives address, Feb. 22, 1911. 2: 150
 Lund, E. (Clarke), 03; death of. 3: 49
 Lupton, V. (Craven), 10, The End of light (poem, reprinted). 2: 120
 —, Pitiful tale of a prom. man (poem, reprinted). 1: 173
 Lusch, M. V., 02 see Allen, M. (Lusch)
 Lyon, L. W., 92; death of. 3: 46, 54
 —; Reading Room in Library named for 4: 102, 103
- Mabie, H. R., 04, Alumnae art exhibition, 1914. 5: 209
 McConnell, G. (Knapp), 97, Montessori methods at home. 4: 93
 —, Serenading at Commencement; a classmate's apology for the "Unmusical alumna" 4: 224
 McDougough, H. (Monaghan), 04; death of. 4: 116
 McElroy, Alice, 07 see Kingsbury, A. (McElroy)
 McFadden, E. A., 98, The college woman and the theater. 4: 146
 —; awarded Craig prize for play. 3: 47
 —; production of her play, "Product of the Mill". 3: 169
 McGrew, Elizabeth, or see Kimball, E. (McGrew)
 Mack, R. R., or, Nineteen-one's decennial reunion. 2: 218
 McKeon, E. (Rushmore), ex-97, What are the colleges going to do about Home Economics 4: 140
 McKinney, I. E., 95, The new home of the Women's Univ. Club (N. Y. City). 4: 87
 McNett, S. (Sherwood), ex-10; death of. 5: 288
 Magna, S. (Scott), 09; scholarship named for 3: 210
 Map; distribution by states of S. C. alumnae. 2: 201
 —; S. C. campus. 1: 135; 4: 129; 5: 6
 Marking system; The New marking system Everett Kimball. 4: 10
 —; official method of described. 3: 151

	PAGE		PAGE
Marks, open and closed E. K. Adams.....	3: 1	Newcomb, C. W., 06, Concerning Camp Fire Girls.....	4: 150
—; again A. M. Pierce.....	3: 84	—, Concerning our foreign missionaries.....	2: 89
—; open marks prove satisfactory.....	4: 105, 170, 176	Newell, Madeleine, 03; rescued from the "Titanic".....	3: 245
Martin, A. L., 95, The Modern dance movement.....	5: 90	Newton, M. E., ex-93 see Cushing, M. E. (Newton)	
Martin, A. L., 01; death of.....	4: 48	Nicholl, L. T., 13, "Before I knew" (poem, reprinted).....	5: 169
Martin, H. G., 99, Another kind of teacher.....	3: 69	Nichols, Ernest F., LL. D. (President of Dartmouth College); Message from, at Inauguration of President Burton.....	2: 33
Mason, E. W., 04 see Howland, E. (Mason)		Night court (N. Y. City); Two weeks in (reprinted) M. E. Miner.....	1: 112
M. A., degree of; Recent action concerning John S. Bassett.....	5: 12	Ninomiya, Tei, 10; speaks at Boston College Club.....	1: 84
Mathematical Club see Clubs, departmental		Northampton Players and the Academy of Music (S. C. Weekly).....	4: 38
Mather, M. H. A., 83, "Life at Smith": song.....	2: 210	Northrop, Cyrus, LL. D., (President Univ. of Minnesota); address at Inauguration of President Burton.....	2: 35
—, Social service in Italy.....	4: 96	Northrop and Gillett Houses; beginnings of.....	1: 193
—; writer and composer of "Says the Peacock".....	4: 240	—; described.....	2: 50
Maverick, Lola, 97 see Lloyd, L. (Maverick)		—; finished.....	3: 35
May, M. E., 99 see Ward, M. (May)		—; picture of.....	3: 57
Medical-social work see Hospitals; social work for; Social-service nurse; work of "Memory Book" at Alumnae Rally, 1911.....	2: 209	Northrop House; Miss C. T. Perry appointed Head.....	3: 37
Merchant, A. S., 04, Literary telepathy.....	4: 29	Note Room, A. Williams.....	3: 90, 155, 207; 4: 36, 104, 170, 229
—; awarded McDowell prize for play, "His womenfolk".....	5: 49	— S. L. Smith.....	5: 38, 109, 181, 245
Mexico, A Handmaid in G. (H.) Conkling.....	1: 188	Notman, Winifred, 11, Ways and means for the Million-dollar fund.....	3: 203
Miller, E. (Leighton), 04; death of.....	5: 192	Noyes, L. (Clapp), 81, Social regulations and student government at S. C.....	2: 71
Miller, H. F., 10 and Fairgrieve, Amita, 12; awarded prize for play, "Purple and Fine Linen".....	3: 154	—, Alumnae Assoc. gives vote of thanks to for seven years' trusteeship.....	5: 272
"Million-dollar Farce" at Alumnae Rally, 1913 M. (E.) Stanwood.....	4: 236	—; re-elected Alumnae Trustee, 1910.....	1: 215
Million-dollar fund; aid given by "Students' Mite".....	3: 156	Nurse, Social-service see Social-service nurse	
—; campaign committees chosen by local clubs.....	2: 159	Nursing as a profession for college women E. L. Foley.....	1: 106
—; The Campaign in N. Y. State M. A. Van Kleeck.....	4: 7	Obituary: (Alumnae)	
—; completion of, announced.....	4: 202	Allen, M. (Lusch) 02.....	1: 45
—; letters to Pres. Burton.....	4: 202	Allison, Ethel 01.....	4: 186
—; Message to the Alumnae; Pres. M. L. Burton.....	4: 201	Bates, C. (Wolcott) 86.....	3: 240
—; —; (an appreciation) E. T. Emerson.....	4: 202	Beeken, K. (Keith) 10.....	5: 201
—; Inception of Pres. M. L. Burton.....	2: 65	Blackstone, M. B. 93.....	1: 212
—; Progress of, spring of 1912 Pres. M. L. Burton.....	3: 117	Bodman, R. M. 87.....	5: 118
—; Tabulations of sums pledged.....	4: 33, 99, 167, 215	Booth, Mary ex-02.....	5: 284
—; Ways and means Winifred Notman.....	3: 203	Brooks, R. (Fayerweather) 01.....	3: 99
Miner, M. E., 01, Two weeks in the Night Court (reprinted).....	1: 112	Butler, A. (Blair) 96.....	1: 153
Missionaries who are Smith Alumnae C. W. Newcomb.....	2: 89	Caldwell, Lura ex-08.....	1: 48
Mitchell, C. T., 97 see Bacon, C. (Mitchell)		Carle, K. E. 01.....	3: 245
Modern languages, The Study of R. S. Phelps 4: 1		Carleton, E. (Stevens) 03.....	1: 212
Monaghan, H. C., 04 see McDonough, H. (Monaghan)		Carpenter, B. E. 07.....	4: 51
Montessori methods at home G. (K.) McConnell.....	4: 93	Charnley, Constance 01.....	5: 283
Moore, L. (London), 04, Adaptability as an asset.....	2: 196	Collin, G. L. 96.....	5: 119
Morison, C. (Bradford), 03; death of.....	3: 172	Daniels, A. (Entwistle) ex-93.....	4: 183
Morris, Kate, 79 see Cone, K. (Morris)		Daniels, M. B. 82.....	1: 43
Morris House; Mrs. K. M. Eells appointed Head.....	3: 207; 4: 34	Durvey, Alice 02.....	2: 163
Morse, R. (Hull), 01 and Hawkins, E. W., 01, "The shy looks of Shylook," decennial play of 1901.....	2: 223	Earle, J. (Perry) 90.....	4: 111
Moseley, M. (Rice), 11, "In Memoriam," H. (Stearns) Green.....	4: 55	Eynard, S. (Hyde) 00.....	4: 186
Moses, R. (Leonard), 10, Teaching music to the blind.....	3: 140	Ferry, C. (Taylor) 00.....	3: 101
Mother and children A. (B.) Seelye.....	1: 126	Fessenden, A. G. 03.....	1: 150
Mt. Holyoke College; fund for.....	2: 170	Frey, G. (Rogers) 84.....	4: 54
—; Seventy-fifth anniversary of.....	4: 63	Green, H. (Stearns) 11.....	5: 196
Mt. Ivy (N. Y. Coll. Settlement summer home); work of Smith girls at.....	1: 195	Hepburn, A. (Smith) 03.....	5: 272
Mucklow, F. (Howe), ex-99; death of.....	3: 243	Hill, J. (Robinson) 80.....	2: 108
Murphy, C. G., 00; organ in John M. Greene Hall a memorial to.....	1: 195	Hitchcock, E. (Tomlinson) 99.....	3: 49
Music and art in a cultural college E. (Puffer) Howes.....	5: 4	Howland, E. (Mason) 04.....	5: 118
Music and art as college studies at Smith Henry D. Sleeper.....	5: 77	Hunt, H. (Boardman) 88.....	1: 212
—; rejoinder by E. (P.) Howes.....	5: 144	Hutchins, G. (Aldrich) 03.....	5: 197, 284
Mynter, Agnes, 99, Appleblossoms (poem, translated from the Danish).....	2: 86	Isaacson, H. (Baine) 05.....	1: 137
Naples Table Association E. (L.) Clarke.....	1: 196	Jackson, Alice 98.....	4: 270
New England women; "The Sisterhood" G. L. Collin.....	1: 11	Kimball, M. F. 10.....	2: 167, 168
New London, Conn.; proposed women's college at.....	2: 170	King, Elizabeth 96.....	3: 242
		Kingsbury, A. (McElroy) 07.....	4: 191
		Knapp, I. (Richards) 97.....	1: 44
		Leonard, L. A. 99.....	2: 234
		Lund, E. (Clarke) 03.....	3: 49
		Lyon, L. W. 92.....	3: 46, 54
		McDonough, M. (Monaghan) 04.....	4: 116
		McNett, S. (Sherwood) ex-10.....	5: 288
		Martin, A. L. 01.....	4: 48
		Miller, E. (Leighton) 04.....	5: 192
		Morison, C. (Bradford) 03.....	3: 172
		Mucklow, F. (Howe) ex-99.....	3: 243
		O'Brien, E. (Smith) 95.....	4: 261

- Obituary: (Alumnae)—*Continued* PAGE
- Pomeroy, L. H. 08. 4: 118
- Rucker, E. (Hatch) 09. 5: 200
- Sammis, F. (Drake) 97. 3: 242
- Shaffer, A. B. 09. 2: 166
- Smith, T. L. 82. 5: 191
- Strong, M. L. 01. 4: 48
- Tutt, M. (Kern) 07. 4: 118
- Vincent, Marie 07. 1: 47
- Obituary: (Faculty)
- Hadditz, Walter David Depue. 2: 52
- Peck, Ludella L. 4: 65
- Pierce, Arthur H. 5: 272
- Story, Edwin Bruce. 1: 38, 39
- Obituary: (Trustees)
- Dill, Judge James B. 2: 100
- Vinton, Rt. Rev. Alexander H. 2: 158
- Woods, Rev. Robert, D. D. 1: 88
- O'Brien, E. (Smith), 95; death of. 4: 261
- Observatory of S. C.; addition built. 3: 35
- Occupations, Philadelphia Bureau of M. H. Steen. 5: 26
- See also Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations
- Off Campus Committees; usefulness of to classes. 3: 160
- O'Malley, H. K., 09 see Dalrymple, H. (O'M.)
- Open-air school rooms; plea for E. S. Tilden. 3: 146
- Oratorio by Smith and Amherst students; arranged for. 4: 38
- , "Messiah" given. 5: 105
- , "St. Paul" given. 4: 168
- Organs in John M. Greene Hall; need of two accessory. 5: 226
- Oriental Club see Clubs, departmental
- Packard, N. S., ex-85 see Webb, N. (Packard)
- Page, Walter (U. S. Ambassador to Great Britain) gives address Feb. 22, 1910. 1: 136
- Pagant of King Arthur given by a school E. M. de Long. 2: 186
- Pangborn, G. (Wood), ex-96, If love be love (poem, reprinted). 3: 64
- , The Lady Senbtes (poem, reprinted). 1: 121
- Park, C. D., 10; speaks at "Valedictory meeting" of President Seelye. 1: 203
- Parsons, A. (Lord), 97, Concerning the fire at Wellesley College. 5: 207
- Patrick, Mary Mills (President Amer. College for Girls, Constantinople); degree of LL.D. conferred on, Commencement, 1914. 5: 254
- Pay-day for student societies; date of establishment. 2: 92
- Peabody, H. C., 12, The fire system (at S. C.) 4: 74
- Peck, Ludella L. (f); portrait (photograph). 4: 65
- ; service in memory of. 4: 228
- ; tribute to by Mr. Frank Lyman, at 1913 Senior Dramatics. 4: 232
- ; tributes to. 4: 65
- Peirce, L. M., 86; member of Council Committee, 1910. 1: 89
- Perry, Bliss, LL.D.; delivers Commencement address, 1912. 3: 214
- Perry, J. B., 86 see Lee, J. (Perry)
- Perry, J. M., 90 see Earle, J. (Perry)
- Personality, Reverence for Pres. Henry C. King (Commencement Address, 1913). 4: 204
- Phelps, R. S., 99, "Foreword": Introductory Sonnet to "Skies Italian" (reprinted). 2: 83
- , The Study of modern languages. 4: 1
- , "A Whisper in the gallery" (women and university positions). 1: 29
- Phi Beta Kappa elections; 1910. 1: 139
- ; 1912. 3: 152
- ; 1913. 4: 170
- ; 1914. 5: 181
- Philosophical Society see Clubs, departmental
- Physician, The College; new work of A. L. Comstock. 5: 74
- Physics Club see Clubs, departmental
- Pictures: Alumnae House, Northampton; exterior. 5: 184a
- ; interior. 5: 184a
- ; tea-room. 5: 184b
- ; Alumnae procession, 1909. 1: 35
- ; 1910. 1: 200
- ; Alumnae rally, 1910. 1: 200
- ; Biological Building (from the architect's drawing). 5: 69
- ; Boathouse (new). 4: 201
- ; "Force" (photograph of sculpture by A. M. Wright). 2: 65
- ; Graham Hall. 4: 1
- ; John M. Greene Hall. 1: 200
- ; Lanning Memorial Fountain. 3: 1
- ; Library Building. 1: 59; 1: 200
- ; Library; the "Browsing Room". 2: 115
- ; Northrop and Gillett Houses. 3: 57
- ; Procession at Inauguration of President Burton. 2: 16
- ; S. C. in 1877 (from *Scribner's Monthly*); Northampton with Mt. Holyoke and Mt. Tom. 5: 32a
- ; Reception in "Social Hall". 5: 32a
- ; Study room at S. C. 5: 32b
- ; S. C. (the Littig etching). 5: 137
- ; view from "Paradise" (old cut). 5: 11
- ; Women's University Club (N. Y. City). 4: 87
- Pierce, A. M., 09, The "Couch" and the "Morris Chair" on "marks" and other things. 3: 84
- , Why the "grind" is not a "celeb". 2: 87
- Pierce, Arthur H., (f); death of; Alumnae resolutions concerning. 5: 272
- ; memorial service for. 5: 178
- ; Tribute to by Herbert V. Abbott (*S. C. Weekly*). 5: 154
- Pinafore; burlesque on at 1911's third reunion. 5: 265
- Play-writing and babies V. (F.) Church. 2: 199
- Poetry written by young women; a review of "S. C. Book of Verse" J. (D.) Bacon. 2: 146
- Point system see Student activities
- Pomeroy, L. H., 08; death of. 4: 118
- Pooke, M. L., 05; art work of. 4: 269
- Porter, E. E., 97, An Elector speaks. 5: 104
- Portraits: Burton, President M. L. 1: 9
- ; (photograph by K. E. McClellan). 2: 1
- ; Comstock, A. L., 97. 3: 117
- ; Peck, Ludella L. 4: 65
- ; Seelye, President L. C. (bas relief). 5: 209
- ; (Hubbell painting, seated). 2: 175
- ; (photograph by K. E. McClellan). 1: 1
- ; (—, profile). 1: 161
- ; Smith, Sophia. 1: 101
- ; Tyler, Henry M. 3: 181
- Praying for a husband in Périgord E. R. Baskin. 3: 146
- Press Board, activities of, 1910 A. F. Day. 1: 142
- Prison methods at Bilibid, P. I. F. (B.) Bartter. 3: 132
- Prize essay competition (general) announced: 38
- Promptness, a disregarded virtue E. T. Emerson. 1: 181
- Public schools, A Word for K. (M.) Cone. 1: 180
- Public school teachers, a plea for "the right kind" H. G. Martin. 3: 69
- Published works of Smith Alumnae and non-graduates, bibliography of, compiled by N. E. Browne. 1: 123; 2: 83
- (and in each QUARTERLY thereafter)
- Puffer, E. D., 91 see Howes, E. (Puffer)
- "Purple and Fine Linen," play by Amita Fairgrieve and H. F. Miller; awarded prize 3: 154
- ; presented in Northampton. 3: 206
- Pusey, M. H., 04; A Gift specialist G. L. Collin. 4: 89
- Quinquennial Catalog, 1910; distribution of cost. 2: 56, 57
- Rachmaninoff, Sergei; his concert at S. C. his first appearance in America. 1: 85
- Rand, E. E., 99, "Kindly mention" (advertisers in the QUARTERLY). 5: 171
- ; becomes business manager of the QUARTERLY. 2: 113
- Rand, H. C., 84 see Thayer, H. (Rand)
- Rankin, M. P., 92 see Wardner, M. (Rankin)
- Ray, A. C., 85, Sidney's class-day (reprinted) 1: 120
- Recommendations, Faculty Committee on; abridgment of report, 1912-13. 5: 184
- ; first year of work. 1: 50
- ; usefulness of. 3: 161
- Red Cross see American Red Cross
- Reeves, B. B., 99 see Laws, B. (Reeves)
- Reeves, Florence, ex-91, Who are they? (Who's who in the QUARTERLY). 4: 31
- Remington, E. D., 09 see Wardwell, E. (Remington)

- Rice, M. L., 11 *see* Moseley, M. (Rice)
- Richards, Ellen H. (S.); degree of Sc.D. conferred on at Inauguration of Pres. Burton, 2: 29
- Richards, I. L., 97 *see* Knapp, I. (Richards)
- Richards, M. E., 99 *see* Torrey, M. (Richards)
- Rigi, Sunrise from M. (R.) Torrey, 1: 79
- Risley, H. E., 86 *see* Foote, H. (Risley)
- Rochester, A. P., 11, An alumnae field day, 5: 30
- Robinson, Justina, 80 *see* Hill, J. (Robinson)
- Rodin, Auguste; a bronze by given to Hillyer Art Gallery, 5: 244
- Rogers, Grace, 84 *see* Frey, G. (Rogers)
- Royal, N. (Almirall), 01, Some trials of Miss Mabel, 1: 76
- Rucker, E. (Hatch), 09; death of, 5: 200
- Rumsey, Olive, 93; bequest of books to S. C. Library, 4: 102
- Rushmore, E. R., ex-97 *see* McKeon, E. (Rushmore)
- Sabbatical year for faculty; new ruling, 3: 88
- Sabin, F. R., 93; degree of Sc.D. conferred on at Inauguration of Pres. Burton, 2: 29
- Sachs, M. (Koues), 12, A Healer of men (*poem*), 5: 17
- Sammis, F. (Drake), 97; death of, 3: 242
- Sanderson, E. J., 04 *see* Ladd, E. (Sanderson)
- Sarah Berliner Research Fellowship; announcement concerning, 2: 101
- Savings society for working girls H. T. Lord 4: 13
- Scales, E. C., 04, Across the Arizona desert, 3: 204
- Schoedler, Lillian (Barnard, 1910), Inter-collegiate alumnae athletics in N. Y. City, 5: 207
- Scholarships, The Question of, A. W. Tallant 2: 181
- Schools, desirability of knowing conditions in "A Teacher", 3: 79
- See also* Public schools
- Schools, open-air; a plea for F. (K.) Hyde, 5: 95
- Scott, S. E., 09 *see* Magna, S. (Scott)
- Scott, Mr. Walter; gives scholarship in memory of S. (Scott) Magna, 09, 3: 210
- Sebring, E. G., 89, College entrance requirements, 5: 69
- Secretary, Painful trade of R. C. Smith, 1: 80
- Seelye, A. (Barrows), 97, Mothers and children, 1: 126
- Seelye, L. Clark (President-Emeritus of S. C.)
- How the Campus Houses got their names, 5: 1
- , A Loyal Alumna (J. (R.) Hill), 5: 114
- , Alumnae Assoc. gifts to, 2: 53
- , bas-relief of; notice as to reproductions, 5: 292
- , (picture), 5: 209
- , placing of, 5: 250
- , presentation speech, by Dorothea Wells, 5: 232
- , presented by 1904, 5: 232
- , the work of A. M. Wright, 5: 233
- , becomes President-Emeritus, 1: 203
- , birthday serenade for, 2: 50
- , builds new home in Northampton, 1: 86
- , Hubbell portraits of described, 2: 153
- , last Commencement of his presidency; "What Commencement meant" E. (McG.) Kimball, 1: 197
- , luncheon for at Islesford, Maine, Aug. 27, 1910 E. (L.) Clarke, 2: 45
- , moves to new home
- , portraits of; (Hubbell painting, seated), 2: 175
- , (K. E. McClellan photograph), 1: 1
- , (—, profile), 1: 161
- , President Seelye from a faculty standpoint by "A Member of the Faculty" (reprinted), 1: 178
- , resignation from the Board of Trustees of S. C., 1: 215
- , speaks at Alumnae Assembly, 2: 216; 3: 200; 4: 216; 5: 233
- , Tarbell portrait of exhibited in Rome, 2: 151
- , Tribute to E. (L.) Clarke (reprinted), 1: 174
- , "Valedictory meeting"; greeting, "For President Seelye," (*poem*) by F. (D.) Gifford, 1: 176
- , greeting from C. D. Park, 1900, 1: 203
- , greeting from Prof. Henry M. Tyler, 1: 204
- , greeting from Rev. Arthur Gillett, 1: 203
- , greeting, "The Word from 79" by M. B. Whiton, 1: 161
- , President Seelye's response to the greetings, 1: 204
- ; —; speeches issued in book form, 2: 114, 172
- , and Mrs. Seelye; family gathering at Little Cranberry Island, Maine, 5: 33
- , Golden wedding of M. A. Jordan, 5: 84
- Seelye Memorial Fund and L. Clark Seelye Library fund merged, 2: 57
- Seelye Reading Room in Library of S. C.; name given, 2: 56, 57
- Self-help Bureau E. (S.) Ladd, 3: 9
- ; working of, 4: 177
- Senior dramatics; list of plays, 1889-1913, 5: 249
- ; proposal to hold in John M. Greene Hall, 5: 236
- ; serenading after; rules regarding, 3: 210
- See also* under "News from Northampton" in each July issue
- Serenading at class suppers; a criticism L. (M.) Lloyd, 97, 4: 158
- ; Replies ("delightful"), K. (M.) Cone, 79, 4: 226
- ; (a classmate's apology) G. (K.) McConnell, 97, 4: 224
- ; M. (E.) Stanwood, 03, 4: 159
- ; Sidney Baldwin, 10, 4: 225
- ; E. G. F. Duffield, 11, 4: 160
- Shaffer, A. B., 09; death of, 2: 166
- Shaw, Dr. Anna; addresses N. Y. City S. C. Club, 3: 38
- Sherwood, S. E., ex-10 *see* McNett, S. (Sherwood)
- Shipman, Carolyn, 92 *see* Whipple, C. (Shipman)
- Silent partners (editorial), 1: 180
- Simons, G. (Churchyard), 88, On civic duty of women (Alumnae Assembly, 1913), 4: 209
- Skinner, A. (Gray), 06, Vocational *vs.* cultural courses, a possible solution, 4: 221
- Sleeper, Henry D., (f), Position of S. C. as to Art and Music, 5: 77
- Smith, A. M., 03 *see* Heppburn, A. (Smith)
- Smith, E. C., 95 *see* O'Brien, E. (Smith)
- Smith, G. (Cochrane), 10; guest house of at Old Deerfield C. I. Baker, 5: 172
- Smith, H. E., 12; awarded graduate fellowship of Students' Aid Soc., 1912, 3: 209
- ; at Simmons, 4: 42
- Smith, M. B., 08, Cooperative housekeeping in the Lawrence House, 3: 188
- , Need for a cooperative dormitory, 1: 181
- Smith, R. C., 99, Painful trade of Secretary, 1: 80
- Smith, Sophia (Founder of S. C.); portrait, 1: 101
- ; What she read, Rev. John M. Greene, 1: 164
- Smith, S. L., 13, Note Room, 5: 38, 109, 181, 245
- Smith, T. L., 82; death of, 5: 191
- ; Tribute to G. Stanley Hall, 5: 191
- Smith Clubs, local *see* under "The Alumnae Association" in each issue
- Smith College; Beginnings of Rev. John M. Greene, 1: 101
- ; general view of (the Littig etching), 5: 137
- ; in 1877; pictures from Scribner's Monthly 5: 32a
- S. C. A. C. W.; Alumnae auxiliary; proposed, 2: 240
- ; plan for, 4: 180
- ; notice concerning, 5: 185
- ; president of to be *ex officio* member of College Council, 4: 38
- ; singing of Christmas carols by, first occasion of, 2: 97
- ; Vocational conference under auspices of, 2: 156
- Smith College Book of Verse; notice of, 1: 50
- S. C. Council; composition of, 4: 38
- ; represented on Social regulations Committee, 3: 153, 160
- See also* College authorities at S. C.
- S. C. Library *see* Library of S. C.
- S. C. Monthly; room in Students' Building refurnished, 1910, 1: 193
- C. C. Orchestra, The C. B. Bourland, 4: 76
- S. C. Song Book; published by College Clef Club, 1: 50
- Smith College Weekly; announcement, 2: 157
- ; begins publication, 3: 159
- "Smith girls," Why they are different C. (T.) Allen, 5: 238
- Snow, F. H., 04, Dramatics in John M. Greene Hall, 5: 236
- , The Library, 1: 59
- ; "Northampton News" in volume 1 and volume 2
- Social regulations and student government at S. C. L. (C.) Noyes, 2: 71
- Social regulations at S. C.; printed, 1: 39

- ; text in full, 1910. 2: 98
 Social-service nurse, Work of F. M. Johnson. 5: 18
See also Hospitals, Social work for
 Social work, volunteer; how placed E. T. Emerson. 5: 172
 Societies, non-academic, and the "Class Book" (*S. C. Weekly*). 4: 36
 Song competition, first established, May 25, 1910. 1: 191
 Southern Club scholarship; terms of. 2: 92
 Spahr, J. (Fine), 83; daughter Margaret wins entrance examination prize, 1910. 2: 52
 Spanish Club. *see* Clubs, departmental
 Speare, H. M., 09, Ivy song, 1909. 1: 34
 Spectator Club. *see* Clubs departmental
 Spring and the birds E. I. Telling. 3: 147
 Stanwood, M. (Evans), 03, "Million-dollar Farce" at Alumnae Rally, 1913. 4: 236
 —; Serenading at class suppers—2a reply. 4: 159
 Stearns, E. (Brown), 01, Solidarity of the alumnae. 4: 97
 Stearns, Harriet, 11 *see* Green, H. (Stearns)
 Steen, M. H., 08, Philadelphia Bureau of Occupations. 5: 26
 Stenography and typewriting; Should S. C. offer? C. G. Chase. 4: 161
See also Vocational *vs.* cultural courses
 Stevens, Ernesta, 03 *see* Carleton, E. (Stevens)
 Stevenson, C. (Thurber), 04, The Information clerk. 3: 81
 —, The Mountain (*poem*). 1: 61
 —, Vocational Bureau proposed ("Another door"). 1: 129
 Stoddard, John T. (f); portrait by Lockwood placed in Library. 4: 103
 Stone, A. W. and Tallant, A. W., 97, The Gentle art of elocution. 3: 148
 Stone, M. E., 09; assists in organizing a loan library of text-books. 1: 48
 Story, Edwin Bruce (f); death of. 1: 38, 39
 —; memorial recital for. 1: 85
 Strickland, R. L., 99 *see* Allen, R. (Strickland)
 Strong, M. L., 01; death of. 4: 48
 Student activities; committee to regulate. 3: 208
 —; The Point system F. A. Angell. 4: 78
 Student government at S. C. L. (C.) Noyes. 2: 71
 Student Volunteer convention; S. C. delegates, 1910. 1: 87
 Students' Aid Society; after thirteen years N. (P.) Webb. 2: 121
 —; Fellowship; attempt to establish C. (M.) Bacon. 3: 6
 —; awarded to H. E. Smith, 12. 3: 209
 —; terms of, 1912. 3: 153
 —; terms of, 1913 C. B. Bourland. 4: 156
 —; undergraduate committee. 3: 43
 —; work of, 1912. 4: 42
 Students' Council *see* Smith College Council
 Students' Exchange; regulations established. 1: 139
 Studio Club *see* Clubs, departmental
 "Stunts" at alumnae functions M. W. Keyes. 2: 139
 Suffrage Club; petition to form, in S. C. —; formed, for discussion only. 5: 108
 Suffrage in California; share of S. C. class of 88 in. 3: 95; 4: 110
 Suffrage question; ("Neither fish nor flesh nor good red herring") A. L. Comstock. 1: 32
 Taft, *William Howard (Ex-President of the U. S.); gives address Feb. 22, 1914. 5: 183
 Tallant, A. W., 97, A Forgotten tongue. 3: 29
 —, Healers of men (*poem*). 4: 23
 —, Question of scholarships. 2: 181
 —, and Stone, A. W., The Gentle art of elocution. 3: 148
 "Tasting of the stew"; 1910's burlesque on 1913's senior dramatics. 4: 248
 Taylor, C. W., 00 *see* Ferry, C. (Taylor)
 Taylor, James M., LL. D. (President, Vassar College), address at Alumnae Assembly, 1913. 4: 209
 Telepathy and the magazine publishers A. S. Merchant. 4: 29
 Telescopium *see* Clubs, departmental
 Telling, E. I., 04, A Spring heretic. 3: 147
 Ten years later; by a member of the class of 1900. 1: 132
 Tenney, M. A., ex-82, The "Latest style" in punctuation. 5: 171
 Tenney House; account of cooperative methods in. 3: 160
 —; early days in described. 1: 182
 —; working of. 4: 177
 ter Meulen, G. (Dyar), 97, An Old Dutch town. 1: 127
 Thayer, H. (Rand), 84, Blazing the Settlement trail. 2: 130
 Theater (The) and the college woman E. A. McFadden. 4: 146
 Theater, A Municipal Charlotte Bannan. 4: 81
 Thurber, Candace, 04 *see* Stevenson, C. (Thurber)
 Tilden, E. S., 01, "The sun was shining" (open-air school rooms). 3: 146
 Titsworth, S. S., 97, The Case for the QUARTERLY. 3: 184
 —, No new thing. 2: 141
 Tomlinson, E. C., 99 *see* Hitchcock, E. (Tomlinson)
 Torrence, O. (Dunbar), 94, Other people's children. 1: 185
 —, The Prison of affection (reprinted). 1: 15
 —, Tribute to Grace Lathrop Collin. 5: 115
 Torrey, M. (Richards), 99, Sunrise from Rigi. 1: 79
 Tower, L. A., 05 *see* Chandler, L. (Tower)
 Townsend, Margaret, 11, "Alumnae Notes" in the QUARTERLY. 5: 101
 Tramping with a knapsack E. M. Esterbrook. 4: 164
 Treasurers and prompt payment of dues E. N. Hill. 1: 74
 Trustees of S. C.; committee on Buildings and Grounds formed. 3: 88
 —; committee on Memorials formed. 3: 88
 Tuckerman, C. M., ex-79 *see* Allen, C. (Tuckerman)
 Tuition price at S. C. raised to \$150.00. 1: 85
 Tutt, M. (Kern), 07; death of. 4: 118
 Tyler, E. B., 03 *see* Leonard, E. (Tyler)
 Tyler, Rev. Henry M., D. D. (f) (First Dean of S. C.), Position of Greek in our educational system. 1: 54
 —, Greeting from the S. C. Faculty at Inauguration of President Burton. 2: 17
 —; portrait; (painting by Mary Gulliver, S. C. 82), presented to College by the Greek Club. 1: 202
 —; (photograph by K. E. McClellan). 3: 181
 —; presents reproduction of his Burns holograph to Edinburgh collection. 2: 155
 —; retirement of. 3: 181
 —; speaks at Alumnae Assembly, 1912. 3: 199
 —; speaks at Valedictory meeting of President Seelye. 1: 204
 Tyler House; G. S. Woodbury, S. C. 85, appointed Head. 1: 38
 —, and Annex; Mrs. H. M. Burrell appointed Head. 2: 52
 Typewriting *see* Vocational *vs.* cultural courses
 Umbstaetter, Amo, 16; awarded entrance examination prize. 4: 35
 Utrecht, an old Dutch town G. (D.) ter Meulen. 1: 127
 Valedictory meeting *see* Seelye, L. Clark &c.; "Valedictory meeting"
 Valentine, A. (Flershem), 97, Some data on divorce. 2: 197
 Van Hook, E. (vom Baur), 04, Some journalistic experiences in Germany. 3: 22
 Van Kleec, M. A., 04, The Campaign for \$300,000.00 in N. Y. State. 4: 7
 —, Facts and theories about women's work. 2: 75
 —, The New department of the Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations. 4: 85
 —, Organizing the Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations. 3: 14
 —, Report from Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations. 4: 31
 Vassar College; Alumnae endowment of. 2: 169
 Verse: A B C for Alums. Grace Viele. 2: 11
 Call for the new days F. (D.) Gifford. 2: 68
 Child in the French convent G. (H.) Conkling. 1: 5
 Far away princess, The A. M. Wright. 1: 111

- Verse:—*Continued* PAGE
- For President Seelye F. (D.) Gifford . . . 1: 176
- A Healer of men M. (K.) Sachs . . . 5: 17
- Healers of men A. W. Tallant . . . 4: 23
- Home E. R. Baskin . . . 4: 217
- Hour-glass sands E. W. Hawkins . . . 3: 183
- "If"; 1890's 15th reunion poem B. (R.) Laws . . . 5: 250
- Life at Smith M. H. A. Mather . . . 2: 210
- The Mountain C. (T.) Stevenson . . . 1: 61
- Origins F. (D.) Gifford . . . 1: 13
- "Pin of the force," scene from; burlesque at 1911's third reunion E. G. F. Duffield . . . 5: 265
- Quindecennial song of 1896 C. R. Wing . . . 2: 218
- Siesta in Taboga E. (B.) Glines . . . 1: 57
- ; (corrected form) . . . 1: 110a
- Song: The Fairies' dance S. (F.) Allen . . . 1: 172
- To Father and Mother, on their golden wedding morning, Nov. 17, 1913 William D. Gray . . . 5: 84
- A Triolet E. N. Hill . . . 3: 131
- Twenty years after E. B. Brown . . . 3: 219
- Wanderer M. A. Goodman . . . 1: 109
- Will you come with me, Sophia, dear? Katherine Berry . . . 2: 209
- Verse, translation: Appleblossoms, from the Danish of Ludwig Holstein Agnes Mynter 2: 86
- ; Horace, Ode II., 6 translated by E. (L.) Ewing . . . 3: 21
- Verse, reprinted: Before I knew L. T. Nichol . . . 5: 169
- ; Butterfly days Elizabeth Babcock . . . 2: 185
- ; The End of light V. (C.) Lupton . . . 2: 120
- ; If love be love G. (W.) Pangborn . . . 3: 64
- ; "In parvo," In memory of Richard Watson Gilder H. (B.) Ford . . . 2: 137
- ; A Joy from little things F. (D.) Gifford 1: 73
- ; The Lady Senbtes G. (W.) Pangborn 1: 21
- ; The Mystery B. C. Lovell . . . 1: 179
- ; Pitiful tale of a prom. man V. (C.) Lupton . . . 1: 173
- ; To an orchid G. (H.) Conkling . . . 4: 145
- Viele, Grace, 01, A. B. C. for Alums . . . 2: 211
- Vincent, Marie, 07; death of . . . 1: 47
- Vinton, Rt. Rev. Alexander H., D.D. (Trustee of S. C.); death of . . . 2: 158
- Vocational bureau; proposed C. (T.) Stevenson . . . 1: 129
- See also Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations
- Vocational conference of 1911 at S. C. . . . 2: 156
- Vocational movement, The, and the college woman E. K. Adams . . . 2: 175
- Vocational training; A. C. A. Bulletin on prepared by Prof. E. K. Adams of S. C. . . . 5: 35
- Vocational vs. cultural courses; M. L. Benton 4: 68
- ; E. (L.) Day . . . 4: 130
- ; as affecting secondary schools J. H. Gulliver . . . 5: 138
- ; guidance rather than training M. W. Calkins . . . 5: 100
- ; importance of general household information G. P. Fuller . . . 5: 29
- ; in defence of the cultural F. (A.) Gilbert 4: 220
- ; a possible solution A. (G.) Skinner . . . 4: 221
- Voice Club see Clubs, departmental
- Vollmer, S. (Homans), 90, Pleasure and profit in farming . . . 2: 192
- vom Baur, Edith, 04 see Van Hook, (E. vom Baur)
- Wagenhals, K. H., 05; QUARTERLY cover design by . . . 1: 50
- Walbridge, H. I., 02 and Chase, E. W., 02, "Alice in Wonderland; or The Sweet girl graduate"; play at 10th reunion . . . 3: 223
- Wallace, J. M., 91, What say the house-keepers? . . . 4: 94
- Wallace, W. (Dewing), 02; sends clipping from *Journal des Débats* about S. C. . . . 4: 97
- Wallace House; Miss Jeannette Hart appointed Head . . . 2: 52
- Walton, Mabel, 94 see Wanamaker, M. (Walton)
- Wanamaker, M. (Walton) 94; member of Council Committee, 1910 . . . 1: 89
- Ward, M. (May), 99; German seminar room in S. C. Library a memorial to . . . 3: 170
- Wardwell, E. (Remington), 09, Report, as chairman of Alumnae dramatics committee . . . 3: 44
- Washington's Birthday at S. C., after ten years E. N. Hill . . . 4: 165
- Waterman, Frank A. (f); appointed to College Entrance Examination Board . . . 1: 141
- Webb, N. (Packard), ex-85, Students' Aid Society after thirteen years . . . 2: 121
- Wellesley College; fire at . . . 5: 207
- ; S. C. raises fund for . . . 5: 247, 250
- ; petition looking to increased holdings . . . 2: 171
- Wells, Dorothea, 04, College entrance requirements, again . . . 5: 146
- , Speech, presenting bas relief of President Seelye, 1914 . . . 5: 232
- Wells, M. M., 95, Concerning Alumnae Trustees . . . 2: 201
- Welsh, C. M., 08, Report of Students' Aid Fellowship, 1908-09 . . . 1: 91
- Westwood, E. H., 03, The Problem of industrial reform . . . 4: 25
- Wheeler, A. M., 05, Cry of the children . . . 2: 198
- Whipple, C. (Shipman), 92, To the Laodiceans . . . 1: 53
- Whitcomb, M. S., 00 see Clark, M. (Whitcomb)
- Whiton, M. B., 79, The Word from 79, at "Valedictory meeting" of President Seelye 1: 161
- "Who's who" in the QUARTERLY, a suggestion Florence Reeves . . . 4: 31
- Wiggin, P. G., 90 see Leonard, P. (Wiggin)
- Wing, C. R., 96, Quindecennial song of 96 . . . 2: 217
- Wolcott, C. A., 86 see Bates, C. (Wolcott)
- Women and University positions R. S. Phelps . . . 1: 29
- Women, employment of see Women's work
- Women's Educational and Industrial Union (Boston), library of . . . 5: 135
- Women's Industrial Exhibition (2d), N. Y. City; Smith women in Katherine Forest 4: 154
- Women's University Club (N. Y. City) Dorothy Kenyon . . . 5: 167
- ; new home of; described, I. E. McKinney 4: 87
- ; —; (picture) . . . 4: 87
- Women's work, facts and theories about M. A. Van Kleecck . . . 2: 75
- Wood, Georgia, ex-96 see Pangborn, G. (Wood)
- Woodbury, G. S., 85; appointed Head of Tyler House . . . 1: 38
- Woods, E. (Bush), 96, Plans for alumnae work . . . 2: 46
- , What shall the Alumnae Assoc. do for the College? (1910) . . . 1: 208
- Woods, Rev. Robert, D.D. (Trustee of S. C.); Tribute to J. (R.) Hill . . . 1: 88
- Woolley, Mary Emma, LL.D. (President Mt. Holyoke College); address at Inauguration of Pres. Burton, quoted . . . 2: 31
- ; degree of LL.D. conferred on at Inauguration of Pres. Burton . . . 2: 30
- Wright, Alice M., 04, The Far away princess (poem) . . . 1: 111
- , "Force" (photograph of sculpture by Miss Wright) . . . 2: 65
- ; maker of bas relief of President Seelye . . . 5: 233
- Wright, Helen, 05, Commercial value of a college degree . . . 3: 204
- Yale, Caroline Ardella; degree of L. H. D. conferred on at Inauguration of Pres. Burton . . . 2: 29
- Yeav, M. C., 11, Smith girls' work at Mt. Ivy 1: 95
- Young, Alfred, Tribute to Ludella L. Peck . . . 4: 66
- Y. W. C. A. Secretaryship as a vocation F. (A.) Gilbert . . . 3: 73

ADVERTISERS IN THE QUARTERLY

	PAGE
Aitken, Son & Co., (Mrs. E. Cushing), N. Y. City Interior Decoration.....	4: 2, 3
Alchaupt Studios, N. Y. City Gift Shop.....	5: 4
Allen, L. E., W. Newton, Mass. School for Girls.....	5: 4
Alumnae House, Northampton (M. L. James, S. C. 04).....	4: 4-5: 4
American Academy of Dramatic Arts, N. Y. City.....	3: 2-5: 1
Ashley Hall Charleston, S. C. (M. V. McBee, S. C. 06) School for Girls.....	5: 4
Baker, Walter & Co. Dorchester, Mass. Chocolate.....	4: 1-5: 4
Bardeen, C. W. & B. F. (S. C. 95) Syracuse, N. Y. Teacher's Agency.....	1: 1-2: 4; 5: 4
Beckman Northampton, Confectioner.....	3: 3-5: 4
Bellevue Hospital N. Y. City Training School for Nursing.....	2: 3-5: 1
Best & Co. N. Y. City Children's Clothing.....	3: 2
Boyd's Northampton Restaurant.....	3: 3-5: 4
Bradford, E. L. (S. C. 10) Buffalo Interior Decoration.....	5: 4
Bradford, M. A. Boston Artistic jewelry.....	1: 2
Brennan, Mrs. E. R. Northampton Rooms and Board.....	2: 3
Bridgman & Lyman Northampton Book-sellers.....	2: 3
Butler & Ullman, Successors to H. W. Field Northampton Florists.....	5: 4
Bureau of Occupations for Trained Women Philadelphia.....	4: 2-5: 2
Burnham School for Girls Northampton.....	3: 2-5: 4
Cahoon, J. C. (S. C. 11) & Forsythe, Mrs. E. A. N. Y. City The Noon Day Tea Room.....	5: 2, 3
Camp Cedar (Schroon Lake, N. Y.) Miss Fox Philadelphia.....	5: 3
Canning, E. J. Northampton Landscape Gardener.....	5: 2-4
Capen, Miss B. T. & Gill, B. F. (S. C. 87) Northampton School for Girls.....	2: 4-5: 4
Century Co. N. Y. City Books.....	1: 1, 2, 4
Chickering & Sons Boston Pianos.....	5: 4
Children's Memorial Hospital Chicago School for Nurses.....	1: 1-5: 4
Children's Publishing Co. Cincinnati.....	1: 1-4
Copper Kettle Tea Room Los Angeles (Harriet Morris, S. C. 97).....	1: 1-4; 5: 4
Cottrell & Leonard Albany Costumes.....	1: 3; 5: 4
Covey, F. H. & J. (England) (S. C. 04) Boys' Camp, Winnecook Lake, Me.....	1: 3
Cummings, M. H. (S. C. 95) Boston Classical School for Girls.....	3: 2-5: 2
Cushing, Mrs. E. N. Y. City; Greenwich Conn. Interior Furnishing (See also Aitken, Son & Co.).....	4: 1-5: 4
Davis, F. E. Northampton Jeweler.....	2: 3-4: 2
de Hart, K. S. E. Orange, N. J. Soprano.....	1: 2
Dobson, R. C. Northampton Bookplates.....	1: 1-4
Draper Hotel Northampton.....	2: 3-5: 4
Elmhurst School for Girls Connerville, Ind. (C. L. Sumner, S. C. 90).....	1: 2-5: 4
Farnsworth, C. H. & Mrs. Thetford, Vt. Girls' Camp (Camp Hanoum).....	5: 3
Ferris, Amy (S. C. 01) N. Y. City Interior Decoration.....	2: 3; 5: 1-4
Field, H. W. Northampton Florist (See also Butler & Ullman).....	1: 1; 2: 3, 4; 3: 1-5: 3
Fifth Ave. Agency N. Y. City Teachers' Agency.....	5: 2
Francis V. H. (S. C. 92) Philadelphia A. C. A. Literature.....	5: 1
Garrett, Mrs. H. A. Northampton Board and Rooms.....	3: 1, 2
Genesee Pure Food Co. Le Roy, N. Y. "Jello".....	2: 3-5: 4

	PAGE
Gladden, Alice (S. C. 84) & Jones, G. L. Columbus, O. School for Girls.....	5: 4
Gooding, Edith (S. C. 86) Brockport, N. Y. School for Girls.....	5: 4
Green Dragon Northampton Pottery, Brass &c.....	2: 3; 3: 3; 5: 1
Hall, M. H. (S. C. 83) Pittsfield, Mass. School for Girls.....	5: 4
Hamlin School for Girls San Francisco.....	2: 4; 3: 1-3
Handel Co. Meriden, Conn. Lamps.....	5: 1-3
Hillside School for Girls Norwalk, Conn. (Founded by E. B. Mead, S. C. 83) (M. R. Brendlinger & V. H. Francis, S. C. 92).....	3: 4-5: 4
Horace Mann School: Teachers' College, Columbia University N. Y. City.....	2: 4-5: 4
Hotel McAlpin N. Y. City.....	4: 2-5: 4
Hotel Martha Washington N. Y. City.....	2: 3-5: 4
Huebsch, Dr. D. A. Paris Art Lecturer.....	1: 3
Huyler's N. Y. City Bon-bons.....	4: 2, 4; 5: 1-4
Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations N. Y. City F. W. Cummings (S. C. 00), Mgr.; E. P. Hirth (S. C. 05) Mgr. Dept for Social Service.....	3: 1, 2; 5: 4
Interlaken School for Boys La Porte, Ind.....	2: 1
Kimberley School Montclair, N. J. (M. A. Jordan, S. C. 92 & M. K. Waring, S. C. 93).....	1: 2, 4
Lasell Seminary Auburndale, Mass.....	2: 4-5: 4
Laurier, Joseph N. Y. City Fine Printing.....	4: 2-5: 4
Leavens, F. R. (S. C. 00) Norwich, Conn. Artistic Designs.....	5: 4
Lord & Taylor N. Y. City Hosiery.....	3: 4-4: 4; 5: 2, 4
Love, J. L. Boston Teachers' Agency.....	4: 3-5: 4
McClellan, K. E. (S. C. 82) Northampton Official Photographer to S. C.....	1: 2-5: 4
Mary Elizabeth Shops N. Y. City and Boston Confectioners.....	5: 1-4
Miller School N. Y. City Commercial Courses.....	2: 3-5: 4
Miss Head's School Berkeley, Cal. (M. E. Wilson, S. C. 91).....	1: 3-5: 4
Mount Sinai Hospital N. Y. City Training School for Nurses: A. D. Van Kirk (S. C. 87) Supt.....	3: 2-4
N. Y. School of Applied Art.....	5: 1-4
N. Y. School of Philanthropy.....	3: 3, 4; 5: 3, 4
N. Y. University.....	5: 3, 4
Nineteen-thirteen Class Book.....	4: 3
Noank Studio Shop N. Y. City (S. B. Tannahill (S. C. ex-04) & Katherine Forest (S. C. 05).....	4: 2
Northampton Art Store.....	3: 3
Nutshell Seeing Boston Co., Boston Guide Book.....	1: 4
Paine, Dr. & Mrs. Howard Glens Falls, N. Y. Educational Tours.....	2: 3
Pennsylvania School of Horticulture for Women Ambler, Pa.....	2: 3, 4; 3: 1-3; 4: 2
Phelps, R. S. (S. C. 99) Compiler of "Skies Italian"; published by E. D. Brooks, Minneapolis.....	2: 1
Plymouth Inn Northampton.....	1: 1-5: 4
Polyclinic Hospital Philadelphia Training School for Nurses.....	2: 3
Pusey, E. H. N. Y. City Gift Specialist.....	2: 3, 4; 3: 1-3; 4: 3, 5; 3: 1
Putnam, L. D. (S. C. 09) N. Y. City Interior Decoration.....	4: 2-5: 4
Rayson School for Girls N. Y. City C. I. Colburn & M. K. Humphrey (S. C. 95).....	5: 4
Reed, H. E. (S. C. 05) N. Y. City Magazine Agency.....	1: 1-4
Rose Tree Tea House Pasadena.....	4: 4-5: 4

	PAGE
Rosseter, L. W. & Leeper, Dr. M. E. North-	
ampton Yellowstone Tour	5: 2, 3
Rumford Press Concord, N. H.	4: 1-5: 4
Shackman, B. & Co. N. Y. City Easter	
Novelties	5: 2
Sheldon Studio Northampton Photo-	
graphs	3: 3
Smith, M. G. (S. C. 02) Boston Pension in	
Florence, Italy	4: 2
Smith College Faculty Committee on Recom-	
mendations Northampton	3: 4-5: 4
Smith College Weekly Northampton 2: 4; 3: 3-5: 4	
Stebbins, Mrs. L. M. Hadley, Mass "Bide-	
a-Wee"	2: 3
Steinert, M. & Sons Co. Boston Pianos	3: 2-4
Thompson, C. W. & Co. Boston Pub-	
lishers	1: 1-2: 4; 5: 4

	PAGE
Thurston, A. M. Pittsburgh, Pa. Prepara-	
tory School	5: 3, 4
Tiffany N. Y. City	2: 3-5: 4
"Tolethorpe" School for Girls (S. A. Browne	
S. C. 81 & E. K. Nowell) Newport, R. I.	5: 4
Weil, Josephine (S. C. 06) N. Y. City Hand-	
woven Textiles	5: 1-3
White Mountain Freezer Co. Nashua, N. H.	
2: 4; 3: 4	
Wilcox & White Co. Meriden, Conn. Angelus	
Piano Player	5: 4
Women's Educational and Industrial Union	
Boston Vocational Bureau (Florence	
Jackson, S. C. 93)	1: 3-5: 3
—; Handwork Shop	5: 4
Y. W. C. A. N. Y. City National Training	
School	5: 3

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President L. Clark Seelye..... Frontispiece

	PAGE
Our Official Introduction.....	Ellen Tucker Emerson, 1901..... 1
A Dressy Bookseller.....	Mary A. Jordan..... 2
The Child in the French Convent (Souve- nance de Chinon).....	Grace Hazard Conkling, 1899..... 5
The President-Elect of Smith College.....	Ruth Bowles Baldwin, 1887..... 9
The Sisterhood.....	Grace Lathrop Collin, 1899..... 11
Origins	Fannie Stearns Davis, 1904..... 13

BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS—

Note	The Editor	15
The Prison of Affection.....	Olivia Howard Dunbar, 1894.....	15
From Over Against Green Peak.....	Zephine Humphrey, 1896.....	20
The Lady Senbtes.....	Georgia Wood Pangborn, <i>ex</i> -1896....	21
A House of Mercy.....	Jennette Perry Lee, 1886.....	22

LET US TALK OF MANY THINGS—

By Way of Preface.....	The Editor	28
The Life of the Party.....	Ethel Wallace Hawkins, 1901.....	28
A Whisper in the Gallery.....	Ruth Shepard Phelps, 1899.....	29
A Day at Decennial (A Monologue).....	Ruth Louise Stickland, 1899.....	29
The Newcomers	Mary Dean Adams, 1899.....	31
"Neither Flesh nor Fish nor Good Red Herring".....	Ada Comstock, 1897.....	32

NORTHAMPTON NEWS—

Commencement 1909.....	Alice Pierce, 1909.....	34
The Opening of College.....	Marjorie Fuller, 1911.....	37

THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION—

Council Report.....	40
A. A. Annual Meeting.....	40
Annual Report of Smith Clubs.....	41
Annual Report of C. S. A. Elector	42

ALUMNAE NOTES 43

ANNOUNCEMENTS 49

CALENDAR 51

BOARD OF EDITORS

Grace P. Fuller, 1903, Chairman.....	Northampton and Alumnae News
Alice Morgan Wright, 1904.....	Literary Editor
Candace Thurber, 1904.....	By Permission of the Publishers
Harriet Chalmers Bliss, 1899.....	Let Us Talk of Many Things
Florence Lord King, 1895.....	Advertising Department

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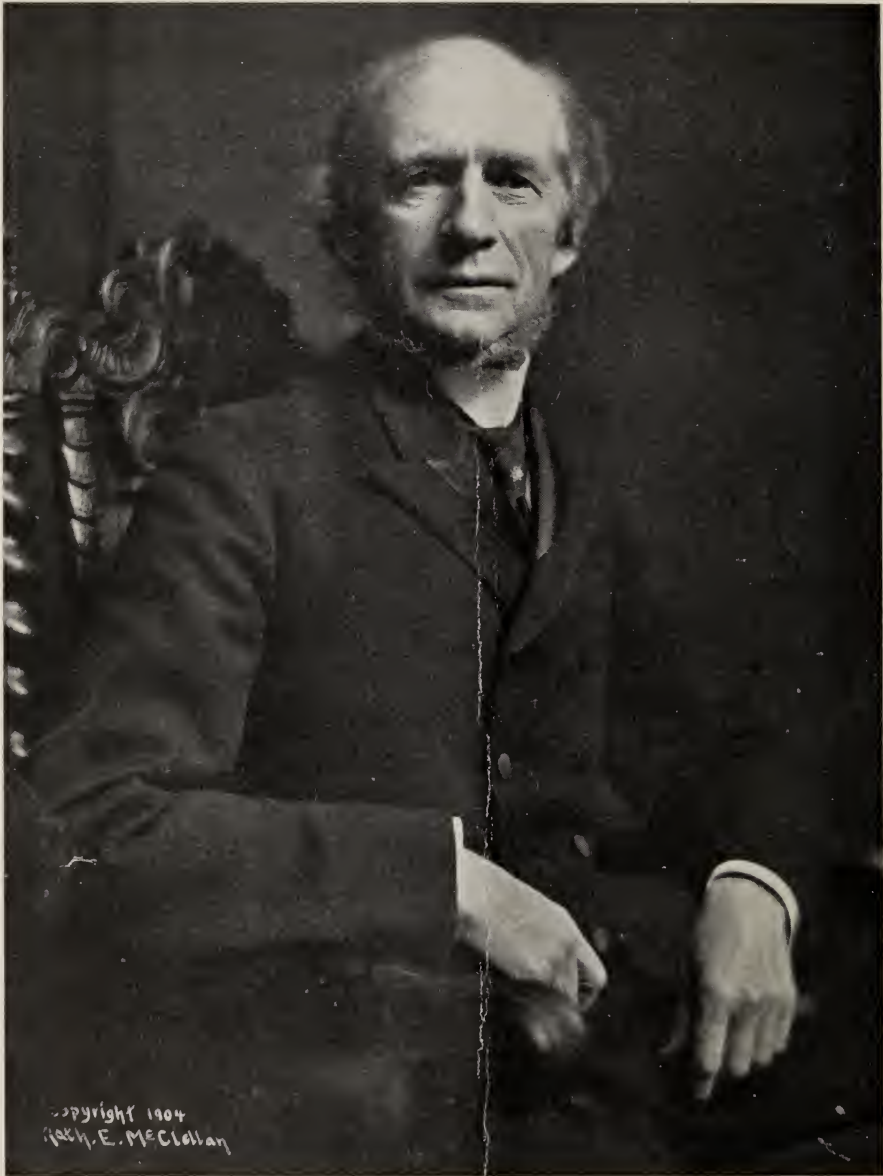
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PRESIDENT L. CLARK SEELYE

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VOL. I.

OCTOBER, 1909.

No. 1

OUR OFFICIAL INTRODUCTION

It is seldom that a new-born baby seems of such importance to any one, except possibly its adoring mother, that it is considered advisable to write its biography; but our new-born Quarterly gives such promise of future greatness, at all events in the eyes of its nearest of kin, the Editorial Board, that they wish to have chronicled its pedigree and horoscope, before the proverbial ninth day arrives on which it may get its eyes open.

In whose fertile brain the idea of its creation arose I cannot say. Probably Minerva-like the idea burst full-grown upon the world. However the first official mention of it is found in the report of the Alumnae Council Committee of January, 1908. They requested the Executive Committee of the Alumnae Association to "send out to the alumnae and to the associate members of the Alumnae Association an inquiry as to the establishment of an Alumnae Quarterly, and to report the results of such investigation to the whole Council." The notice went out and in time the alumnae (or rather that portion of them that believes in replying) answered, a huge majority wanting the Quarterly. Meanwhile investigations were made to find out what effect the Quarterly would have on the *Monthly* subscription list. Reports were made and much discussion took place in the Alumnae Council and in the Alumnae Association. During 1908-9 the whole subject was more thoroughly looked into, and in June, 1909, the Council decided to advise the establishment of a Quarterly and the Association promptly took its advice. So at last, after a year and a half of research, public hearings and doubts, the Quarterly was to *be*. All this sounds as if the deliberations were most business-like and dull, but eye-witnesses assure me that as moving pictures of human nature they were unexcelled.

The Executive Committee were now instructed to appoint an Editorial Board of five who should teach the youthful Quarterly to talk plainly and walk straight, and generally bring it up "in the way it should go." The five were chosen and they, having selected a managing editor, are now with her help introducing their charge, which they have christened "THE SMITH ALUMNAE QUARTERLY," to the world at large—no doubt she will do them great credit.

Now the *Monthly* is her older sister and well versed in the ways of the undergraduate world. Imagine the wrath of that world if the *Monthly* should appear before them full of such enlivening tales as these—"Some Problems of a Grandmother," by Matilda Stark, 187—; "Was the Shawl less Draughty than the Rubber Coat?" with statistics compiled from the College health records by Dr. Sarah Smedley, 189—; "The Infinite Curve as a Path to Higher Degrees for Women," by Mary Snodgrass, 188—; "Spanish and Required Aesthetic Gymnastics vs. Domestic Science," by Euphrosyne Field, 190—. What would the under-

graduates care to know that 34 per cent. out of a possible 35 per cent. of us are already married, or that Arabella de Vries, 189—, has just attended the third annual Prison Reform Conference?

In time they will devour these items with the voracious alumna appetite; but now they prefer to know about their own undergraduate pursuits, and it is entirely proper that they should.

The alumna world, on the other hand, while keenly interested in College affairs, is no longer as ready to read the fiction written by the students as it was in its College days. While we both want plenty of the same good bread-and-butter College news, we must each have besides this our own selected diet.

Such is our purpose, but it will need the interest and effort of us all to carry it out.

ELLEN TUCKER EMERSON.

A DRESSY BOOKSELLER

If it were ever literally true that half the world knows not how the other half lives, the implied sin of omission is fast ceasing to be a wilful one. The world is doing its best to find out whatever can by any device of classification be considered "other." Slums, savages, heathen, the primitive, the degenerate, the abnormal, the superman, the submerged man, the irresponsible and the examples of multiple personality all come in for their share of attention. Yet one of George Meredith's humble heroines complained, in bitterness of spirit, that the dictionary had no name for the particular thing that man's inhumanity had made of her. The reader wonders hardly less at the fact than at the addition to a well justified grievance it constituted. So let us amend the old saying, that one half the world knows not how the other half lives, to the effect that nobody in the world knows how anybody else thinks or feels. Our carefully arranged classes for the most part assist only at that form of discourse so arrogantly proffered by the considerate Chillingworth as exemplary of all: "the drawing conclusions out of premises of good consequence." Our elaborate conventions of thought, speech and action make an algebra whose simple and easy symbols conceal our bottomless, unbounded ignorance. So it is no matter for just surprise when dictionaries have no names for tragic, every-day plights, or when the *Encyclopedia Britannica* has omitted the thing we want to know about. Fortunately for the world, people do act out of character and stir the sluggish curiosity reposing itself on words. It is easy enough to learn all sorts of things about Rochester, Etheredge, Roscommon, Mulgrave, Sedley and Dorset, who made up the genteel company on the outskirts of which even it was considered an honor for John Dryden to move, and in which it was gravely questioned whether his calling and election were ever quite sure. These all, after their several fashion, were adventurers in the sea of authorship and they all dealt with printers, publishers and booksellers. Their recorded judgment of this large class of busy men is fairly comparable to that current to-day about plumbers and dentists. Dryden wrote Tonson "all of your trade are sharpers and you not more than the others"—and again, "If you have any silver which will go, my wife will be glad of it." They all used these men and reviled them as hard bargainers, or thieves, or cheats or sharpers, yet their convicted offenses were not important enough in parcel or in bulk to gain for them admission into the

standard sources of general information. Everingham and Tonson were not as eminent for their sins as Roscommon among critics or earls somehow. There is now and then a hint of the reputation these genteel authors made for themselves as keepers of contracts. Tonson thought Dryden gave scant measure in verses if not in verse, and the long-suffering of printers' devils has passed into a commonplace of eminent biographies. But the heart of the matter is not reached by footnotes and inferences. The reader of to-day wants to know something vital about these men, and most of all, perhaps, what they thought about their alleged employers. Did they really believe in their patrons and the public in any other way than as business assets? Was genius or talent a sort of unexploited, natural resource, for which the publishing machinery was as indispensable as a trust is to-day for oil or tin plates? We do not expect of the governing committee of a railroad system any exalted appreciation of the scenery along the lines, and we generally attribute the art and poetry of advertising booklets to associated rather than central organizing talent. But perhaps we are wrong about the managers of monopolies; they may have much in common with the fanatical attachment of explorers and inventors for their projects. Publishers and printers may have not only business policy, but preferences and principles. They and the plumbers and the dentists might supply some highly interesting human documents, if we could get at their real judgment of their raw material!

If critics, unlike poets, are never born but always made, something might be hoped by the application of the doctrine of chances for the possession of a kind of subconscious critical ability on the part of, now and again, one of these craftsmen. Some of them must have enlarged views of justice and injustice, must be able to study success and failure in so many lights that new values might appear. They might even add a new class of Society from whom on the old lines of Aristotle's Analysis justice might reasonably be expected. Though no hero to his valet, some of us regret that access to the valet's precise opinion of his employer is so difficult. But in these matters a catalogue *raisonné* is probably not soon forthcoming, and in its absence the alert reader makes the most of his chance opportunities.

Again of price in such a collection is a Preface of 1722, to the following effect:

"TO THE MOST NOBLE AND ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE JAMES, DUKE OF CHANDOIS.
May it please your GRACE,

Among the Shining Numbers of Philosophers, Poets, Orators, Historians and other polite Writers, who by Endeavoring to transmit their Names and their Works to Posterity, do the *only* Thing they *can* do towards accomplishing so great and so *worthy* an Aim when they shelter themselves under your Grace's Protection and Patronage; It is impossible, Sir, but Some *undeserving* in their Kind, should slip in by *Accident*, and for a time Profane the Blessing which ought only to be *purely* and *without mixture* enjoy'd by Persons of Standard Worth. Yet even these Incidents (May it please your Grace) arising from your own Generosity's being *so* extensive, shall with the Wise Men of future Times, be so far from diminishing the Lustre of the Favours devolving from the *Patron* down to the *Patronized*, that they shall heighten and augment *it* with Regard to them both.

When those *Successors* and *Lawful Heirs* in *Genius*, those true and genuine Sons of Wit and Judgment, that are yet unborn, and are destin'd in their several Turns to adorn their Coming Ages; when they, I say, shall read the various Dedications written by different Hands, that have aspired to the Glory of offering up Incense to your Grace; Then shall they consider you ador'd as an *earthly* Deity by the universal Consent of Mankind: Then shall they look upon you as *one* in whose Breast a kind of Divinity inhabited and reign'd, and whose *Goodness* and *Bounty* was as it were your *very being*; And truly when afterwards they shall wisely distinguish between the merits of so many different Authors, they shall distinguish likewise a World of different Excellencies, and Qualifications, that must subsist in the universal Benefactor and common Father to them all; and they shall (when they set apart, in their Thoughts, the *troublesome Panegyrics* which you *patiently permit*, from the just Address which you *Graciously* receive) discern your great *Humanity* and *Goodness*, from your judgment of, and your Justice to *Merit*.

From hence your *Pardon* and *Clemency* to the unlearned, shall be as *great* an *Attribute* to you by way of Applause, as your *Justice* in rewarding the *really Learned*.

But besides these Two Sorts, there is a Third which may, (if I may humbly crave Leave to say so) lay a lawful Claim to the Approaching of your Grace with their Offerings.

This Sort consists of those Persons who are happy in the Possession of the Works of Polite and Learn'd Men that are deceased; but whose Work have a Right to live the eternal Age of Fame; because, when they can make such valuable Presents to the World, they may without any Scruple usher them into it in the best Manner possible, and that must be under the Patronage of your Grace; I should say, They could not without a Scruple pretend to recommend the *most valuable Writings* to the Public, as they deserve to be by *any other* Name, than your own.

When the Works of the *Polite Dead* are published, they belong of right to your Grace, who in the Field of Literature are *Lord of the Manor*, and whom Nature has made, and the general Voice of Mankind acknowledges to be the *Maecenas* of universal Learning.

Your Grace, better than any Body, knows the lowest Officer is not unwelcome to the Presence of his Monarch, when the Illustrious Person whom he conducts thither is a desirable and agreeable Companion to him.

It is with a like happy View that even a *Bookseller* may, and *therefore does*, venture into the Presence of your Grace; but 'tis with the choicest Collection of some celebrated Works which made their Author, when Language, Sense, and Learning, flourish'd in a most particular Manner at the *English* court, the belov'd Companion of those who make the best Figure there: He was, may it please your Grace, the admired Friend of Sir John Denham, Sir Henry Savil, Sir Fleetwood Shepard, Mr. Dryden, &c., the dear Intimate of the Earls Roscommon, O'Nery, Rochester, Dorset, Cavendish; the valued Companion of the Marquisses Halifax and Normanby, the late Duke of Buckingham, &c., and to crown the whole, he was the Man the most esteem'd for Wit in that bright Age, by a Sovereign who deserved the Title of Monarch of Wit, too, King Charles II.

This Gentleman's *Character*, therefore in Wit, is what your Grace is, in all the Parts of Life, *unconfined*; and neither the one nor the other can be more

fully describ'd in Words than by setting down the Names of the Persons to whom the Characters belong, and leaving the World to their own free and unbyass'd Thoughts concerning them. To sum up all, therefore, it is SIR CHARLES SEDLEY that I have introduced to the DUKE OF CHANDOIS; and after *saying that*, I withdraw with *Pride* and *Pleasure*, having nothing to ask pardon for, but the Freedom which I am obliged to take, of first setting down my own Name; but with this Addition, that I am, with the profoundest Duty,

May it please your Grace,
 Your Grace's most Devoted,
 Most Obedient,
 Most Humble Servant,

SAM. BRISCOE."

Of this "dear Intimate," Rochester wrote:

"Sedley has that prevailing gentle art
 That can with a resistless Charm impart
 The loosest wishes to the Chastest Heart;
 Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire,
 Betwixt declining Virtue and Desire,
 Till the poor vanquished Maid dissolves away
 In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day."

The "mannerly obscene" in what the Duke of Buckingham called Sedley's Witchcraft no longer charms, and cool-headed critics now question his wit. The record of the "Eminent Hand" that his "Poems shall live for ever: No Divine will stick to espouse them; no Virgin blush to read them; no rigid Government will forbid their Publishing; What recommends Virtue, is strong; what is merry is extremely polite; what is amorous is always clean" has been forgotten and falsified. Curiosity is of us age, sex or condition, and once satisfied is voiceless as the grave.

And what did the ingenious Briscoe really think—of the Duke, of Sir Charles? Did he seriously contemplate the extension of politeness beyond the span of human life, or did he intend a general amnesty to all who died in Letters?

How interesting if we could only know! Meantime the writer of this preface has made good his entrance into the ranks of the dead who were polite—Monstrous polite, he certainly was.

M. A. JORDAN.

THE CHILD IN THE FRENCH CONVENT

(*Souvenance de Chinon*)

The Convent

The convent is a silent place,
 And has a white and staring face:
 Its windows always seem to me
 Like eyes made sad by what they see.

Within—the rooms are great and bare,
 And hold their breath when I am there:
 It makes me hold *my* breath to go
 Across their stillness, tippy-toe.

But far upstairs and out of sight
 The rooms are smaller and more white,
 Each with its place to kneel for prayer
 And sad Madonna watching there.

Her face is everywhere the same:
 Before her burns a tiny flame:
 I could not sleep there—if I had
 To see her always looking sad—

And I've decided—when I'm grown
 I shall not like to live alone
 Like that—and never hear a sound—
 With only stillness all around.

Once in the garden—every nook
 And corner wears a cheerful look:
 And spread before me, hill and plain,
 My greater garden lies—Touraine.

Somehow I always seem to dread
 The time when I must go to bed,
 And have to pass that doorway grim
 And climb the staircase ghostly-dim.

Soeur Matthias can understand:
 She grasps me firmly by the hand,
 To lead me down the echoing floors
 And through the haunted corridors.

She tucks me in and says good-night
 By friendly yellow candlelight,
 And sets the candle like a star
 To shine where all the shadows are.

But when she goes—and shuts the door
 So I can't hear her any more—
 I close my eyes and seem to see
 The sad Madonna watching me.

Matins

When morning dawns the chapel bell
 Wakens the birds—and me as well:
 (Of course the nightingales that make
 Day out of night, are all awake:)

And I can rise and hasten out
To feel the sun and look about.
To-day was April—and so sweet
I felt it hurrying my feet:
The ivy shone along the wall:
There weren't any clouds at all:
I saw the river going by
With bluer water than the sky,
And up the garden, shining white,
Some trees had blossomed in the night.
The primroses had come, that wear
Green frills around their yellow hair,
And furry stockings, lest they get
Their little feet and ankles wet:
And every least and hidden nook
Had such a clear delighted look,
I told Soeur Matthias I thought,
On such a day, we really ought
To linger in the garden there
For matins in the open air.
She said the Virgin understood
The hearts of children: and I *could*
Have matins there if I'd prefer,
—And say a little prayer for her.

The Wind Mill

Upon the farthest hill of all,
Beyond the poplared plain,
An old gray Wind Mill gaunt and tall
Faces the sun and rain:
And half the hill-edge cannot hide:
But half is on the other side.

It has great fans to catch the wind,
That turn and turn about
Like hands that seek and cannot find
And will not go without:
They seem to grope against the sky,
They move so slow—and reach so high!

The Almond Trees

Up the steep garden set against
The primrose-yellow wall,
There is a row of almond trees,
Sturdy and brown and tall:
They bloom before it's ever Spring,
And will not wait at all.

They will not even wait for leaves
 As other trees would do:
 The buds uncurling show no green—
 Just pinkness peering through;
 And when they suddenly come out,
 I wonder if they're true.

It looks as though a sunset cloud,
 Low-trailing down the sky,
 Were caught among the tangled trees.
 I can't quite tell you why,
 But seeing them so beautiful,
 I almost have to cry.

In the Garden

Three Sisters down the garden pace,
 And Mary-of-the-Cross is one,
 And Matthias round of form and face,
 And white Thérèse who loves the sun.

Their black gowns brush the larkspur beds
 And make the flowers burn more blue:
 The almond trees above their heads
 Keep talking softly, as they do.

For as they walk their voices fall
 So soft—and climb—and die away:
 The doves upon the garden-wall
 Can hardly talk as soft as they.

Soeur Thérèse seems a silvery dove,
 With something in her voice that sings:
 Soeur Matthias, whom I dearly love,
 Is like the apple that she brings

In her deep pocket for me, where
 I wait the story-telling hour:
 But Mary-of-the-Cross is fair
 And flutters like a garden-flower.

They seem so lonely—sometimes I
 Get sorry for them more and more:
 What makes them often want to cry?
 Who is it they are waiting for?

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING.



REV. MARION LE ROY BURTON, PH. D.,
PRESIDENT-ELECT OF SMITH COLLEGE

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT OF SMITH COLLEGE

Since the announcement of President Seelye's resignation, the subject uppermost in the minds of the Alumnæ has been the choice of his successor, and now that the choice is determined, we are not less anxious to know all possible concerning the man who has been selected to direct the further development of the College.

Certainly it is most fitting that the first issue of the ALUMNÆ QUARTERLY should seek to make us better acquainted with Dr. Burton.

Marion LeRoy Burton is of sturdy English-American stock, his father's forebears having come to America from England in the 18th Century, his mother's a century earlier. Both families finally settled in New York State, and thence Ira Burton and his wife struck out into the Middle West, carrying with them the habits of simple, honest living to which they had been accustomed, and bearing in their hearts the fear of God and the belief in all that is fine and noble and true in which they had been reared: for they and their forebears were all simple folk of the country-side, "none either famous or notorious," as Dr. Burton puts it, but all earning a modest livelihood by honest toil, and bearing honorable part in the struggles of the nation and in the affairs of the communities in which they dwelt.

The boy was born in Iowa in 1874, but his early education was received in the public schools of Minneapolis, whither the family moved while he was still a mere child.

At the end of the first year in the high school, however, circumstances compelled him to go to work, and he devoted the next four years to practical experience in business, showing such marked ability that he soon relieved his employer of almost all responsibility in the management of his stores in different parts of the city.

But he was by no means content to abandon his desire for a thorough education, and declined an excellent business offer from his employer in order to enter Carleton Academy in 1893, graduating from there in 1896, and from Carleton College in 1900. In the same class was graduated the young woman who is now Dr. Burton's wife, Nina L. Moses, the daughter of a Congregational minister.

Throughout his course in both Academy and College, he maintained a high rank in scholarship, so strongly impressing his instructors by his unusual talent that in his senior year in college he was selected to teach classes in Latin and Greek in the Academy, an honor seldom conferred upon a student. His student activities were also many and various. He was prominent in athletics, proved a ready and effective debater, and was chosen by his fellows to fill many of the most important positions in their gift in which the qualities of leadership and executive ability were needed. In all he was conspicuously successful.

One of his professors wrote of him not long before his graduation: "In scholarship he has made an unusually strong record. He is an exceptionally strong, clear thinker; a careful, thorough and accurate student, a man of fine enthusiasm in all his thought and study"; while the president of the college said of him: "In religious life, in oratorical ability, in executive force, in manliness combined with personal consecration to the best things, and in general leadership, he stands the very first among our undergraduates."

On his graduation from Carleton, he became the principal of Windom Institute, the Congregational Academy of Minnesota. During his service of three years there, he freed the Academy of a \$10,000 debt, greatly increased the enrollment of students, and so raised the standard of scholarship, that the school for the first time in its history was recognized by the State University and other colleges, and placed upon their accredited list, its graduates entering the colleges without examination.

In 1903 he left Windom to enter the Divinity School of Yale University. Here the promise of his earlier student years was richly fulfilled. He maintained the position of Fogg Scholar throughout his course, graduated *summa cum laude* in 1906, and acquired the degree of Doctor of Philosophy the following year, the University Committee selecting his thesis for publication. His record for scholarship during this period was so brilliant, the impression which he made as a man of ability and power so strong, that in 1907 he received the honor, quite unusual for so recent a graduate, of an appointment as assistant professor of Systematic Theology in Yale. This appointment was made permanent when he was called to the Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn in March of the following year.

Dr. Burton could hardly have received a more marked tribute to his oratorical and scholarly ability, his mental poise and dignity of mien and character, than was the call to the church so long associated with Dr. Storrs, a church not only of historic distinction in the Congregational denomination, but one which has long wielded a potent influence throughout the fellowship of Christian churches.

That he fully merited the confidence reposed in him, is amply shown by the record of his brief service there, for in the one year he has made himself felt as a power in the administrative affairs as well as in the pulpit of the Congregational denomination.

Such strenuous endeavor in the pursuit of an education and the acquirement of the means to secure it, and in the practical struggle with administrative problems, would seem to have left small opportunity in a life of thirty-five years for literary activity. Nevertheless, besides his sermons, which give ample evidence of breadth of mind and clarity of thought, Dr. Burton has produced many addresses and various articles which have appeared in periodicals, and a volume on "The Problem of Evil," which has just been published.

So much for the facts of Dr. Burton's life. As to his qualifications for the position to which he has been elected, they are perhaps sufficiently indicated by those facts.

Although by inheritance and temperament Dr. Burton is conservative, with a profound respect for noble tradition, he is open-eyed and open-minded to new needs, new possibilities, new methods. He is a man who does not love change for itself, but believes profoundly in the orderly development of the new from the old.

Smith College is to be congratulated on having secured as her next president a man so eminently fitted for the position at this period of her growth. Under the continuous care of a single strong and wise leader, the College has developed up to the present sanely, soundly, nobly. There is nothing to be undone; there is needed no pruning of unwholesome growth; merely the wise guidance of the normal development of the ideals for which the College has

always stood, to a more perfect expression in the light of the changing requirements of American life of to-day.

Although Dr. Burton has already severed his connection with the Church of the Pilgrims, he does not assume his duties at Smith until the fall of 1910. The intervening year will be spent in travel in this country and abroad with his wife and young son and daughter, in visiting various colleges for women, and in studying educational problems and methods.

Before his departure for Europe, he will have opportunity to meet groups of the Alumnæ in various parts of the West, and cannot fail to impress them, as he has the Eastern Alumnæ, with the charm of a singularly winning personality. His commanding height, fine head and strong, clear-cut features make him a distinguished figure upon the platform or in the pulpit, and in social intercourse his cordial directness of manner attracts strongly all who meet him even before his intellectual power and ability are realized.

RUTH BOWLES BALDWIN.

THE SISTERHOOD

"Along the cultured shore," as the old hymn has it, there lies a land of wind-filled hill-tops and boulder-embossed pastures. Its comeliness is of upright old age rather than of youth. Even its festal days of mid-summer sunshine and autumnal bravery are never garish. Over its softer moods, that flit through the early spring, hangs a veil of vestal modesty. On its fast days of storm and drought, it is wan and fireless as the moon. In its gray austerity, indeed, it seems scarcely terrestrial. Yet it is of the earth, earthy, and the characters environed by its granite and pine would not announce themselves as a peculiar people—although, perhaps, as a people chosen. So be it; but if those of us who have essayed to breathe "*at that far height the thin, cold atmosphere,*"—should elide from New England all traits that this section holds in common with the rest of this our country, distinctive symbols would yet remain: here an example of bone-bleached veracity; there a black silk parasol, ivory-tipped and with time-browned tassel; a commentary too sagacious to be worldly; a nosegay, in a trumpet-shaped, ground glass vase, of lemon-verbena, sweet geranium and damask-rose; a black-walnut contribution plate with moth-eaten, magenta felt lining, sparsely dotted with silver discs.

As for the landscape, that may always be identified by its range of value rather than of color. Within the tube of your hand, you may catch the silver glitter of stone wall, a stretch of neutral stubble, a clump of shadowy sumac, the blot of gnarled pine creeping out between rock ledges, like a gnome held by beard-tip, and finally, black as the pupil of an eye, the cranny whence issues the brook whose ripple you hear. Even as this scenic diversity is achieved "with snow and ink," the wirily outlined personalities, especially of the women, are wrought out with experiences select, terse and keen. And, when we think of New England, is it not her women who rise before us, just as a vessel is characterized by her figurehead, tense of attitude, her bosom to the storm, her steadfast eyes parting the mist? At least, may we not grant the fancy that, in the New England that we hold to-day (but that is slipping through our fingers with every grain of sand in the hour-glass), the physical attributes have grown to

partake of the pensive reserve that is the mental bequest of mother to daughter?

In the past there was man's work to be done; but the actual work of to-day lends little distinction. Were it not for its gentlewomen, whose taper-fingered interpretation of *work* is as delicate as their interpretation of *happiness*, New England would lose the fine flower of its character. They are its hostages. As long as they pursue their course, straight as if charted by the garden path that leads between box-borders, from grape-arbored door to meadow stile—New England's citadel is secure.

Their native air is the air of the house where they were born, and they find it a goodly heritage. Their lives lie like snow-blanketed fields, like that page of the family Bible where, at the top, is recorded the date of birth, and below, after a space, the date of death. Their days are passed in so ordered an activity that they might as closely tell the hour by the employment of their hands, as by the dial of the great clock. And frequent is the sen-night passed without the intrusion of any able-bodied man, save the postman, clapping the spread-eagle knocker to announce *The Observer* or *The Home Missionary*, or the farmer, lifting the kitchen latch, to deposit butter-crock and cottage cheese.

In such lives of erasure, the *shalts* and *shalt-nots* of mundane communities have no application. Therefore the women have conjured up a code of their own, that meets both the requirements of ancestral decorum and the rare, flint-like flashes of the latest iconoclasm, which go to prove that, should history repeat itself, they, too, could arbitrate over a wilderness.

But to-day it is the onus of tradition, not of prophecy, that weighs upon the slender shoulders of New England's daughters. Candid of brow, skilled in suffering if novices in temptation, solitary in spirit if not in flesh, they are like the titled damsels of antique story, stitching their tapestries within moated castles. Or if feudal turrets are too fantastic a comparison with colonial porticoes, perhaps we may fancy that in Puritan New England we hear the treble murmur of nuns' voices, the rustling of devotional pages turned by pale hands. And, as among those ladies of romance, we may imagine a similarity of gesture or of accent, so we may imagine that New England's women bear to each other a resemblance deeper than as cousins by a common ancestry. Aliens know how quickly are sealed fountains loosed when, on her "maiden pilgrimage," afar from New England soil, sister recognizes sisters and feels

". . . the different pace

Of some chaste footing near this ground."

However, they would be the first to correct, with prioress-like authority, our meddling distinctions: they would be the last to discover their common bonds. For, notwithstanding the customary introspection, the spiritual mirrors consulted seem to be ancestral affairs, warped, dull and wrinkled as the sea sand at ebb-tide. Theirs is a sisterhood instinctive, ordered by its dialect of mind, its habit of soul: their cloister is floored with garden and granite, walled with pilasters and elms, roofed with gambrels and a sky whose clouds are ever "highest up in air." While the summons to prayer comes from belfry bells that have swung in a piety accrued from former generations, until to-day their silent throats bespeak the "Sabbaths of Eternity"; and, although their tongues call aloud on but one day out of seven, so charged is the atmosphere with the devout chiming of the past that, throughout the week, the air hangs vibrant.

GRACE LATHROP COLLIN.

ORIGINS

In many a graveyard by the sea
 Lies ash of what now flames in me.
 And down the aching wilderness
 Blows dust whence got I throat or tress.
 Above black tombs that cities choke
 Dead hearts I echo drift like smoke.

My father and my mother, they
 Could give me but a tithe of this:
 This intricacy dark or gay
 That is a Masque of mysteries:
 This motley, sudden, awful thing,
 Aladdin's lamp, Pandora's box;
 Cramful of terrors wild to spring,
 Of joy that glories, fear that mocks:
 This me, that, walking down the street
 Half frightens me.

Although I smile
 And chat and chaffer, I complete
 Cycles of change in every mile!

My father and my mother told
 Of certain folk, waste years away,
 Who, sinful, beautiful, or bold
 In war, in dreaming, in array
 Of strength against their world, are still
 Remembered.

Ah, not all from them
 Stretch down these subtle veins that thrill
 Like fires that web an opal gem.

What gray-eyed Viking gave me sense
 Of kinship with the drowning sea?
 What great dame, steel-white, proud, intense.
 Bestowed these cursed nerves on me?

Was there a gypsy, long ago?
 And whence my blunted finger tips
 That love the plain craft-labours so?
 Did one limn pictures, one build ships?
 Who blundered, mothwise, through the dark
 Of smothering creeds, to find out God?
 And oh, what dreamer, like a lark
 So uselessly the sun-path trod?

My father and my mother, they
 Have given me so much of good,
 Confounded am I to betray
 Old angers; evil fires that brood
 And blaze, or shameful cowardice.
 Yet long ago what choler flushed
 A face now melted out like ice?
 What anguish, demon-ready, rushed
 Through stricken limbs?

I look within,
 Incredulous, distraught, to spy
 An endless hungry Hell of sin.
 I too had shouted "crucify!"

My Father and my Mother, they
 Were simple, loving, excellent.
 Those ancestors, so far away,
 On hard new victories intent,
 Were simple too. Yet over all
 The unknown tides of being strained.
 They felt the alien currents call
 From seas their prow had long disdained.

—Wind-ridden graves by winter sea,
 What hold ye that may flame in me?
 White dust across the wilderness,
 What wit ye of my throat or tress?
 Black crusted tombs that cities choke
 Know I the hearts that stain your smoke?

Fathers and mothers, up the years
 I call upon you. Touched with tears
 I kneel before you. I repay
 Upon the wind, your gifts. To-day
 I own myself a patchwork thing,
 A crazy, dust-heap scavenging
 Of you, and you, and you, and you—
 Poor brave blurred skulls the sand slips through.

And yet—and yet—

I stand alone.
 Now all the wide world seems my own.
 Now time and space and God's own eyes
 Draw down to me.

I seem as wise,
 As Norns and Sybils. Mystery!
 I nothing am save mimicry?
 And yet, as fresh, as proud as sky
 Stand I,—another Strange, New I!

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS.

BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

Miss Nina E. Brown has for a number of years been making a collection of the writings of Smith alumnæ and non-graduates. She has very kindly offered to co-operate with the *QUARTERLY* in this department. It will be a great help, both to her and to the editors of the *QUARTERLY*, if individual alumnæ will send her notices of their books, articles and pamphlets and (when possible) copies of them to be placed on file in the College Library at Northampton.

It seems rash in a new magazine, dependent on the support of the alumnæ, to tell that august body that they remind one of an old story—that of the classic Irish socialist, Patrick, whose friend Mike asked:

"Now, Pat, if ye had tin cows would ye give me the half of them?"

"Yis," says Pat.

"And if ye had foive horses?"

"Agin, yis."

"And if ye had two pigs?"

"Sure, an' Oi have two pigs, an' Oi will not."

The alumnæ who have never written books are charmed to give half of them to the College Library. A few others are willing to give one or two volumes out of a long line, but the rest think that that rich and munificent Alumnæ Association, to which they either do or do not subscribe one dollar a year, should buy them. The Alumnæ Association is not rich, and the appropriation on which Miss Brown does her work is ten dollars a year. She has gathered together some 2,000 references and a number of books and pamphlets—some presented, some purchased, when they had reached the indignity of the "marked-down" shelf.

All of the colleges are beginning to realize that a collection of the published work of the alumni is a part of the college history. Harvard is trying to make up for lost time in the gathering of such a collection, and is finding herself most lamentably hampered. There are many reasons for us to make a minimum of effort, now, instead of a maximum, later.

In all this the *QUARTERLY* may have an axe to grind, as it purposes to browse among the works of the alumnæ whenever and wherever obtainable, and to print, with permission, choice bits, sometimes from Highway periodicals, but preferably from the Byways. It is to the humble, unsigned contributions and those that have had less wide circulation that it offers especial hospitality. The question is how to obtain these. It will be solved if the alumnæ will send copies or notices of their work, as it comes out, to Miss Nina E. Browne, 44 Pinckney Street, Boston, Mass.

In case any should hesitate, for any reason, I should like to close with a stage whisper of two words: to the materialist, "Advertising;" to the idealist, "College loyalty."

THE EDITOR.

THE PRISON OF AFFECTION

By OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

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Rosa Jerrold stood idly by her little garden—a round patch of earth reserved for her each spring, just as "saucer pies" were still included for her in the family baking—and watched her father swing lazily up the shaded street. Part of the pleasure of being Aaron Jerrold's daughter lay in his agreeable conspicuousness. People always liked to watch that long, leisurely stride, or to linger in the big, shaggy man's magnetic presence. It had always been so satisfying to be his "little girl," to be drawn into his lap and petted with his big, comforting hand, to be teased with boisterous tenderness. Rosa was now no longer "little," as she was obviously no longer young; but Aaron was always

magnificently able to overlook the rigidities of fact, while his daughter still swam in the bland sea of utter irresponsibility.

They had long ago stopped wondering in Farndon Corners whether Aaron Jerrold's daughter would ever grow up. To their irritated perceptions it had become fairly apparent that she would not. While her contemporaries emerged from girlhood, married, raised families, and then paused comfortably on the serene plateau of middle age, Rosa Jerrold remained an elderly young girl. Theoretically of a certain bodily frailness, and guarded always by an over-anxious mother, she had spent her life in a kind of nursery extension. Nevertheless, various dim buds of talent were popularly understood to await their due season of encouragement, and Farndon Corners half-skeptically awaited Rosa's début in one of the arts, dramatic, musical, or, for all that anybody knew, terpsichorean. To this event Rosa herself looked forward cheerfully, but by no means impatiently, her thin days filled with the easy and deceptive solace of an ambition not sharp and real enough to be a torment. She supposed that some more than usually agreeable destiny lay awaiting her, did she only choose to grasp it; meanwhile she was content to peer with untroubled innocence, from out the stony sheath of her artificial youth.

As her father lightly accepted the miracle of Rosa's stationary adolescence, so Mrs. Jerrold—who had on this score secret agonies of misgiving, due to her persistent recollection of her daughter's date of birth—cherished as her particular fetish the belief in Rosa's beauty. There was not a celebrated heroine whom the gaunt and swarthy young woman had not been taught that she in some way or another resembled, and the local dressmakers gossiped freely about the ordeal of sewing week at the Jerrolds. It was hard enough to acquiesce in the theory of Rosa's loveliness; but it was degrading, they agreed, to cast aside the decent conventions of the fashion-sheets and construct the barbaric costumes that Mrs. Jerrold demanded for beauty's enhancement.

Aaron Jerrold swung open the gate, and it slammed behind him. Immediately, to Rosa, the whole inclosure became filled with him. To her, her father was an atmosphere.

"Why, Dolly, your flowers have grown better than mother's!" Aaron had scarcely glanced at the pansy-bed, but it was the family practice to toss off praise to Rosa, whatever her occupation. "Come into the house with me, young lady."

How well Rosa understood that tone, and how perfect was her schooling in the expected reply! It meant that her father had brought some sweets for her, and that after he had played caressingly with her for a little, he would draw them out, and she would pretend surprise. They had played this comedy since she was ten years old.

At supper Rosa drank weak tea from a pink-flowered cup marked "Baby," and ate a rich kind of quince preserve which her mother made for her alone. Mrs. Jerrold, a slender, fluttery person, described the triumph that was being wrought with Rosa's new pink muslin, and Mr. Jerrold repeated, with plenty of emphasis and inferences always creditable to himself, the conversations that had taken place in his office during the day. Once he remembered to tease his daughter mildly about Tom Kinnerton, the widower whose tepid and intermittent suit had been slyly encouraged by Mrs. Jerrold. It was a singularly compact and complementary little family, in which one pleasantly tolerated, and one ignorantly accepted, and one passionately gave. Each spun his separate share of the little domestic web as though some utterly arbitrary fate assigned it, which was perhaps the case. Her mother worked and strove and schemed for Rosa, and gained a thoughtless affection in return; her father petted her, and she adored him.

An evening in Farndon Corners was constructed as the interval between seven and nine o'clock; but the Jerrolds, who, it will be seen, diverged by ever so little, here and there, from the local traditions, dared to defer their bedtime on such a night as this, with its moist, hushed atmosphere, pale glitter of fireflies, and clinging perfume of honeysuckle. The sweet impression of it returned to stifle Rosa when, at dawn the next day, her mother came to her door to send her for the doctor. Aaron Jerrold was very ill.

"What shall I say, mother?" asked Rosa, childishly.

"Say it is the worst attack he has had—he does not know me. Oh, hurry, dear child! hurry!"

It may be that she had never hurried before in her life, this tall, thin woman with the sallow, frightened face—"Aaron Jerrold's little girl,"—who ran stumbling along the uneven brick sidewalk that led under the thick row of maples. A pink cotton dress, half-buttoned, clung closely to her lank figure, and a leghorn hat, heavy with crimson roses, flopped with incongruous coquetry over her anxious eyes. Alone, breathless, running

through the silent dawn, with the doctor's brown house at the dim end of the long village street not yet even visible, the dread of death grew in her steadily. Yet knowing nothing, after all, of the great catastrophe, the terror that swam in her brain was a great, empty, inflated thing, like a child's painted balloon. Shielded as she had been from sane, steady griefs, she was giddy now from the very fear of fear, and leaned heavily for an instant against a dew-dampened picket-fence.

Through her brain thoughts flew dizzily, like mad leaves; she could not seize or detain them. Yet they were crudely eloquent, like picture writing. They told that Rosa Jerrold was not wondering whether she would succeed in saving her father's life: she was shrinking from the horror of no longer being "Aaron Jerrold's little girl."

But before Rosa had reached the doctor's house and pulled its old-fashioned glass bell-handle with all the violence it was its sullen habit to demand, Aaron Jerrold's wife had already seen that no doctor was needed in that big, still chamber. Her husband was dead. They had told her it would be like this—some day. Yet his bushy head and bearded face seemed to lie on the pillow with a feigned submissiveness. His strongly vocal presence seemed to be deliberately and jocosely dumb. That carelessly vital personality was irreconcilable with death; yet it was death that lay there under the still sheet, that each instant filled the room with a more and more stifling presence.

Susan Jerrold did not sob or speak or move. A certain sublimity of those first moments of her widowhood held emotion mute. It is the moment when the only solace, as the only loyalty, is the belief that everything is lost—when unlovely memories seem only distortions. A belated but ineffable understanding, the more intimate for being unspoken, seemed to pass between them, the dead and the living. Trembling, she bent low to kiss him, when, below, there was the sound of a door hastily flung open. It was Rosa, with her careless, childish ways—poor, dear Rosa, who did not know, who perhaps did not even dream—

The widow rose hastily to her feet without kissing her dead husband. The sound that meant Rosa's return had sufficed to detach her from her irrecoverable communion. Her supreme moment was forfeited. Hastily she placed something over Aaron's sharpened face and left the room. Outside she seized Rosa by the arm.

"Rosa, your father—is n't so well," she found the courage to say. "I cannot have you in the room. Come with me, child, you are pale—"

"Who is with him? You must not leave him, mother; you—"

"He does not need—"

There was only a second's faltering, but Rosa understood, and signified her understanding: her eyes closed; she sank down upon the floor and screamed. It had always been her way to scream by way of protest against the unusual or the unpleasant. When her kitten was lost, or when a dress had not come in time for a party, Rosa had screamed, and had been soothed and petted till she stopped. It could only be expected that her father's death would elicit at least an equal demonstration; so that now, while Aaron Jerrold lay alone and dead, the woman whom his death had most bitterly bereaved had already turned to soothe a shriller sorrow. But Susan Jerrold could not have understood that her action was unnatural. It was unthinkable that she should fail to relinquish the luxury of articulate grief when Rosa demanded service.

Thus they were still together, the mother and daughter, when Abby Barrows, Susan's sister, whom the little house-servant had gone unsolicited to fetch, arrived, and arrived firmly, to stay, to "take charge." Turning blindly towards her, Mrs. Jerrold made two statements in what seemed the inverted order of their importance.

"Rosa is sick," she said, "from too much crying. And her father's—dead. You knew?"

"Susan, you must leave Rosa to me. Haven't you tears of your own?" Vainly combating this more stolidly resolute sister, Mrs. Jerrold was led from her daughter's bedroom.

"I wish you would give her some aromatic spirits of ammonia," the widow lingered to urge. "I meant to have—I cannot think quickly enough. Are you any better, Dolly? Lie quietly, if you can, and I will come back."

Already the house was filled with soft footsteps and whispers. The doctor had come, and a little later his wife benevolently followed him. Mrs. Barrows's daughter, Emma Hardy, a vigorous young woman of something less than Rosa's own age, with four or five children at home, came to assume the degree of authority that the village would consider fitting. Faint and scarcely sensible as she was, the widow resented the forcible smothering of her activities that these good people conspired in; resented being led to

the "spare room" and given strong tea. For her sorrow the others had conventional indulgence, but none for her restlessness. And there was perhaps a shade of malice in their tacit determination, now that the hour of reversals had come, to thwart for once Rosa's preëminence in the household.

By noon Mrs. Jerrold had yielded somewhat to her exhaustion, and was lying submissively on the bed, guarded by her sister, when Emma Hardy came in. The young matron's always rosy face was deeply flushed, and she repeated her phrases again and again as if by way of fortifying points that had been challenged. She was at that very moment, she told the sisters, on her way to "the city" to make the necessary purchases for the stricken family. Yet Rosa, whom she had just consulted in order to spare Aunt Sue's feelings, had declined her services utterly.

"It's no use talking to her, mother,"—Emma's cheerful voice was oddly plaintive—"it's simply no use talking to her. We have said all we can, Mrs. Ware and I. Rosa says that her mother has never let her wear black, not even a black ribbon nor a black belt—"

"It's true," the widow eagerly corroborated. She had risen from the bed.

"And that it would make her look hideous and"—Emma paused to give the word its full effect—"old; and that her father wouldn't care any more for her if she did it. She says to ask her mother if it isn't so."

"Oh, she doesn't need to, does she?" The widow looked in terrified appeal at the grim faces of her kindred. "My poor little girl, my baby, dressed in black? It would kill me to see her. Get all the crape you want to, Enma"—she spoke as though her niece were pleading to gratify herself in some indulgence—"and put it on me. I am old; I will wear it."

"But Rosa isn't"—Mrs. Barrows swallowed forbearingly a word that tempted her—"a child."

"She is to me. She was to Aaron. And you know how gay she has always been, how happy. She and her father were so—I think she has never cared for anything but him. It is the most terrible sorrow that could come to her, and you wish to make it more terrible still? Nobody expects a young girl to wear mourning. Emma, you're very kind indeed, but I think you will have to let the poor girl do as she likes."

Emma flushed again resentfully. "It may be cruel to talk to you about it, Aunt Sue, but she hasn't even a gray dress. Her dresses are all red and pink!"

In her eagerness to defend her daughter, Mrs. Jerrold appeared to have risen far beyond her own affliction. She continued patiently, tears standing in her innocent pale-blue eyes: "But you must remember that she has to consider her coloring. You don't realize how handsome Rosa's black eyes are till she gets on a touch of pink. Her father always said so."

Mrs. Barrows and her daughter exchanged a glance of agreement that maternal fatuity could go no further. And Emma returned to the Jerrolds that night with but one mourning dress.

In the black decorum of Aaron Jerrold's funeral there was, therefore, a single strident, scarlet note. A soft, red silk, white-spotted, was Rosa's "best" summer dress, and she wore it on the day of somber draperies with a satisfaction that her grief could not quite dispel. An arrangement of cream-colored lace was fastened to her bosom, and a long gold chain suspended about her neck a heavy, old-fashioned locket. But her eyes burned from long weeping. It was plain to her that she was the same beautiful, beloved, gifted Rosa that she had always been; but she wept for the loneliness that would come upon her, now that her immediate world was gone.

The fall season of dressmaking was planned for as usual, and through recurrent years Mrs. Jerrold looked long and earnestly at hectic "samples" from which her daughter's new finery was to be chosen. For the dreariness and solitude which the period of mourning meanwhile imposed upon Rosa her mother felt almost apologetic, and conceived a hundred devices for her distraction. As Mrs. Jerrold could not see Rosa leave the house without running to add some trinket to the girl's toilet, so at home she pursued her constantly with little cakes to eat or stories to read. Her master plan was an arrangement with a "professor" in the next town to give Rosa a course in "fancy dancing." Here, after all, might lie the opportunity for that public exhibition of Rosa in costume for which she had always vaguely sought a legitimate excuse. Rosa herself was entirely submissive. Her father's death had left her what she had always been, a child. Even when it became known with cruel promptness in Farndon Corners that Tom Kinnerton had transferred

his limp allegiance, Rosa herself, of all her circle of relatives, was by far the least afflicted. Kinnerton had never made himself real to her, and she had always been sleepy when he called. And what if everybody did know that Emma Hardy, with her brood of babies, was a year younger than Rosa—a fact that Mrs. Jerrold had so strong a passion to obliterate? Rosa had always found it easy to neglect the arithmetic of life. After all, it was not surprising that her relatives, commenting on her father's death and her suitor's desertion, declared her an insensible creature, heartlessly immune to experience. Nor could they regard it as less than a violation of decency when Rosa began to take a cheerful interest in dancing-lessons. They were not wise enough to foresee the girl's ultimate contact with the ungracious mirror that should for the first time show her to herself without the magic veil her parents had twined about her.

Some months after Aaron Jerrold's death, his widow sat one day sewing magenta velvet blossoms on a hat for Rosa. The congenial occupation absorbed her, and she hummed softly to herself, scarcely noticing when the outer door closed and a slow step entered. Rosa, apparently returning from her dancing-lesson, came in and seated herself in an almost theatrical silence, as though challenging inquiry. When her mother spoke, she looked up with bright eyes and a tightened mouth.

"I didn't go for my lesson, mother. I left the trolley and walked back. I overheard some people talking about me. Mother, what good has it done for you to keep things from me always, to treat me as a child?"

The last magenta bud trembled in Mrs. Jerrold's fingers. "My dear, what are you but a child? What do you mean?"

"I am almost thirty-sev—yes, mother; we all know. The people on the trolley knew. They said I had been—an old maid for years, but that I wouldn't seem nearly as—ridiculous, if you didn't dress me as you do."

"It wasn't you they were speaking of, Rosa. It couldn't have been." Mrs. Jerrold felt her fingers growing icy, and the bud dropped to the floor.

"They said 'Aaron Jerrold's daughter'—and they said things—about daddy, too! I couldn't leave the car while they were talking—because—I felt that what they said was true. It seemed to me the only time I had ever heard the truth. I have been 'Dolly' and 'little girl' all my life—to you and daddy. But I am no such thing. I am old—and ugly—and ridiculous, and you have made me so. I haven't had any life; I have been defrauded of everything—and it is too late now. Dancing-lessons! Dancing-lessons! You ought to have heard those people laugh about it! Then you would know what you have done to me. Daddy didn't know any better, perhaps—poor daddy! But you're a woman, mother; you ought to have known."

Mrs. Jerrold could not meet her daughter's blazing eyes. She knew that Rosa had spoken the pitifully belated truth; yet she was distraught with the desire to deny it all, to wrap the girl again in tender falsities.

"Dolly," she began, in a weak, uncertain voice, "I've never known a girl who was so loved and petted—"

"Yes; but I'm not a girl now; I'm old. The people who talked about me said I was old. And I haven't ever been young. There's something in youth that I've missed. I feel it. Was there something the matter with me, mother, that you kept me different? Look at Cousin Emma! She is younger than—"

"Hush, Rosa!" Mrs. Jerrold fairly screamed. "Do you think I would have you like *Emma*?"

"Why not? Emma's happy. She will always have comfort in those stout children of hers. Of course, she isn't young; but she was once, in a way. I never was. What I have been until now is a sort of child. Now I am old. I ought to wear black dresses. You know that longing to shroud oneself and stay hidden. You said you felt it when daddy died. I didn't then, but I do—now. I shall stay at home always. I—"

Rosa had risen from her chair and bent her black eyes unswervingly on her mother's pale face, as if to make her accusation strike more deeply. In her passion of resentment and misery she had a nearer approach to beauty than she had ever had before. Her first knowledge that she was old brought out in her, from its very sharpness, a fleeting tinge of youth. Her egotism was dead, that artificial self that had had a lifetime's nourishing, but of her shorn and bleeding state there was born an exulting cruelty. Without a throb of pity, she stared silently at her stricken mother, fumbling blindly with the gay fragments of her sewing, and left the room. Alone, intangibly bereft, the mother strove to defend

to herself the long and lavish zeal of her motherhood. But there came no comfort. The house of affection, it seemed to her, was tenantless, the prisoner fled, the gaoler left to grasp, in lonely bitterness, her ineffectual keys.

FROM OVER AGAINST GREEN PEAK

By ZEPHINE HUMPHREY.

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THE YEAR.

What a year we have with us now, what a glorious, stately creature! The work of her youth is all performed, her maturity is passing on to that great climax which awaits her, the call of which, ringing over the hills, the summoning crimson call of October, has given her such thoughtful pause, here in her mown meadows. The slow procession of the days paces the valley from east to west, eloquent days, though the birds are mute, and even the winds are hushed. There is hardly a sound in all the world. The silent sky, which keeps aloof from all sort of tumult, comes down now to the silent earth, and the two are one. Peace—pause—musing! There is no hurry any more, no reason why all things that be, should not go on with quiet feet to their destined goals.

Meantime the ancient swamp again, that mother of the seasons, has held the first red signal out, first bright September branch. At once there runs that common thrill of quickened expectation which the young spring knew. So, it is coming, it begins; prepare, ye hills and meadows! A slower progress than the spring's is the stately autumn's. For six full weeks the pageant draws its length from swamp to mountain-top, and not until the very end is there a quickened motion.

The dreams fall back a little, though, in the cool September. The sky beams clear, the hills stand out, the hale year shakes herself from musing; no decrepitude for her! The days leap, sudden, from the crest of Green Peak, and go exulting on their shortened, shining way. The swamp burns like a heart of fire, with little forks and tongues of flame licking up from it. It sets the nearest woods ablaze, they fling their sparks out to the hills, and once more a march begins up the mountainside, a march of fire and death this time, destroying what the spring achieved. High-hearted seasons are they all, who will effect their consummation only on mountain-tops.

It is strange that one can support the glory of the autumn better than that of the spring. It may be because of the sense of repose deep underneath it all, the past which steadies the present. There is a significant grandeur, too, in the exultant march to death, which sobers and lifts the spirit. Not in the sensuous, lavish delight of beginning, lies the soul's best good, but even in the immolation of fulfilment.

The slow conflagration spreads gradually through the September days, kindling little by little. But the first of October, as I have said, feels a quickened impulse, "Come now, let us finish!" cries the year, and snatches her torch and runs down the valley, touching hill after hill. How the peaks blaze up then against the sky! And all the broad flanks are over-run with a sudden crimson glory. The trees on the edges of lower woods, especially slender, lonely trees, are transformed into what is even more the quality than the hue of flame. They flicker and vibrate before the eye, seeming always in tremulous motion, their substance dissolved in color. Day after day presses hard along, with its tribute of glory to glory; even the hours work magical change, weaving the swift, many-colored web; the climax is near at hand.

Then, when at last the whole world is aflame, come the best days of all. Days? It may be only one day. But it is the best in the year. The glory pauses, caught at its height, arrested by a silence profound, which knows no limitation. The very rushing of color along the tops of the mountains has seemed to give forth a clamorous note during the last week. But now, what a wide, wide hush! Is it the smoke of the burning hills that spreads such a blue haze over the valley. The mountains themselves glow obscurely through it, looming like great opal fragments of an imagined world. There is no slightest breath of wind, but from the maple beside the door fall wide-circling golden leaves, slowly, silently. With the faintest whisper they touch the ground, the merest little sigh. All the dreams have come thronging back, dreams and dreams and dreams.

The dim air is full of their waving pinions, their music is the only sound, their "unheard melodies," their "ditties of no tune."

* * * * *

Thus the year in its general outline, the merest sketch of its progress. Everyone knows it, fortunately; there is no companion more universal in the good round world. Yet people have been known to speak of the loneliness of a country life! Lonely with a year for a comrade? When I find one year that is like another, that does not keep me on the alert to follow its moods and changes, or when one single season betrays me, then I may grow lonely in Dorset.

THE LADY SENBTES

By GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN.

The tomb of the Lady Senbtes
Was open to wind and sun—
She had slept—God knows—three thousand years
And the sleep of her dust was done.

And I said, "Pray, pardon us, Lady
If our insolence does you wrong,"
And I said, "It is not permitted
That the dead sleep over long.

"Stand forth in your withered garments,
The wrappings about your face,
For to-day is asking with pick and spade
Of yesterday's name and race."

Then out of her infinite slumber
She stirred with a dim surprise,
And up from the ancient resin and myrrh
Her voice came drowsily wise:

"Who speaks of life?" said Senbtes.
"Life was the stars in the sky,
And Life was the solemn lotus flower,
And old Nile sweeping by:

"Life was Love, I remember,
And a thing that they called Hate,
I forget in this underground peace and dust. . . .
You said it was growing late?

"Late?" said the Lady Senbtes—
"When nothing's to hope or fear
When late and early are both the same
Is the lesson we learn down here.

"And you are as old as I am
And I am as old as you. . . .
Old?" said the Lady Senbtes—
"But Osiris is aging too.

"Yet breath and blood have a virtue
And two you may think upon—
And one is a chance to be very kind;
And one, to look long at the sun."

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A HOUSE OF MERCY

By JENNETTE LEF.

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I.

"Aunt Mercy, what are you thinking of?" The young man turned his head a little on the pillow to look inquiringly toward the door.

It was the door of Room 24 leading into the men's ward. Aunt Mercy had been standing there for five minutes, gazing intently before her into space. The serene face framed in the white muslin cap had a rapt, waiting look. It reminded the young man of a German Madonna that he had run across last summer in an old gallery corner, whose face had haunted him. "Aunt Mercy, what are you thinking about?" he repeated gently.

She turned slowly toward him, the placid look breaking into twinkles. "I was thinking I'd better turn Mr. Ketchell's mattress t'other end to, and put a bolster under the upper end. It kind of sags."

For a moment the young man on the pillow looked a little bewildered. Then he lay back and laughed till the iron bedstead rang and the men in the ward pricked up their ears and smiled in sympathy.

Aunt Mercy smiled too, stepping leisurely toward him.

"There, there," she said as she adjusted the sheet and lowered his pillow a trifle, "I dunno's I'd laugh any more 'bout that. 'Tisn't so very funny to change a mattress t'other end to."

He raised a hand and wiped the laughter from either eye. "But you looked as if you were thinking of angels and cherubims and things, Aunt Mercy."

She nodded placidly. "I gen'ly do," she responded, "but that don't hinder knowing about mattresses and bolsters. . . . I wouldn't laugh any more for a day or two, if I was you. The bandages might get loose." She slipped a careless hand along his forehead, gathered up a cup and plate from the stand beside him, and slid plumply from the room.

His eyes followed her through the door, down the long ward as she stopped here and there for a word or a question. Once she raised her hand sternly at a bed and sniffed. The cap-strings bristled fiercely.

"He's catching it," muttered the young man from the private room. "I knew he would. You can't keep a baccy pouch in the same room with Aunt Mercy." He sighed a little and glanced, without turning his head, toward the window where the spring clouds sailed and filled with swelling whiteness. A breath of freshness stole in softly. On the sill was a bowl of pansies. He lay looking at them idly. His lids fluttered and closed—and lifted again and fell shut.

Out in the ward the men were laughing and talking. Sanderson, robbed of his baccy pouch, was sullen and resentful, and the men were chafing him. Aunt Mercy drifted through the swing door at the end of the ward. She placed the cup and plate on a dumb waiter and crossed the hall to the women's ward. A nurse met her as she came in at the door. "Mrs. Crosby is worse. Temperature a hundred and four," she said, in a low voice.

Aunt Mercy nodded. She went slowly down the ward. White faces on the pillows greeted her and followed her. Aunt Mercy beamed on them. She stopped beside a young girl and bent over to speak to her. The girl's face lighted. It lost its fretted look. Aunt Mercy had told her that she was to have a chop for her dinner if she was a good girl, and that there was a robin out in the apple tree. She turned her gaunt eyes toward the window. Her face listened. Aunt Mercy went on. . . . A nurse coming in handed her a slip of paper. She glanced at it and tucked it into her dress. It was a telephone message from Dr. Carmen, asking to have the operating room ready for an appendicitis case in ten minutes.

The girl with the gaunt eyes called to her.

"Aunt Mercy." The voice was weak and impatient.

Aunt Mercy turned slowly back. She stood by the bed, looking down with a smile. The girl thrust an impatient hand under her cheek. "Can I hear him in here?" she demanded.

Aunt Mercy glanced toward the window. "The robin? Like enough, if he flies this way. I'll go out and chase him 'round bime-by when I get time."

The girl laughed—a low pleasant laugh. Aunt Mercy's tone had drawn a picture for her: The robin, the flying cap-strings in swift pursuit, and all out-doors—birds and trees and sky. She nestled her face on her hand and smiled quietly. "I'm going to be good," she said.

Aunt Mercy looked at her with a severe twinkle. "Yes, you'll be good—till next time," she said.

The nurse by the door waited, impatient. Aunt Mercy came across the room.

"Get 15 ready. . . . Find the new nurse. . . . Send her to the operating room. . . . Send Henry to the ambulance door. . . . Tell Miss Staunton to have things hot and put out the new ether cones. It wants fresh carbolic and plenty of sponges." The nurse fled swiftly away.

Aunt Mercy looked peacefully around. She gave one or two instructions to the ward nurse, talked a moment with one of the patients, smiled a kind of general benediction on the beds and faces and sunlit room, and went quietly out. . . . At the door of the operating room she paused a moment and gave a slow, comfortable glance about. She changed the position of a stand and rearranged the ether cones.

The next minute she was standing at the side door greeting Dr. Carmen. The ambulance was at the door.

"It's a bad case," he said. "Waited too long."

"Woman, I suppose," said Aunt Mercy. She was watching the men as they put the trestles in place.

He looked at her. "How did you know?"

"They're 'most always the ones to wait. They stand the pain better'n men." She stepped one side with a quiet glance at the litter as the men bore it past. "She'll come through," she said, as they followed it up the slow stairway.

"I wish I felt as sure," responded Dr. Carmen.

Aunt Mercy glanced back. A man was standing at the door, his eyes following them. She looked inquiringly toward the doctor.

"Her husband," he said. "He's going to wait."

Aunt Mercy spoke a word to a nurse who was coming down the stairs, with a motion of her hand toward the man waiting below.

The little procession entered the operating room, and the door was shut.

II.

The man in the reception-room was waiting. He was thick-set, with dark hair and eyes and an obstinate chin. He looked up with a doubtful flash as Aunt Mercy came in.

"How is she?" he demanded. He had sprung to his feet.

Aunt Mercy descended into a creaking chair and folded her hands quietly. "Sit down, Mr. Dalton," she said. "I'm going to tell you all about it."

The words seemed to promise limitless details.

He sat down, chafing a little, and looking at her eagerly.

She smiled on him. "Hard work waiting, ain't it?" she said.

His face broke a little.

"Did she get through all right?"

Aunt Mercy nodded. "Yes, she got through." She rocked a little in the big chair. "She's standing it pretty well, considering," she added after a pause.

"Will she get well?" The question burst at her.

She looked up at him slowly—at the dark eyes and obstinate chin. "I don't know," she said. She waited a minute. "I suppose you'd rather know the truth," she asked.

"Yes—yes."

"I thought so." The muslin strings nodded. "When my husband died they didn't let us know how sick he was. I've always thought we might 'a' saved him—between us—if we'd 'a' known. They wanted to spare my feelings." She looked at him inquiringly.

"Yes." He waited a little less impatiently. The world was a big place. Everybody died. . . . Would Edith die? . . .

He looked at her imploringly.

She returned the look with one full of gentleness. "I don't see how she's going to live," she said slowly. The face under its white cap took on a trance-like look. The eyes were fixed on something unseen. She drew a quick breath. . . . "But I guess she will," she said with a tremulous laugh.

The man's lips parted.

She looked at him again. "If I was you, Mr. Dalton, I'd go home and feel pretty big and strong and well, and I'd hope pretty hard."

He looked at her, bewildered.

She was on her feet. She ran her eye over his face and person. I'd wear the cleanest, freshest clothes I could get, and I'd look so t'would do her good just to set eyes on me."

He flushed under the two-days' growth of beard, and ran his hand awkwardly across his chin. "But they won't let me see her?" he said.

"Well, I don't know," responded Aunt Mercy. "It'll do her good whether she sees you or not," she added energetically.

He rose with a smile, holding out his hand. "I believe you're right," he said. "It gives me something to do, anyway, and that's worth a good deal."

"Yes, it's something to do," she responded, "and I don't suppose any of us knows just what cures folks."

"Could I see her to-morrow, perhaps?" he asked, watching her face.

She shook her head emphatically. "Not till I think best," she replied with decision.

His face fell.

"And not then," she said, "unless you're feeling pretty well and strong and happy."

He gave a little, abrupt laugh. "Oh, you've fixed that all right. I shan't sigh—not once—in a dark doom—with the lights out."

Aunt Mercy smiled serenely. "That's good." At the door she paused a moment. "I wouldn't reckon too much on seeing her," she said. "I shan't let anyone see her till she asks. She won't pay much attention for three-four days yet."

A peculiar look crossed the man's dark face. "That's all right," he said. "I can wait."

Outside the door he lifted his face a little to the fresh breeze. His eyes stared absently at the drifting sky. "Now, how did she know Edith wouldn't want to see me?" he said softly, "how did she find that out?"

III.

Everything connected with the hospital was under the absolute control of Aunt Mercy. Each member of the white-capped corps of nurses looked to her for direction, and the cook and the man who ran the furnace refused to take orders from anyone else. It was no unusual sight for the serene, white-framed face, with its crisp strings to appear among the pipes and elbows of the furnace-room, and leave behind a whiff of common sense and a series of hints on the running of the hot-water boiler. Even Dr. Carmen himself never brought a patient to the House of Mercy without asking humble and solicitous permission of Aunt Mercy.

There was a current belief that the Berkeley House of Mercy belonged to Aunt Mercy herself; and I am not at all sure that Aunt Mercy did not think so—at times. The hospital had been endowed twelve years before by a rich woman, in gratitude for her recovery from a painful disease. She had wished to reward the surgeon who had cured her. And when Dr. Carmen had refused any payment beyond the usual fee, she had established the Berkeley House of Mercy, over which he was to have absolute control. He, in turn, had installed Aunt Mercy as matron of the hospital—not with the understanding that she was to have absolute control, but as being, on the whole, the most sensible and reliable woman of his acquaintance.

The result of the arrangement was as has been stated. It was not known that Aunt Mercy had ever refused him, point-blank, permission to bring a patient to the hospital. But she sometimes protested, with a shrewd twinkle in her eye. "Oh, I can't have that Miss Enderby here. She's always wanting to have her own way about things!" Then Dr. Carmen would laugh and bring the patient. Perhaps he gave her a hint beforehand.

Perhaps the fame of Aunt Mercy's might had reached her. Perhaps it was the cool, firm fingers. . . . Whatever might be the reason, it is safe to say that Miss Enderby did not once have her own way from the day that she was carried into the wide doors of the House of Mercy, a sick and querulous woman, to the day when she left it with a firm, quick step, and turning back at the door to fall, with a sob, on Aunt Mercy's neck, was met with a gentle little push and a quick flash from the white-capped face. "There, there, Miss Enderby, you run right along. There's nothin' upsets folks like sayin' good-by. You come back some day and say it when you're feeling pretty well."

IV.

Aunt Mercy was thinking to-day, as she went back along the wide corridor to Room 15, that the new patient was not unlike Miss Enderby. There was the same inflexible tightening of the lips and the same contracted look of the high, level brows. The lips had not opened except for low moans, and the eyes were closed. As Aunt Mercy stood looking down at them, they fluttered softly. They opened for a moment and closed again with a dull look.

Aunt Mercy bent her head and listened to the heavy breathing. Then she spoke softly to the nurse in charge, who listened obediently and went away. It was not an unusual thing for Aunt Mercy to assume control of a case at any moment. Perhaps she was most likely to do this about three or four o'clock in the morning when all the hospital was asleep and a chill had crept into the air. The nurse in charge of a critical case would look up to find Aunt Mercy standing beside her, fresh from a cold bath, with a smile on her big, restful face and a whispered command on her lips that sent the tired nurse to bed with a clear conscience.

The patients that Aunt Mercy assumed in this peremptory fashion always recovered. Perhaps they would have recovered in any case. This is one of the things that no one knows. It may be noted, however, in passing, the patients themselves as they came into the new day, holding fast to Aunt Mercy's hand, cherished a belief that had it not been for that firm, plump hand, the new day would not have dawned for them. . . . They had no strength and no will of their own. But through the cold and the darkness, something held them, and when the spirit came creeping back with the morning, the first thing that their eyes rested on was Aunt Mercy's face.

V.

The woman's eyes opened suddenly. They looked for a moment, dull and unseeing, into Aunt Mercy's. Then they fell shut. Aunt Mercy's fingers noted the pulse and passed once or twice across the high, fretted brow. Slowly a look of sleep passed over the face and the strained lines relaxed. Aunt Mercy, watching it, gave a nod of satisfaction. Out in the orchard the robin sang his twilight song, slow and cool and liquid, with long pauses between, and the dusk crept into the white room, touching it.

Aunt Mercy sat passive, waiting, the eyes under her white cap glowing with a still, deep look. All the threads of life and death in the hospital gathered up and centered in the quiet figure sitting there. Not a pulse in the great building beat, or flickered and went out, that Aunt Mercy did not know it. But she sat waiting while the twilight deepened, a look of restfulness in her big face. Now and then she crooned to herself, half humming the lines of some hymn and falling silent again, watching the sleeper's breath.

The night nurse paused outside the door, and a little rush of gaslight flickered in. Aunt Mercy rose and closed the door and shifted a screen noiselessly to the foot of the bed. The long night had settled down for its sleep. And Edith Dalton's soul was keeping watch with death. Slowly it sank back into the grim hold. . . . only a spark left, with Aunt Mercy keeping guard over it. . . . So the night passed and the day, and another night and another day. . . . and the third day dawned. Edith Dalton would have said, as the spark glowed higher and blazed a little and lighted her soul, and her eyes rested on Aunt Mercy's face, that the figure sitting there had not left her side for three days. Down through the deepest waters, where death lulled her and heaven waited, she had felt a touch on her soul, holding her, drawing her steadily back to life; and now she opened her eyes and they rested on Aunt Mercy's face and smiled a little. Then the lids fluttered together again and sleep came to the face, natural and sweet.

Aunt Mercy's eyes grew dark beneath the white cap. She touched a bell and gave the case over to the day nurse that came. "She will be all right now," she said. She spoke in the low, even voice that was not a whisper and not a tone. "Give her plenty of water. She has been very thirsty. But there is no fever. Don't call me unless there is a change. . . . Then send at once." She departed on her rounds.

No one would have guessed, as the fresh, stout figure moved in and out among the wards, that she had not slept for two nights. There was a tradition that Aunt Mercy never slept and that she was never tired. Dr. Carmen laughed at the tradition and said that Aunt Mercy slept at much as anyone, more than most people, in fact, only did it with her eyes open—that it was only a superstition that made people think they must shut their eyes to sleep. The Hindus had a trick worth two of that. Aunt Mercy knew the trick and she might tell other folks if she would, and save the world a lot of trouble.

But Aunt Mercy only shook her head, and smiled, and went her way. And when the fight with death came, she went with each one down into that other world, the world of sleep and faith and unconscious power, on the borderland of death, where the soul is reborn, and waited there for life. She had no theories about it, and no pride; and if she had now and then a gentle, imperious scorn of theorists and bunglers, it was only the touch of human nature that made the world love her.

VI.

It was the sixth day, and Edith Dalton was doing well—that is, the wound was doing well. As for the woman, she lay with indifferent eyes, looking at the white wall of her room and waiting recovery. The only time that the look in the eyes changed was when Aunt Mercy appeared in the doorway for a moment, or sat by her bed. Then it would deepen to a question and flicker toward hope.

"Doing well?" Aunt Mercy would say. "They give you good things to eat, don't they?"

The woman smiled faintly. "Yes."

"That's right. Eat and sleep. And hope don't hurt—a little of it."

"Aunt Mercy?" The voice had a sharp note. It was the tenth morning, and the invalid was resting against the pillows, that had been raised on the bed.

"Yes?" Aunt Mercy turned back.

"Hasn't he been to see me—once—my husband?" There was a shamed, half-imperious note in the words.

Aunt Mercy sat down, comfortably, by the bed and looked at her. Then she shook her head, chidingly. . . . "I've never seen a sick person yet that wa'n't unreasonable," she said.

The woman's face relaxed. "I know," she said, apologetically, "but when one is sick the days are long."

"You told me—that was four-five days ago," said Aunt Mercy, "that you didn't want to see him or hear his name mentioned. At least, that's what I understood."

The woman was not looking at her.

"So when he's been here, time and time again—three times a day, some days—I've told 'em you couldn't see anybody—not even your husband. . . . I thought that was what you wanted?"

"Yes," said the woman faintly.

Aunt Mercy nodded. "And now you're acting hurt and keeping yourself from getting well."

The woman flushed a little. "I don't think I am."

"Yes, you are," said Aunt Mercy, comfortably. "Of course it don't make any real difference. You'll get well some time. . . . Only it seems foolish. Well, I must be going on my rounds. Keep up good courage." She stood up and moved toward the door.

"Aunt Mercy."

"Yes."

"You haven't time to stop a few minutes?"

"Why, yes. I've got plenty of time, if you want me. There's two operations this morning, but everything's ready."

"Two operations?" The woman's lips grew white.

"One's a man with five children. Got to lose his leg. . . . His wife's plucky. She's gone right to work earning money. But she's coming this morning to be with him for the

operation. She said he'd stand it better. I guess she's right. They seem pretty close together. . . . That's the only thing I really envy in this world," said Aunt Mercy, slowly, . . . "having a husband that loves you and cares." She sat quietly watching the locust leaves outside the window. They shimmered in the light.

The woman raised a hand. "You don't understand," she said.

"Like enough not," said Aunt Mercy. "It's hard work understanding other folks' feelings. I don't more'n half understand my own. . . . I suppose you were kind of disappointed in him?" . . .

"I don't know"—the words faltered.

"They be, mostly."

"Is everyone unhappily married?" the voice flashed at her.

"Well, I didn't say just that. But most of 'em find it different from what they expected—men being men. . . . Women are women, too. I'll have to go, now. It's time for the man, and she'll be waiting in the parlor. I told her to wait there." She rose slowly. "You don't want to see him, if he should happen to come to-day?"

"No." The lips trembled a little and closed over the word.

"All right," said Aunt Mercy, soothingly. "Take plenty of time to get well. He can wait. He's good kind to wait, I can see that." She drifted out.

The woman's eyes followed her eagerly with a question in them. She put up her hands to cover them. When she took them down the eyes were filled with tears and a gentle light glowed in them. "Dear old Tom," she said softly, "he can wait."

As Aunt Mercy opened the parlor door he sprang to his feet. He was radiant with a look of courage, and his eyes glowed as he came toward her.

She shook her head, smiling a little. Then she turned to a young woman waiting by the door. She was strong and fresh and a look of purpose gleamed in her face. Aunt Mercy looked at her approvingly. "Go down to Room 20, Mrs. Patton, on the left-hand side. I've told Dr. Carmen you're to be there. It's all right."

As the young woman left the room she turned to him again.

"Won't she see me?" he asked.

"Come to-morrow about ten o'clock," she said slowly, "she'll be wanting to see you then."

"How do you know?" He reached out a hand.

"I don't know, but I seem to feel it in my bones. She's most well. . . . She's well all through."

And she left him standing there, a glad light in his eyes, while she went down the corridor to the man waiting in Room 20.

LET US TALK OF MANY THINGS

BY WAY OF PREFACE

In looking over various Alumnæ and Alumni Quarterlies, it has occurred to us that there is little or no room set aside therein for that most popular of exercises, free speech. The department, "Let Us Talk of Many Things," has therefore been organized in the hope that it may serve as an agreeable sort of club room where the chairs are easy, the door open invitingly to all, and where there is no least suspicion of a platform.

If it is a real club,—and it rests with those who read this to make it one,—there should be no shy refusal of the speaker's chair by any who have aught to say to the point. No one should stand upon the order of her coming, or hesitatingly await an editorial invitation to be present. The bashfulness which might possibly overcome one at the prospect of an address in the auditorium at the front of the QUARTERLY, may here be cast aside. Informality and, we trust, brevity will reign.

We will lend an ear to good talks on any matter that lies between the poles, though the poles themselves shall be for the present taboo. Discussion of the College, of the QUARTERLY, of ourselves, will be very much in order. We may even relish now and then a little good-natured scolding. Those present are earnestly requested not only to speak, but to converse. They are in fact urged to answer back.

For here, ignoring the trifling accidents of time and space, we are to meet together four times a year to talk of many things.

THE EDITOR.

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

Of all the good old platitudes, surely none is truer than the one which affirms that our ideals change as we advance in years. I can remember a time when the ambition of my dreams was to be the owner of a large private menagerie, with which I should make progresses through the streets of my native town, riding at the head of the cortège, on some fiery, but perfectly mastered beast, and meeting the excited gaze of my fellow-townsmen, in whose eyes the spectacle was to lose none of its fearsomeness through its daily repetition, with a calm glance pure of condescension. Sev-

eral years later my bosom friend confided to me her dream of happiness, which I immediately adopted as my own. Her desire was to appear on a populous thoroughfare, walking between two youths somewhat older than herself, both to be wearing white duck trousers, and one to be wheeling a bicycle,—token of the triumphant fact that he had dismounted expressly for the sake of her society. And after a further lapse of years, I remember feeling a pang of envy on hearing that another friend had been "the life of the party" at some sophomore affair in a college fraternity house. The "life of the party!" I realized, and the realization was bitter, that it was not in me ever to conduct myself in such a way as to win that name. But I yearned for it.

Other times, other ideals. I now hold that to head a miscellaneous procession of animals through the streets would produce in me a great sense of sheepishness; that I could promenade conspicuously between two duck-clad youths without any marked stirring of my pulses; while as for being the creature known as the "life of the party"—Heaven forefend!

The Life of the Party! Who has not suffered at his hands! Who has not hated him, withstood him, weakened before him, and finally succumbed to him, helplessly allowing him to work his will! He is an alert and restless person with a dominating voice and laugh. Like Nature, he abhors a vacuum; a lull in the incidents of the day, or even a pause in the talk, is a challenge to him. For his rôle is a conscious one; he glories in his powers and willingly assumes their attendant responsibilities. He does not permit his victims to enjoy things in their own way, they must enjoy them in *his* way, or there is danger that the occasion may become "slow"—the great, elemental dread of the Life of the Party. When they have divided themselves by a sort of natural selection into small, congenial groups, and are entertaining themselves highly with their own conversation, he organizes some detestable game. When they are watching the sunset, with joy and peace in their hearts, he demands their attention to a rattling good story; or if he happens to fancy sunsets himself, he calls upon them all to admire that delicious shade of green, and will not rest content until they are standing in a row, in difficult

postures, with their heads upside down, admitting with astonishment that the colors are vastly intensified when looked at in this way. And not one of the brow-beaten train dreams of refusing to invert his head.

The fact is that there is something hypnotic about the Life of the Party. Might it not then be possible for humanity, by a combined and determined effort, to throw off their bondage to him and explode the superstition that he is a necessary institution? Or is the Life of the Party an immortal thing?

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS, 1901.

**A WHISPER
IN THE
GALLERY** "When it got dark," remarks one of O. Henry's enrapturing heroes, "me and Mac would light our pipes and talk about science and pearl-diving and sciatica and Egypt and spelling and fish and trade-winds and leather and gratitude and eagles, and a lot of subjects that we'd never had time to explain our sentiments about before."

We can't exactly light our pipes; nor even, with any unanimity, our cigarettes. Still, in essentials, the ALUMNÆ QUARTERLY is going to be very like a chat, over lighted pipes, in the dark, concerning a lot of subjects we've never had time to explain our sentiments about before. We can be very confidential, for this is a family council. The Alumnæ of other colleges will seldom listen; our sisters who are overproud of never having gone to college at all, will not pause to read and patronize; the men will not overhear. The ALUMNÆ QUARTERLY is a sort of whispering-gallery; faint sounds will carry very far, but they will never get out of the gallery.

I have just been listening at the key-hole, however, of another whispering-gallery, that of Michigan University, and overheard a letter "From the College Woman to the Academic Man." Some things in it seem to concern our own family's welfare.

The writer of the letter, Caroline Miles Hill, Ph. D., sets forth in vigorous, even heated language, the difficulties which continue to beset women who enter the academic world. "You have granted us many opportunities of education and culture," she says to the Academic Man, "and have encouraged us so long as we were your pupils, but if we wish to take our places in your world, we find the doors slammed in our faces. . . . Under present conditions, if a woman is allowed to teach in

a western university, she must show far more originality than a man must show, and must overcome far more serious difficulties. . . . In the latest development of academic life we are admitted to inferior places in the faculty if we swear celibacy and can be of practical value as heads of women's halls."

This letter was published last April, but derives emphasis this fall from the fact that in one of the largest western universities, where three positions, which had been occupied by women for years, fell vacant almost in the same hour, the powers have decided to refill all three with men.

But although this door is closing to professional women, and the young Smith alumna, who has hoped to find variety of experience and breadth of opportunity in some western university, is likely to meet with disappointment, Dr. Hill points another way. She believes that woman's true field is economic study and social work. And here, because she can unite scholarly research to practical activity, the college woman will escape the academic perils of specialization and "productive scholarship."

Of course this is not a new suggestion, but it receives new force from the impact of that closing door, and is a thing it might be well to explain our sentiments about, after dark, when we light our pipes.

RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS, 1899.

**A DAY AT
DECENNIAL—
A MONOLOGUE** (*Mary Jones Smith discovered at eight A. M. in room 6x10 in off-campus house.*)

Oh, come in, girls! Sit right down on my downy couch or any old place you can find. Yes, I'm almost ready; all except finishing my hair and getting out a clean shirtwaist from my suitcase. Isn't it great to be back? . . . Curling my hair? Why, of course. . . . Oh, I know I never did it in college, but George thinks it's so much more becoming that I just have to, you know, to keep peace in the family. (*Knock at door.*) Come in! Why Elizabeth Peabody! When on earth did you come? . . . Yes, I just got here last night. My trunk hasn't come up yet and I'm about wild. . . . No, I didn't ask the cabman what his name was. George thinks I'm awfully careless about those things. . . . Maybe I could telephone somewhere about it. Do you suppose by any chance, they have the luxury of a 'phone in this house? (*Calling down hall*) No. Edith, you can't get any hot water this morning. There wasn't

even a drop to be had in the house last night and I was perfectly grimy. . . Oh, Polly, didn't I hear you say that you had to go to the station this morning? Would you mind stopping at Warren's stable, dear, and asking them if they are the ones who have my trunk? . . . No stable there! Where has it gone? . . . Just naturally caved in, did it? Well, that *is* a blow, and I suppose nothing else is the same all the way down the street.

Girls, has anyone brought any ink? . . . Would you mind getting me a small bottle, Polly? Oh, yes, and a pen and a little of the college writing paper. I'll pay you when you come back. I owe you, too, for my share of the sandwiches at Boyden's last night. (*Looking out window*) Well, Helen Robinson! I had no idea you could get here so early—oh, and there's Jane! Come right up, you dear, blessed people! . . . Yes, I came last night and I'm in despair waiting for my trunk—haven't a thing but this old suit. . . You girls aren't by any chance going down town this morning so you could hunt up a lost stable or two and find out where my baggage is lurking?

There! I hear something in the hall now. Joy! It's my trunk. Right in here. No, I think after all you'll have to leave it in the hall. There simply isn't room for another thing in here. . . How much? Thirty-five cents? Why, I never paid more than a quarter. Well, if that isn't perfectly ridiculous! Oh, dear! I haven't a cent of change. Can you change a twenty-dollar bill, driver? . . . Thank you, Helen, for the loan. Now, don't forget to ask me for this.

Going to chapel? Why, yes. I suppose I really ought to, so many folks to see and all—but, mercy, I haven't had my breakfast yet. . . Well, all right, I'll get on my hat and then we can go to Boyden's afterward. . . . Where on earth do we get our Colation tickets and don't we have to register somewhere? . . . Something or other **has to be done about our railroad tickets too; but if you are going 'way to the station, Polly, maybe you'll take mine for me and get it signed.** . . . Are all you women going to Dramatics to-night? . . . No, I didn't know we were supposed to write ahead about that. . . Yes, there are always lots of good seats at the last. . . Oh, wait just a minute till I open my trunk. I want to show you my family. Here they are, right on top. . . Yes, this is George. It makes him look sort of bald, but he really

isn't, you know. . . Oh, I wonder if the mail has come yet—did we use to get it before or after chapel? . . . That's my oldest boy, named for his father—he's seven and here's Mary and here's my baby. Bless his little heart! Did him yuv his muvver? . . . I suppose you girls without any babies think I'm awfully silly—but really you don't know anything about a mother's feelings. This is the first time I've left them except for two or three trips with George, and that seemed different. We could talk about the children together when we got homesick. . .

Well, let's start along. . . Telegram for me? Thank you. Just wait a second, girls, until I read it. . . Yes, it's from George. Wasn't that dear of him? Just to say they were getting on famously only missing me a lot. . . The baby's tooth is through, he says. Well, that certainly is a relief. He was awfully fretty when I left—wanted to bite on everything. You can see the condition my purse is in. I gave it to him just the last minute to keep him still. . . Yes, I'm coming, but I do wish I'd had time to unpack a little, though heaven knows where I could hang anything. George said I wouldn't wear half the clothes I brought.

(*Five minutes later, outside College Hall. Catching sight of special old chum.*)

There's Emmy at last! My dear, I'm simply wild to get at you. . . Just this moment came? How are the children? . . . My dear, how portly you are! But I think on the whole it's rather becoming. . . Yes, indeed, I'm awfully well—never better in my life. . . The baby? Oh, he's great—just had a telegram from George that his tooth was through. . . Yes, it's his first one and he's ten months old. Why, Mary had four, you know, when she was only six months. . . Oh, yes, I gave him bone food right along and he seemed perfectly well. The doctor kept telling me not to worry. . . You've had a time with foods? Don't I know all about it! I hope you weren't foolish enough to begin night feedings. . . That is simply awful! We did it with George but the others have been broken in from the very first to sleep all night. . . Oh, well, once in a while, of course. . .

There's the organ now and the girls have gone in. Is that one of the Faculty rushing in that door? I don't remember any door there—do you? . . . Well, I'm not going to chapel as late as this. Let's go through that mysterious door and investi-

gate those notices decorating the walls. . . . "Headquarters at Students' Building!" Will someone kindly tell me where the Students' Building is? . . . I had an idea it was right back of Seelye Hall. Didn't somebody say they had moved the old Gym. somewhere to make way for something? . . . Well, I think it is perfectly distressing the way things are getting cluttered up. Why, dear, look at this! "Costumes for the Alumnæ Parade!" That's the first time I've heard anything about a parade or costumes for it. Rather an ostentatious display it strikes me.

Well, I don't intend to drag myself all over this campus dodging buildings to be stared at and scorned by the young. . . . Yes, of course, I got a notice about Reunion, but I just glanced through it. It came one day, I remember, when I was giving a luncheon and in the rush it was mislaid. One of the children probably found it and tore it up. . . . I know there was some sort of a tax, but I concluded it would be just as well to pay it here. What about the costumes, anyhow? Are they supposed to be mediæval? . . . Oh, not as elaborate as that! Well, were we supposed to make them ourselves or did a committee attend to it? . . . I think before we go to Boyden's, we'd better go to Headquarters and find out. Oh, here's Anne Boswick! She'll be sure to know all about it—probably on the committee. Hello, Anne, awfully glad to see you! You have the same firm old handshake. . . . Chapel's just out? Sure enough, here comes everybody. What about our costumes, Anne, and oh, yes, tell us where we can get Collation and Dramatics tickets and do we have to march in a body more than once? . . . Why, dear, don't tell me that all those children coming out are Seniors! See that poor man over there trying to worm his way through. Do you remember how funny George was at our Commencement? . . . Yes, do you like my hair this way? George says it makes me look ten years younger than when he first saw me at Junior Prom. . . . Please, Anne, do stay by us and take us to the Students' Building and then go to Boyden's with us, can't you? . . . Had your breakfast? You must have arisen in the cold, gray dawn. . . .

Well, Emmy, I'm getting pretty hungry, so I guess after all we'd better get the other girls and go right down to Boyden's now and find out statistics later. . . . There, I've forgotten my purse, so I'll have to go back to the house anyway, first, and

while I'm there if you don't mind I'll just drop a postal to George and tell him what a gorgeous time we are having.

RUTH LOUISE STRICKLAND, 1899.

THE NEWCOMERS

Fourteen years ago, we were most delighted when upper class girls made us welcome and showed us how to adapt our insignificant selves to the new life. They knew, and we knew, that if the gods were good to us, some day we also should be juniors and seniors.

But with the exception of a few philanthropists and social workers, almost nobody lends a hand to the Newcomers, the sisters, who, led by the struggle for existence, are coming to us from foreign shores. If we think of the girl from over the sea at all, it is usually to wish that she hadn't come, and to ask that she be forced to stay at home. Work in the Department of Immigration, however, gives a more sympathetic point of view.

Perhaps one reason why I have the welfare of the foreign-born girls so much at heart is that I am so often myself mistaken for an immigrant. One day I had been looking for an Italian girl who was not to be found, for she had departed for the wilds of Jersey. However, I carried on a lively conversation in Italian with various brothers and cousins. One of them impelled either by my appearance or the facility with which I spoke his language, asked me if I were an Italian. I assured him earnestly that I was "*propria Americana*," and took my departure. I had gone about a block when my dusky friend appeared at my elbow.

"Say," he whispered, "on the level now, ain't yer an Italian?" Again I denied my connection with that race. Whereupon he explained that he had made a bet with one of the other men that I really was an Italian, and wouldn't I please go back and say so anyway, so that he might win his bet!

Another time, the aunt of a new arrival sent her small daughter after me to say that she wished to ask me something very important. It was this.

"Say, do you know Jo Kimsky? I thought you looked like his girl!"

The speculations of the Newcomers as to my real character are very funny. I have been taken for a factory owner, a school-teacher, a district nurse, a policeman, an emissary from Emperor Franz Josef, and

one astute Jew remarked, "I guess you've got a good political job."

The patriotism of the Newcomers for their new land is speedily developed and sometimes takes a queer turn. An Italian was showing me the portrait of his father.

"You will observe," said he, "the resemblance to your lamented President McKinley!"

This same man asked me why the Americans called Italians "Guineas"—I didn't know, "They may call us Guineas," said he, "but you will find, Signorina, that beneath the jacket of the Guinea there beats the heart of a gentleman."

Nationality is not always easy to determine. I was once visiting a Parochial School, and trying to find out how many of the children were foreign-born and how many had been born here of foreign parents. The Sister in charge put her hands on the shoulders of a little girl and asked sweetly, "And where were you born, dear?"

The child looked up at her with solemn, dark eyes and replied, "In a box of macaroni."

MARY DEAN ADAMS, 1899.

Are you a Suffragist?
"NEITHER FISH NOR FLESH NOR GOOD RED HERRING" Are you an Anti-Suffragist? If you say no to both questions, then do you stand with me and the noble army of martyrs. Scorned by both parties, misquoted and decried by both, labelled as weak-kneed, short-sighted, frivolous, and criminally ignorant—it were better for you to have misty views on the tariff or to be uncertain whether Cook or Peary first stood under the North Star than that you should be cold and half-hearted in the presence of this great question of Equal Suffrage. Neutrality is the crime unpardonable. For the shilly-shallyer exists one only hope, which is that this crusade, like the Free Silver iniquity (as my father used to call it) may some day follow the not-always-regrettable example of the snows of yesteryear.

Besides a native cowardliness of spirit which would lead me to cast my lot with the stronger side, could I but identify the stronger, several reasons urge me to take a stand upon this question. Peace might ensue upon the unfurling of a banner. To have to listen to the arguments of but one set of disputants would at least bisect one's burdens. Even she who allies herself with that spirited party which makes speeches and holds parades and demonstrations may find

some rest for her soul, though it be in the seclusion of a jail. For my own part, I would rather slap a policeman, whatever the consequences, than have my two dearest friends slap one another (albeit figuratively) in my presence, each demanding my championship. Yet at so high a price must one sometimes purchase the liberty to think or not to think.

A personal bias strongly inclines me in favor of the aggressive side. Since earliest childhood I have had a keen interest in the process of voting. The secrecy of it, the rumors of bribery and violence, the whole machinery of the election exert upon me a peculiar fascination, due perhaps in part to the contrast between the simplicity of the process and the enormous importance, as the voter devoutly believes, of the result. It is as if by dropping a nickel in the slot one should make or wreck a government. Nor do I find myself disheartened by the gloomy reminders of the conservative party that polling places are usually situated in saloons and livery stables. Do we not throng to see "Salvation Nell"? . . . And still other privileges of the enfranchised seem to me to offer enviable joys. I should like to go to Congress, to sit upon the Supreme Bench (and upon juries, too, for that matter), and especially do I feel that solid satisfaction might be derived from the office of Secretary of State. More than the presidency does that dignified portfolio attract my vagrant desires. Yet I am obliged to confess that these yearnings have their root in a lively curiosity to see how things are done, rather than in any dissatisfaction with the present conduct of the official world. Neither in myself nor in any woman I know do I detect superior fitness for such labors; and I can find it in my craven soul to be forever content to leave the machinery of government, like the locomotives and steam boats and other unwieldy mechanisms, in the hands of men. I may admire and envy the skill of the driver of the six-cylinder motor; but unless chauffeurs are needed, or unless I feel in myself the undeveloped powers of a Mil-tonic chauffeur, shall I not remain in the tonneau? After all, driver and passenger are in the same car.

But whatever one's natural tastes in the matter of voting, certain obstacles render difficult an intelligent stand upon the suffrage question. The greatest of these is Colorado. "Look at Colorado!" say the suffragists, "the best-governed state in the Union!" "Behold Colorado!" cry their opponents. "Considering its opportunities, it is

the most vicious and corrupt of the states!" Does anyone know beyond the shadow of a doubt how things really are in Colorado? If I thought that I could tell a corrupt government when I saw one, curiosity would hurry me off to Denver; but so far as I can learn, no one but Mr. Steffens is ever cocksure in these matters. Until he makes his affidavit, Colorado looms forbiddingly between the agnostics and a decision.

And so it goes. For every assertion there is a denial, for every argument, its counter. To my befuddled mind, the only arguments less convincing than those which oppose Equal Suffrage are those which uphold it. The eloquence of the suffragists has the engaging merit of being less mawkish than the more conservative doctrine; but it is also less practical. I turn with alarm from the fiery orator who declares woman to be the superior of man, to shrink from the embrace of the lady with puffs who believes the home to be the only appropriate setting for members of my sex. Is it not self-evident, I am asked, that the enfranchisement of women would mean better government? Not half

so evident, it seems to me, as that a new element of confusion would be added to politics. Do I not feel that the exercise of the ballot would render women coarse and mannish? While human nature endures I have no fear of such an event. But it is not by asseverations of this character that one endears oneself to either party. Can we not form a third party for mutual comfort and protection—a party of those who sit on the fence?

Yet I have beliefs. I believe in Smith College, and Mountain Day, and the immortality of good deeds. I believe in the subjugation of milliners and dressmakers and all others who make us ugly at great expense. I believe in Metchnikoff and the prolongation of life by means of buttermilk; I believe in smoke consumers and higher education; I believe in the prevention of tuberculosis and insanity, and in fresh air and sunlight, and in the abolition of high school fraternities. But about Suffrage,—in the favorite expression of a friend of mine,—I dunno.

• ADA COMSTOCK, 1897.

NORTHAMPTON NEWS

COMMENCEMENT

The Commencement week of the class of 1909 was especially favored by the weather bureau, for with the exception of a shower at the close of the Baccalaureate exercises which sent every gay butterfly back into her chrysalis—a rubber coat—the sun shone daily and fervently.

Looking back on the time now, it seems but a "midsummer night's dream." Perhaps this impression is heightened by senior dramatics, for 1909 returned to Shakespeare and gave "A Midsummer Night's Dream" as its senior play. Nothing could have been more charming. The interpretation given emphasized particularly the comedy elements, and made much of the opportunity for artistic tableau effects. Throughout the play one felt the fairy spirit; over all hovered Puck, always present in spirit though absent in body, and thus a perfect unity was gained. The fairy scenes were the most beautiful part of the play, both in artistic coloring and in grouping. But the clowns, especially in the "most lamentable comedy of Pyramus and Thisbe," were the great feature of the play. The rendering of the character of Bottom was not merely funny, although comical enough, as the applause of the laughing audience showed; it was a complete "translation of Bottom." Each wag had a distinct personality but all were dominated by the good-natured, rough, self-assertive "bully Bottom." It would not do to pass over the parts of the mortals without a word, for these characters were no less well acted, merely less distinctive, than the other parts. That each of the four lovers succeeded in making her part a real personality bespoke excellent acting, for this was no easy task. Theseus and Hippolyta made a dignified background for the lighter characters. Perhaps the scene which will remain longest with those who saw the play is the last one, where the fairies dancing through the marble hall of the palace stop and "sing and bless the place" before they slip out leaving Puck to say a good-night. As he stood there the light faded and the "dream" was over. There was no original music written by the girls this year; the Mendelssohn music was given and its rendering by the college orchestra added greatly to the beauty of the whole.

One change was made in the Ivy Procession at Commencement which was felt to be an improvement. As the procession came near the waiting crowds the line of its march was roped off so that all might see better and the effect was far prettier, as a result. (The Ivy Song was written by Helen Mahlon Speare and set to music by Helen Marden.)

"Life is young and the world is gay,
And summer is calling us out and away,
Plant we our ivy vine; sing we a song;
Then follow the merry old world along.
 Oh, the month is June,
 And our glad hearts sing,
 Brave little ivy vine,
 Grow and cling.
Grow and cling in stormy weather,
Thy tendrils bind our hearts together.
 Oh, the month is June,
 And our glad hearts sing,
 Brave little ivy vine,
 Grow and cling."

In the hall the general tone of the program was light; two clever skits were read, one on "The Sadness of Leaving College," and the second suggesting that a sight-seeing automobile with an expert guide be introduced for Commencement week, that the graduate might be quite sure that the family were where they should be. When Anne Coe Mitchell rose to deliver the Ivy Oration, a more serious tone was struck. The title read, "Some Parenthetical Remarks" and the parenthesis was the subject of the essay. The subject was unfolded slowly; first she mentioned the grammarian's modern tendency to omit the parenthesis, then dwelt on the great value of the parenthetical insertions of many writers, —St. Paul, Carlyle, Dr. Holmes. . . . In such writers to take away the parenthetical



THE ALUMNAE PROCESSION, 1909

thoughts was to take away the man. The value of the parenthesis was not in literature alone, it was found in art and in history. Found in art as in the marvelous backgrounds of Botticelli and in history in the genius who is part and parcel of the times but a brilliant digression. From these more general parentheses the essay passed to parentheses in the existence of the individual, contrasting men whose lives were all parenthetical, as Byron, with men whose lives were entirely constructive, as Darwin. But we need the two, the parenthesis of beauty as well as the organized truth. For college students, the orator said, the greatest danger lay in putting too much emphasis on the parenthesis in which they were living, and forgetting to make it a beautiful part of the organized whole.

At the Commencement exercises the Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon, of Boston, delivered the oration, his subject being "Living as an Art." President Seelye presented the class, numbering three hundred and twenty-two graduates, with their degrees.

The Collation as usual followed immediately after the Commencement exercises. Among the announcements made, that of the appointment of Florence Paine, of the class of 1909, as an assistant in the astronomical laboratory was received with great applause by the class. When the last announcement was made and many had left the gymnasium, those remaining formed a deep aisle and waited for President Seelye to pass through. After the first instant of hesitation, when he observed for what they waited, he walked down the aisle smiling into the faces of those so eagerly watching him.

1909.—Only two more ceremonies were left for the class, class supper and the last class meeting. At the latter the following officers were elected: Harriet Byers, president; Edna True, vice-president; Eunice Remington, secretary; and Jane Wheeler, treasurer.

The Alumnae Procession

Friendly onlookers pronounced the alumnae procession last Ivy Day an artistic success. It would be pleasant to dwell on the attractive costumes, the gorgeous masses of color, the picturesque effect as the procession wended its way through what is left of the "back campus." But the last person to write of it in this poetic vein is a member of the committee. To them it was the warmest, the most exhausting—I had almost said the most discouraging—exercise of their lives. What had seemed simple and orderly on paper became suddenly complex and confused. Theoretically, each class rallied around its standard at an appointed spot, fell into line, and marched in decent and regular order. But like many other beautiful theories, it did not determine what happened; it will take time and better organization of the classes to fulfil it—and a band to lend inspiration.

The appointed hour of ten had passed some time when the procession actually started in front of Tyler annex, preceded by a Smith banner carried by Dr. Jennie Richardson, a member of the class of 1884, with Mrs. Clarke, the newly-elected president of the Alumnae Association, and Miss Wilson, the retiring president, as chief marshals. Following them came representatives of all but three or four of the thirty classes in order—from 1879, with three representatives, down through 1908 with what seemed like a multitude. The route could not be determined until the last moment, on account of the torn-up condition of much of the campus; and unsodded ground, piles of brick, and the general disorder consequent on building do not make an attractive setting for a pageant. But the botanical garden was lovely and past it, then up the hill by the observatory, climbed the procession—a steep ascent for 1894 with its class baby in a Roman chariot in tow. The objective point was the green by the gymnasium, where ranks were opened and the long line of seniors passed through on their way to Ivy exercises. This was not the most spectacular feature of the day, for as a matter of fact, it could be seen by very few of the numerous visitors who lined the way along the greater part of the route, but to those in the procession it was, perhaps, the pleasantest, giving alumnae and seniors an opportunity to greet each other, if for only a moment.

It seemed like an anti-climax to go into the gymnasium for the rally. Granted that it is well for the alumnae to meet together once a year in a purely frivolous way, as an antidote for the sober realities of the Alumnae Association meeting, it certainly is a problem to provide an entertainment that shall be interesting to such a diversified audience, and yet embody the college spirit. The program this year consisted of speeches by members of the four older "reuning" classes, "stunts" by the four younger ones, and songs, which, as far as possible, were familiar to both ancients and moderns.

Class Reunions

1879—Seventy-nine held its class supper at the Dewey House on the evening of June 15. Four members and one ex-member were present and three of the faculty. The class entered fourteen, eleven graduated, ten are now living. Three have taken higher degrees, nine traveled in Europe. Seven married, of whom five married college men, two professors, two business men, one a lawyer. Three have no children, four have had a total of thirteen children, two are widows. Of those unmarried, one is president of Rockford College, in Illinois, one is professor of mathematics at Smith, and one is principal of a girls' school in New York City.

1884—The class of 1884 held its twenty-fifth reunion, which was attended by twenty-nine out of forty-four graduate members and by five "specials." A few stayed at the Haven House, but more were in the Chapin House, which was made the headquarters. The class met informally all day long and formally on Tuesday evening, for class supper, which was held in the Parish House of St. John's Church. Miss Vida Scudder spoke about her work with Italians in Boston. At the class meeting, held at the Allen Field Club House, after the supper, it was voted to give twenty-five dollars to the Students' Aid Society, in memory of the one deceased member, Clara French. The sum of fifteen hundred dollars was added to the endowment fund of the college.

1889—The Class of '89 held its twentieth reunion in June. Thirty-two members came back, which was considered an excellent proportion for a class which graduated fifty. The Wallace House opened its hospitable doors and its matron, Mrs. Watson, made each member feel that she was truly welcomed back to Smith. An occasion long to be remembered was the delightful tea given to the class by one of its members, Mrs. Anna Seelye Emerson, at Amherst. Though the whole house was thrown open, the lawn, with rugs here and there, and inviting chairs about, proved the gathering place and was especially attractive when some of the younger generation of '89 played "Puss in the Corner" and "Drop My Handkerchief" in a merry circle, while their mothers pored over old class photographs and "snap-shots" scattered on the tables. The class supper was held at the Copper Kettle, and twenty-seven were present.

1894—The Class of '94 held its fifteenth reunion in June, when about sixty members, or a little more than half the class, were at Northampton for Commencement. Ninety-four's headquarters were in the Students' Building, and, as at its tenth reunion, these headquarters were a source of great interest to the class on account of the photographs and statistics exhibited there, by means of which the class history was brought up to date in a most entertaining way. The first event of importance on '94's schedule was a picnic held at Deerfield on Saturday afternoon, at the home of one of the class. The trip was made in a special car and the whole affair was "a great success." The class supper, held at Plymouth Inn on Tuesday evening was one of the best, both in interest and attendance, which '94 has ever held. The statistics show that a little over one-half of the class are married and there are nearly a hundred children. Of those unmarried, the majority are teaching. Since graduation, the class has lost four members by death. In common with all the alumni, '94 will hold a special reunion next year.

1899.—Rather more than one hundred members of the Class of '99 attended the decennial reunion last June, ninety-six being present at the class supper. Besides Senior Dramatics, the alumni meeting, the Monday morning procession and rally (where we wore green surplices and carried green balloons), Commencement, Collation, and the other general gatherings, '99's special program included a stereopticon lecture on Saturday night illustrating our four years in college, which joyously recalled many familiar faces and happily unfamiliar styles of dress, and a delightful supper on Tuesday night at Plymouth Inn, voted the best in our long career as alumni. One of the pleasantest features of the reunion was our headquarters room, in the Students' Building, furnished for the occasion in green and entirely papered, below a most effective frieze of Green Dragons in stencil, with class pictures mounted on soft brown cardboard. Here we met at all hours for talk, for class songs, accompanied by the piano which the Glee Club kindly lent us,

and for studying the pictured record of our classmates' travels, homes, and husbands, and above all, of their charming children.

1904.—The Class of 1904 held its fifth reunion in June, 1909. Little programs of the events of commencement week had been made ready, and these proved of great assistance, especially in bringing the class together when their presence as a whole was desired. The first assembling was at a song-practice on Saturday morning. Saturday afternoon we went to, and of course stayed *all through*, alumnae meeting. Monday morning we first appeared in our regalia, which consisted of sleeveless coats of white lawn, bordered with purple bands, and hats with purple scarfs. We carried purple balloons in the parade, and, arrived at the gymnasium, gave, as our contribution, a stunt called "Having a Senior Picture Taken." In the evening we marched, as usual, loud and long. At class supper, on Tuesday, there were sixty-eight present. Besides the usual floral offerings from other classes, we were touched by a doll in 1904 costume, sent by '99, as a delicate tribute to our success along that line, of which we had been boasting in song. At our class meeting we voted to hold a regular reunion next June, in honor of President Seelye's last Commencement, and unanimously re-elected our former officers. The class of 1904 now consists of two hundred and thirty-nine members, of whom about eighty are married; there are about thirty children. Of the rest, about half are at home, the others teaching or doing interesting work of various kinds.

1906.—The first few days of reunion we spent as individuals, not realizing fully until Monday night, that we were a class after all, in spite of our shrunken numbers, and that it would be good fun to go around together. We made up for lost time, however, on the campus that night, and none were gayer than "the fire-crackers." We sat on the fire-escape and steps at the side of College Hall, with lights burning as we sang. Class supper was merry, too, down on College Lane in the old gym. Several of the class came to it who could not reach Northampton earlier. "Mrs. Schultz" and "Chris," our old friends, came too. A picture of our very attractive class baby was shown us, and letters and poems were read from some of those not present. And such an amicable, pleasant, joyous class meeting as we had, not the least interest of which was in the statistics of the number of class weddings. And for us, as for everyone, of whatever class, who attended 1909's Commencement, it afforded another association with President Seelye and a deeper realization of what he means to us. Let us go back in 1910 more than seventy-five strong in his honor.

1908.—One hundred and seventy strong, in the true spirit of 1908, we assembled last June, under our electrically lighted, "soul-kiss" hats, to sing of our fifteen husbands, and our first experiences of the "wide, wide world," both frivolous and otherwise.

During the jolly class supper, after expressing our alumnae sentiments—very loyal, even though recently acquired—a few ardent spirits regaled us with "Mr. Bummer's Bright Scheme," the privileged take-off of 1909's Senior Dramatics. It was merrily performed and met with the decided enthusiasm of the several classes present.

THE OPENING OF COLLEGE

Sixteen hundred and nine girls attend Smith College this year and their presence is required daily at chapel exercises in the twelve hundred seats of College Hall. They are relieved to discover that the staging and brick walls rising beside the Clarke Annex belong to an auditorium which will hold two thousand. The new building, 127x112 feet long, will have on Elm Street, an impressive main entrance, with six brownstone columns above long, broad steps. The interior, to be finished in oak, will consist on the first floor of a large foyer, the main hall, a stage seating two hundred and fifty, a large reception room which may be open to the stage by raising a partition of three panels, and two private rooms. On the second floor will be rear and side galleries, the organ, and private rooms. It is hoped that the whole will be completed by June 1, 1910.

The library was not finished at the opening of the term as promised. From the front gate of the campus, between College Hall and the President's House, you now see in the place of the Hatfield House and the Old Gymnasium, the broad front of a two-story brick building with "Library" carved over the door. Inside you do not yet see, for on account of steel strikes this summer which delayed work on the stacks, the interior will be ready

for use only shortly before Thanksgiving. At the expense of a portion of the apple orchard, the Hatfield House, bereft of its ivy was moved up close behind the Dewey and Wallace Houses during the summer vacation. The Old Gymnasium, too, was safely transferred to the bank of Paradise, across College Lane from the Students' Building.

Academic Changes

Not only a new library, but new lectures and concerts are this year offered to the students. Professor Charles M. Bakewell, of Yale University, will give six lectures on the "Permanent Contributions of Greek Speculation," to supplement the course in Greek philosophy. In connection with the modern philosophy course, Professor Josiah Royce, of Harvard University, will give six introductory lectures on "The Spirit of Modern Philosophy," and later in the semester four lectures on "Some Aspects of Recent Philosophical Discussions." Mme. Schumann-Heinck has already given the first concert in a course of six arranged for the college in the plan started last year. The other five will be given by Rachmaninoff, the Russian pianist and composer, Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes at the violin and piano, the Olive Mead string quartet and Mme. David, harpist, some singer, to be announced later, and the New York Symphony Orchestra. Tickets for the entire course were on sale for \$3, \$4, and \$5, according to the location of seats. A prize essay competition, open to the whole college, has just been announced. There has long been a Shakespeare essay prize for a member of the junior class, but a contest which every student may write a paper for, is wholly new. A woman, a friend of the college, will award \$25 for the best essay on "International Arbitration" handed in before the Easter vacation.

Music Department

These new opportunities impressed the students on their return this fall far less than the changes among the faculty. The sudden death of Professor Edwin Bruce Story, on the 24th of July, brought sincere sorrow to all who knew him. As piano teacher here and elsewhere, he trained 1,500 pupils with whom he kept in touch to an astonishing degree even after their work under him was finished. To Smith College he devoted thirty-one of the sixty years of his life. During the last five years, weekly recitals, one hundred and sixty-four in number, have been given by Professor Story with the assistance of others of the music faculty. President Seelye spoke most touchingly of his earnest Christian character and of his loyalty to his work, at the second vesper service this year. The music for this service, too, was chosen in deference to his memory. The Music Department is now preparing a program for a memorial concert. The head of the piano department is now Professor George C. Vieh, who has been for five years in charge of the music department at Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pa. Professor Vieh studied at the Vienna conservatory and enjoyed a successful musical career in St. Louis, Mo. In place of Miss Huntley, as instructor in vocal music, is Miss Esther G. Dale, of Springfield, and Mr. Edwin Hedges, of Westfield, is taking the violoncello work formerly done by Mr. Kidder.

Faculty Changes

For this year, Professor Gardiner, of the philosophy department, will be absent. The newly appointed instructors are: in French, Mlle. Paula, of Imbrecq; in German, Miss Katherine Leyton; in elocution, Miss Mary B. Curtis; in English, Miss Mary D. Lewis; in Italian, Miss Margaret Rooke; in Latin, Miss Florence A. Gragg; in gymnastics, Miss Theresa B. Maley. As assistants, Miss Helen A. Choate has entered the botany department. Miss Laura C. Brent, the physics department. Miss Jean E. Chandler and Miss Bertha E. Christiansen have become assistants of the registrar. The demonstrator in zoölogy is now Miss Myra G. Samson, and in astronomy, Miss Florence E. Paine. Miss Clara J. Lynch is acting as reader for the zoölogy department. In the position of college physician is a graduate of the Tufts College Medical School, Dr. Florence Gilman. Miss Georgiana S. Woodbury, at Smith in the class of '85, is now in charge of the Tyler House, after three

years in a similar position at Webb House, Wellesley College. At the Hubbard House Mrs. L. P. McCandlish is for the first time lady-in-charge.

Social Regulations

The alumnae trustees, working with the council and the committee on social regulations, have had printed, for distribution, a set of social regulations. The decision in favor of this change was made on account of the greater number of girls in the institution. The entering class this year is larger by twenty girls than that of last year. New responsibility is placed upon the Student Council in enforcing the rules. Its duties are expressly stated, together with the penalty of expulsion from the Council and ineligibility to any other college office, according to the judgment of the full Council, in case of failure in duty. The house-presidents, also, have their duties definitely outlined. This printed code contains no new rules but simply states those which have always existed. The responsibility laid upon the Student Council and the house-presidents, however, is greater than in the past.

The Smith College Missionary

Miss Delia Dickson Leavens received at Smith in 1901 her degree of B. A. At Smith again, on the third of October, 1909, she received from Dr. Strong, of the American Board, her commission as a foreign missionary, the first one, in fact, ever supported by the college. Her salary was collected last year by individual pledges and it is understood that the Woman's Board will take her if Smith has to give her up. She will work with a Mt. Holyoke graduate, Miss Alice Brown, in Tung-Chow, North China. The brother of Miss Leavens, who graduated from Yale University, is connected with another mission in South China. She has already taught among the mountain whites of North Carolina and Tennessee and her firm conviction, as she expressed it at the commission service, is that the two words by rights farthest apart in the English language, are "missionary" and "pity."

Edwin Bruce Story

A large number of alumnae will be counted among the friends of Professor Edwin Bruce Story, whose sudden death, by apoplexy, occurred July 24th, while at his summer home in East Gloucester, Mass. While he had not enjoyed his accustomed good health for a year or more, his recent work at the college was marked by that same cheerfulness, helpful interest in others, and unwavering faithfulness which have characterized his service at the college for the last thirty years.

Professor Story was born in Gloucester, May 15, 1849. He developed musical talents when a boy, receiving his early instruction from his mother. At fourteen years of age he became organist of a church in Gloucester. Later he studied piano with Dr. B. C. Blodgett, and William H. Sherwood, and organ with Junius Hill. He was associated with Dr. Blodgett at Mapewood Institute, Pittsfield, and for five years was organist of the Main Street Baptist Church, in Worcester.

In the early days of Smith he became assistant to Dr. Blodgett, who had charge of the music school for so many years, and was organist of the Second Congregational Church of Holyoke in 1880. In 1881 he assumed the duties of organist and choir director of the Edwards Church, Northampton, a position he held for twenty years. For many years he was also in charge of the music at the Burnham School, and at "The Elms" in Springfield, at the latter place giving a notable series of piano recitals.

Professor Story visited Europe twice, in 1878 and in 1895, on his second visit studying theory under Bussler. His work in composition includes children's songs, anthems, hymns, sacred duos, and a cantata.

In 1903 he was made full professor of music, and since that time had devoted himself exclusively to piano teaching and recital work, having had charge of the weekly five o'clock recitals, which have given instruction and enjoyment to so many students and townspeople.

THE ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION

Council Meeting, June 11, 1909

The Alumnæ Council met on June 11, delegates from nearly every local club being present.

There was much careful discussion of various interests of the association, and recommendations were sent to the Alumnæ Association, all of which were adopted at the annual meeting, a report of which follows.

ELLEN T. EMERSON, Secretary.

Condensed Report of the Annual Meeting, June 12, 1909

Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke, 1883, was elected president and Miss Anne Safford, 1892, vice-president.

Voted: To establish an Alumnæ Quarterly.

Voted: That an editorial board of five be appointed by the executive committee to have charge of the organization and establishment of the Quarterly.

Voted: To take a suitable sum from the treasury of the association for a personal gift to President Seelye, to be presented at the commencement exercises in 1910.

The executive committee is to determine the form of the memorials.

Voted: To raise \$2,500 for the purchase of furniture for the reading room in the new library.

Voted: To appropriate \$200 for the College Settlements Association joint fellowship.

Voted: To appeal through the class secretaries to the classes for contributions to enlarge the memorials to President Seelye in the college.

The executive committee is to determine the form of the memorials.

Voted: To amend By-law 6, to read:

Any local Smith College club analogous in object to the general association may be registered as a Branch of the Alumnæ Association by complying with the following requirements:

1. A club shall have at least twenty-five members who are no longer undergraduate students of the college.

2. Graduate members of each club *who are members of the general association* shall elect from their number two who shall serve as trustee electors, in accordance with the provisions outlined in the plan for nomination of alumnæ trustees as printed in the Annual Register. Only graduate members *who are members of the general association*, shall vote in the nomination of candidates for alumnæ trustee and in all other matters pertaining directly to the Alumnæ Association. In all other matters, including the election of and service as alumnæ councillor, the privileges of graduates and of non-graduates may be the same.

3. Officers, electors, and councillors for the ensuing year shall be elected after May 1st, and their names must be in the hands of the secretary of the general association before November 1st.

4. Branch associations shall make their own by-laws governing all points except those hereby specified.

Voted: To ask all classes to hold reunions in 1910.

Voted: That the committee on the alumnæ procession be appointed by the executive committee, who shall have power to decide details regarding the procession.

Voted: The president of the association shall be ex-officio chairman of the Alumnæ Council.

ELLEN T. EMERSON, Secretary.

Mrs. Clarke, the president of the Alumnæ Association, spoke to the Smith Club at Cleveland on Thursday, October 21st, and to the Smith alumnæ in Columbus on the 23d. After a week in Cincinnati, at the annual meeting of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, of which she is secretary, Mrs. Clarke will probably go to Indianapolis and St. Louis, to speak to the Smith clubs in those cities. It is possible that she may go to Syracuse and Buffalo for A. C. A. trips in December, and she would be glad to arrange for talks to the Smith alumnæ in those cities also.

Report of the Local Smith College Clubs, June 1, 1909

THE BOSTON ASSOCIATION has held five meetings. A reception was given to the class of 1908 in November; then followed "An Informal Talk on Brittany," by Mrs. Matilda Brooks, a talk on college affairs, by Dr. Hazen, a farce entitled "Pills," written and managed by Miss Mary Bent, and the annual luncheon at The Lenox, at which President Seelye, the Hon. John D. Long, and Miss Adeline Moffat were the guests of honor. The year closed with the annual business meeting in May. There have been sixty-nine new members and twenty-three resignations, during the year, making the present total membership four hundred and sixty-six.

THE CHICAGO ASSOCIATION has held four regular meetings. At the annual luncheon Professor Tufts, of the University of Chicago, was a guest of honor and spoke upon "The New Educational Situation." Miss Snow, as guest from the college, gave a talk on the Alumnæ Office and college news. A play was presented at the February meeting, but since there seemed to be no special demand for money, no public entertainment was given, and the meetings have been of a social character. The membership enrollment is one hundred and ninety.

THE WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION held its annual business meeting and luncheon in Springfield, with Mrs. Baldwin, Miss Gill and Miss Jordan as guests. In May, the association presented Beatrice Herford in an evening of her monologues, two hundred and fifty dollars being cleared.

THE NEW YORK CLUB has held six meetings, all of which have been well attended. Mrs. Florence Kelly addressed the December meeting and greatly interested those present. A particularly delightful meeting was that held at Barnard College, when the club was entertained by Miss Hubbard. Mr. Percy Steele Mackaye gave a talk on the drama. Other guests of honor were Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Clark and Miss Ludella Peck. Two hundred alumnæ attended the annual luncheon at Delmonico's. The speakers were President Finley, of the College of the City of New York, Mr. James G. Croswell, Headmaster of the Brearly School, Professor J. B. Clark, Mrs. Charles Edward Russell, and Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart. Mrs. DeHart sang several times, and other music was furnished by a large chorus of former Glee Club members. In November the club was invited to an interesting meeting under the auspices of the City History Club, at which Dr. Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, was the principal speaker. The president and the two secretaries of the Smith Club attended as delegates and a report of the occasion was presented to the club at a later meeting by the corresponding secretary, Mrs. De Forest.

THE WORCESTER CLUB has held three meetings. Miss Tei Ninomiya lectured on Japanese women and their customs, and a second lecture was given by Miss Ethel Arnold. At the Christmas meeting the Smith Club united with the Wellesley Club in a holiday party for the undergraduates. There are sixty-nine members.

THE SYRACUSE CLUB has held eight meetings at the homes of members. The membership list holds forty-six names. Mrs. Vera Scott Cushman was the speaker at the November meeting, and in the spring the club had the pleasure of entertaining Dr. and Mrs. Burton and of introducing them to many friends of the college.

THE HARTFORD CLUB has a membership of eighty, and held four meetings this year. The club gave thirty-five dollars to the Students' Aid Society and is raising money for the Library Furnishing Fund.

THE WASHINGTON CLUB has held one formal meeting. President Seelye was entertained once informally.

THE CLEVELAND CLUB has held three meetings, of which the most important was the luncheon given during the holidays. Fifty members were present.

THE COLORADO BRANCH of the Smith Alumnæ Association was organized in October, 1908, with a membership of twenty-seven.

THE SMITH CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA has held three meetings. At the annual meeting in April, it was voted to organize a regular branch of the Students' Aid Society.

THE PITTSBURGH CLUB has held five meetings, of which one was a luncheon. The membership is forty-three.

THE PHILADELPHIA CLUB has held four meetings. The membership is sixty-three. Miss Jordan was guest of honor at the luncheon given during the Easter vacation.

THE CINCINNATI CLUB meets monthly. The meetings are purely social. The chief events of the year were Miss Snow's visit and the talk she gave.

THE FRANKLIN COUNTY CLUB has held five meetings. One social meeting was attended by several members of the faculty.

THE ROCHESTER CLUB was formed last fall with a membership of thirty-three. Four social meetings have been held. Miss Florence Snow addressed the club at the January meeting.

THE RHODE ISLAND CLUB has forty-four members. It has held two meetings and has given one tea.

Report of the Smith Chapter of the College Settlements Association, June 9, 1909

Briefly, for the uninitiated, though an old story to most of you: What is the Smith Chapter of the College Settlements Association? The C. S. A. supports three settlement houses—95 Rivington Street, N. Y., with Miss Williams, Smith, '91, as head worker; Denison House, Boston; and Christian Street, Philadelphia. These settlements, each doing a tremendous work, with a corps of workers, both paid and volunteer, and each in itself an extensive plant, are all the result of an idea originating with Smith alumnæ. The first college settlement was started in New York by two Smith women, who went to live on Rivington Street—Mrs. Lucius Thayer (Helen Rand, '84) and Mrs. Chas. B. Spahr (Jean Fine, '83).

As originally a college project, the settlements still look for a large portion of their support from the alumnæ and undergraduates of the various women's colleges. The method of raising these funds is by the formation in each college of two chapters of the C. S. A.—an alumnæ and an undergraduate chapter. Each chapter has its own organization. The Smith Alumnæ Chapter has at its head an elector whose duty it is to represent it at the board meetings; to collect all funds and to turn these subscriptions, carefully catalogued, in to the association treasurer; and to make a report in the fall to every member of the chapter of the money received and expended during the preceding year. As this elector represents the chapter, just so a vice-electro from each class represents her own class. The vice-electors with the elector form the chapter board. A great deal must depend upon the enthusiasm and interest of a vice-electro, because it is she who makes the direct appeal to her own class. Upon her rests the duty of retaining all the old members of the chapter and as frequently as possible adding from her class a few new members at a time. Every person who has ever been to Smith, whether graduate or not, may become a member of the chapter by paying an annual fee of from \$1.00 to \$5.00, with the addition of a small tax of fifteen or twenty cents, with which the chapter expenses must be met. A falling off in the membership of any class immediately pulls the whole chapter record below par. At present there are several classes without vice-electors. The elector has this year sent out herself the notices to these members in nine classes, but hopes to obtain vice-electors next year.

At the end of October, 1908, the present elector took the place of Miss Eleanor Johnson as the Smith Alumnæ elector of the C. S. A. The report at this time (June 1st), cannot be a complete one, for more returns are still possible from former members, the rounding-up of whom has been very much delayed. The class of 1908 is also still to be heard from. Up to date (June 1st), the elector has turned over to the treasurer of the Association \$742.50. This amount *must* be made up to at *least* \$800 if we are even to hold our own. It must go beyond this if we are to make the least advance, the only possible condition for a healthy and growing chapter. If 1908 should turn in the usual sum that the graduating class has been accustomed to give, then \$800 can be easily met. If besides that the "delinquents" who have been lately notified, should decide to remove their cards from the rear of the card catalogue box, where they at present pose, and place them in the more dignified position in the front of the box along with the members of good and regular standing, we shall be able, by October, to report at the semi-annual meeting in Boston, an advance over last year. The trouble with the financial situation of our chapter is due chiefly to the late classes which, though they have a large membership the first year out of college, soon fall away from their good beginnings. Our best reports come from the classes before 1900. There is, however, one fine exception to the rule this year; Miss Anne Coe, vice-electro for 1902, has done splendid work in her class, rounding-up delinquents, retaining the regular members, and even

adding to the list a great many names. Subscriptions are still welcome, and may be sent directly to the alumnae elector.

It seems as though an extra responsibility rests with Smith College or at least a special incentive to us all, to keep our college as the banner chapter. Smith women started it all. A Smith woman is at the head of 95 Rivington Street to-day. The president of the board, Mrs. Lucius Thayer, is a Smith woman. Miss Vida Scudder, Miss Grace Hubbard, Miss Eleanor Johnson, all Smith graduates, are all prominent on the board. For years our Smith chapter led the ranks, but lately we have made way for Wellesley, who in the year 1906-07 turned in to the association from its Alumnae Chapter \$1,217.50, as against our \$908.55.

First of all the work of the C. S. A. ought to appeal to every college woman and gain her active interest and support. Perhaps that is the only legitimate basis on which to appeal to you. But after all is there no place for college loyalty and class loyalty? Are you, as Smith women, willing to let our record fall behind, while Wellesley takes such splendid strides ahead? Are you each, as a member of a class, willing to let the smaller classes take the chief responsibility? The elector is always glad to answer any questions in connection with the C. S. A.

The elector wishes to express her gratitude to all the vice-electors for their unfailing, cheerful and ready support, and to all the members of the chapter for their generous response.

May we finish up this year with even a better record than might seem possible, and may we start next year with increased interest and enthusiasm, and with a feeling of Smith's special responsibility towards a work in which she has always played so important a part.

Respectfully submitted,

HELEN ROGERS, Alumnae Elector,

127 Spring St., Rochester, N. Y.

ALUMNÆ NOTES

1879.—Julia H. Gulliver, president of Rockford College, Rockford, Ill., has received a notification through the French Consulate that she has been made an officer of the Academie of France. She has been a pioneer in introducing vocational work into a college for women. While keeping up a full standard of collegiate work, Rockford College offers many optional courses whereby a girl may, at her graduation, be equipped in some branch of work for immediately earning her own way. These courses include home economics, secretarial work, fine and applied arts, music, pedagogy, etc.

1882.—On July eighth, Mary Bryant Daniels, for twenty years a missionary of the American Board in Japan, died at her home in Osaka, the cause of her death being tumor on the brain, according to the diagnosis of the physician of the mission.

Miss Daniels returned to Japan in September, 1908, after a two years' rest in this country, during which she attended the twenty-fifth anniversary of her class at Smith, in June, 1907.

She was confined to her room at the last only four days, much of the time unconscious. But, during this time, she received every possible attention, both from her associate workers in Osaka, and from several of her Japanese friends, who were untiring in their ministrations. At her funeral, held in the largest of the Kumi-ai (Congregational) churches in Osaka, four Japanese Congregational ministers took part in the services in addition to three missionaries of the Congregational and one of the Presbyterian Mission. The burial was in the cemetery on the hillside of Kobe, where rest other workers who had been her friends.

At the time of the Russian war, Miss Daniels joined a Nursing Association, giving to it not only of her influence and money, but her personal service as well. For she equipped herself by taking a course in nursing sufficient to give efficient aid among those detailed to meet the ships bringing back from the battle-fields the wounded soldiers. A letter recently received from Dr. George Allchin, of the Osaka Mission, has a paragraph indicative of the value which had been placed on these services. He writes: "On her return to Osaka last fall, she renewed her active participation in the Ladies' Benevolent Nursing Association, composed of the leading Japanese ladies in the city and presided

over by the wife of the Governor. Miss Daniels was the only foreign lady in the Association." And referring to the time of her death, he continues, "The Governor's wife, in behalf of the Association, sent a beautiful wreath of flowers with a special carrier and by a special messenger a message of condolence which was read at the funeral."

An appreciative sketch of Miss Daniels' work, with an unusually good portrait, appears in the September number of the "Missionary Herald," published by the American Board; the sketch written by Mrs. Otis Cary, a fellow-worker.

Esther C. H. Brooks, her friends will be glad to know, can be found during this coming winter at 25 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass.

1884.—Mrs. Donald Dey has just returned home (201 De Witt Road, Syracuse, N. Y.) from a six months' trip to Italy, France, and Great Britain; she motored from Southampton, England, to John o' Groat's, Scotland, during the summer. Her husband, son, and daughter were in the party.

1885.—Mary F. Knox was married on Thursday, July 22d, to Mr. Morris Lyon Buchwalter, at Lakewood, N. J. Address, 3315 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mary Whiton Calkins received from Columbia University in June, the honorary degree of Litt. D., she being the first woman to receive an honorary degree from Columbia.

1890.—Mary F. Willard, 1526 Fargo Avenue, Chicago, is principal of the Burley School, Barry Avenue and Paulina Street, Chicago, and has a very interesting night school of five hundred adults, chiefly foreigners.

1891.—Mrs. Benjamin Eldridge Page (Grace Rand) has a son, Robert Rand Page, born May 15, 1909. Her new address is 5743 Winthrop Avenue, Chicago.

Alice Osgood was married to Mr. Stafford Fox Thomas, on September 2d, 1909. Address, The Lessing, Chicago.

1892.—Elizabeth Campbell Fisher was married on April 20th, 1909, to Mr. Howard Clay; her address is Godley, Halifax, England.

1893.—A son, Philip Roland Stevens, was born on March 1st, 1909, to Mrs. R. E. Stevens (Anne Morris).

A daughter, Jane Flint Rickey, was born September 1st, 1909, to Mrs. Walter Josiah Rickey (Grace Landon).

1895.—Annah P. Hazen is head of the department of biology in the Eastern District High School in New York City.

Mary Louise Williams is teaching mathematics in the Eau Claire High School, Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

1897.—Mrs. Rodney A. Knapp (Irma Louise Richards) died June 12th, 1909.

Mrs. Morton Dexter Dunning (Mary Kingsbury Ward) has returned with her family to Kyoto, Japan, sailing from Seattle, September 18th.

Anna D. Casler's address is 312 Law Building, Charlotte, N. C., care of Virginia-Carolina Territorial Committee, Y. W. C. A.

A son was born on August 22, 1909, to Mrs. Solon G. Gray (Harriet W. Simons), at St. Paul, Minnesota.

Josephine Hallock spent most of the summer in Vancouver, Washington. Her address for the winter will be R. F. D. 1, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

On June 3, Mrs. Thomas W. Moore (Harriet Prentice Hallock) lost her infant daughter, Harriet, aged eight months.

1898.—Louise C. Hazen is teaching mathematics in the Washington Irving High School, New York City. Her address is 68 South Washington Square.

1900.—Edith Dudley Sheldon is doing Y. W. C. A. work in Philadelphia, visiting factories at noon time, leading a travel club at the rooms of the association, etc.

Born, October 8, 1906, to Mrs. Martin M. Post (Charlotte Lowry Marsh), a son, Philip Malcolm Post.

Born, August 13, 1909, to Mrs. Leon V. Walker (Mary Belle Holt), a daughter, Dorothy Page Walker.

A daughter, Elenor Renwick Gould, was born to Mrs. James A. Gould (Grace Dunham), July 2, 1909, at Minneapolis, Minn.

Mary Ruth Perkins is secretary to President John Willis Baer, LL. D., of Occidental College, Los Angeles, California.

Born on August 7, 1909, at Newton, Mass., Francis Wilder Kent, son of Mrs. Everett E. Kent (Mary C. Wilder).

Gertrude Gladwin's new number is 1513 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Alden H. Clark (Mary S. Whitcomb), will be in New York and Boston from September, 1909, to September, 1910. Address, 635 West 111th Street, New York.

1901.—Born at Tucson, Arizona, to Mrs. F. W. Fish (Annie May Ashworth), a son, Franklin Wakefield Fish, Jr.

Bertha June Richardson was married to Dr. William Palmer Lucas, of Boston, on September 11, at Old Deerfield, Mass. The ceremony was performed by President Seelye. She will live at 261 Beacon Street, Boston.

Constance Charnley has given up teaching in New York and will study singing this winter in Boston. She will live with Mrs. Wm. Palmer Lucas (Bertha Richardson) at 261 Beacon Street, Boston.

Mabel Hedden has announced her engagement to Mr. Harry P. Havell, of Newark, N. J.

Born, May 1, 1909, at Nanking, China, John De Forest Pettus, son of Mrs. William B. Pettus (Sarah Lydia De Forest).

Mary Spring has announced her engagement to Mr. Paul Cleveland, of Chicago.

Born to Mrs. Philip Dana (Florence Hinkley), a son, Philip Dana, Jr., August 25, 1909.

Louise Harris was married on October 7, 1909, to Dr. Sylvester Judd Beach. Address, 20 Myrtle Street, Augusta, Maine.

1902.—Adelaide Burke has been married to Mr. Theodore Horace Jameson. Address, 33 Hancock Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Julia Davis was married June 30, 1909, to Mr. Clifton F. Richmond. Address, 44 Washington Avenue, Northampton, Mass.

Alice Duryee's address has been changed to Amoy, China.

Marjary L. Gilson is the head of the Art Department of the Free Public Library in Newark, N. J.

Lilian Holbrook is now the assistant principal of the Milford, Conn., high school.

Ellen D. Osgood is teaching history in the Bayonne, New Jersey, high school.

Louise P. Putnam was married October 5, 1909, to Mr. E. B. Heisler. Address, 364 Catherine Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Bernice Secrest is now Mrs. A. B. Pyke. Address, 1197 Anderson Avenue, Lakewood, Ohio.

Nanna A. Smith has been married to Mr. Frederick Addison Warner and is living in Sacramento, California.

Mary Woodbury was married on May 29, 1909, to Dr. Tasker Howard. Address, 383 Clinton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Born, April 15, 1909, to Mrs. Kellogg Birdseye (May W. Barta), a daughter, Jean.

Born, on July 13, 1909, to Mrs. Philip B. Hadley (Ruth Canedy), a son, Jarvis Bardwell Hadley.

Augusta L. Vibberts was married on April 6, 1909, to Mr. Ernest W. Pelton. Address, 6 Cedar Street, New Britain, Conn.

Born, on February 3, 1909, Paul Duncan Birely, son of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Birely (Florence E. Smith).

Mrs. Charles D. Allen, Jr. (Margaret Virginia Lusch), died in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 29, 1909.

1903.—Loella Newhall is doing graduate work at Boston University, with the expectation of taking her master's degree there in June.

Eva A. Porter is teaching English in the Mount Ida School, Newton, Massachusetts. Her home address is now 25 High Street, Northampton, Mass.

Rodericka Canfield was married on June 19, 1909, to Mr. Louis Foristall Baker. Address, 811 Beverly Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Born, on July 9, 1909, to Mrs. Thomas Baker Young (Grace Gordon), a daughter, Sibyl Gordon Young.

Mavida Fiske is teaching piano at Hollins Institute, Hollins, Virginia.

Gladys Franksford Aldrich was married on June 30, 1909, to Mr. George Amasa Hutchins. Address, Melrose, Mass.

Harriet Beebe Collin was married on September 2, 1909, to Mr. Carroll Duff Knapp, of Fayetteville, N. Y.

Helen M. Creelman was married on June 1, 1909, to Mr. J. Jonathan Jackson, of Chicago, Ill.

Gertrude Freeman Curtis was married on June 3, 1909, to Mr. Alvah Kittredge Todd. Address, 23 Strathmore Road, Brookline, Mass.

Born, May 4, 1909, to Mrs. John H. Stone (Louise Freeman), a son, John Freeman Stone.

Isabel Grier has announced her engagement to Mr. Wm. A. Jack, of Peoria, Ill.

Born, on February 14, 1909, to Mrs. Charles Sheffield (Marion Allen Mack), a daughter, Emily Hill Sheffield.

Helen Fairbanks Hill is teaching Latin and Greek at Rogers Hall School, Lowell. Address, 10 Astor Street, Lowell, Mass.

Born, on December 4, 1908, to Mrs. R. F. Bliss (Lucia Bailey), a son, Arthur Farwell, the second brother of Ella Belle, the class baby.

For the coming winter the address of Edith Fisher will be No. 3 Boulevard Delessert, Paris, France, where she will both teach and study.

Marie Oller spent the summer of 1909 in the British Isles and on the Continent, and is teaching this winter in Chevy Chase Institute, Washington, D. C.

Marjorie Gray took the secretarial course in Simmons College in the year 1908-9 and is now secretary to the treasurer of Atlanta University, Atlanta, Ga. Lora Genevieve Dyer is secretary to the President of the University.

Born, on January 2, 1909, to Mrs. William Raddin Pond (Mary Dorothea Burnham), a daughter, Mary Burnham Pond.

1904.—Born March 17, 1909, Bradbury Cilley Alder, son of Mrs. E. C. Alder (Helen Cilley).

Marion Works spent the summer in France and Germany and is in Switzerland at present.

Born, on December 29, 1908, George Mason Haire, son of Mrs. John Haire (Margaret Mason).

Born, on September 14, 1909, a son, Winchester, to Mrs. Henry Childs Warnock (Una Winchester).

Born, on July 9, 1909, at Albany, N. Y., Elizabeth Gale Hun, second daughter to Mrs. John Gale Hun (Leslie Crawford).

Grace E. Harlow has announced her engagement to Mr. Charles Willard Bray, of Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts.

1905.—Florence Spears Bannard was married on September 25, to Mr. Francis Adams, Jr., a lawyer of Chicago. They will be at home after December 1 in Winnetka, Ill.

Mary Louise Darling has announced her engagement to Mr. Ernest Thompson Hethrington.

Alice Evans's new number is 1739 Washington Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Born, August 5, 1909, to Mrs. Arthur N. Collins (Florence E. Johnson), a daughter, Elizabeth Mead Collins.

Ruth Tracy Bigelow was married at Utica, N. Y., on July 28, to Rev. John Watson Christie, pastor of the Nelson Memorial Presbyterian Church, of Columbus, Ohio. Address, 1362 East Long Street, Columbus, Ohio.

Helen E. Reed, 425 West 114th Street, New York City, is a vocal student at the Institute of Musical Art, and also represents the Franklin Square Subscription Agency. See advertisements for special rates to alumnæ.

Elizabeth Morrison Moulton has been married to Mr. John R. Reigart. Address, Nashwauk, Minn.

To Mrs. John Harland Rush (Alma Christy Bradley), a daughter, Jane Rush, was born, August 18, 1909.

Iva Isabella Shores was married to Mr. Charles F. Worcester, April 6th. Address, Townsend, Massachusetts.

1906.—Born, on September 6, 1909, to Mrs. William R. Dickinson (Anna Mary Wilson), a daughter, Martha Dickinson.

Mrs. Trevor Owen Hammond (Alice Mae Lindman) is living at 5052 Washington Avenue, Chicago.

Margaret Hutchins is first reference assistant and instructor in Library Science in the University of Illinois.

Florence Mann is teaching at Miss Haire's, the University School for Girls, Chicago.

Mary A. R. Streeter is teaching German in the preparatory department of the Worcester High School. Address, 10 Chatham Street, Worcester, Mass.

Gail Tritch is teaching Latin in the Findley, Ohio, high school.

Mary Stevenson Bickel was married to Mr. Wilson McBride Connell, at Pittsburg, Pa., September 24, 1909.

Agnes Russell Gray was married to Mr. Fred B. Skinner, May 18. Address, Greene, N. Y.

1907.—Dorothy Winslow is attending the Art Institute of Chicago, taking up work leading to portrait painting. Address, 2628 Hampden Court, Chicago, Ill.

Helen Dupuy, who has just returned from Europe, will continue her study of garden designing this winter and expects to work under Mr. Canning, head gardener at Smith, for six months beginning in March, to develop the horticultural side of the profession.

Marie Vincent, died September 17, 1909.

Ethel May Bartholomew was married to Mr. James Kirkpatrick, September 1.

Helen Field Cobb was married to Mr. Carl Bragdon, June 17.

Helen Marjerv Dean was married to Surgeon Fred M. Bogau, U. S. N., October 12.

Alice Alden Knapp was married to Mr. Gordon MacDougall Taylor, in July.

Jeannette Welch was married to Mr. Henry Strong Denison, August 19.

Alice Edith Goodman was married to Mr. Thomas Byron Gilchrist, September 14. Address, 261 89th Street, Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, N. Y.

R. Muriel Robinson was married to Mr. G. Houston Burr, June 22. Address, 103 Pond Street, Natick, Mass.

Laura Alice Bugbee has announced her engagement to Mr. Marshall Cummings, of North Thetford, Vermont.

Frances Taylor will remain at home this winter, teaching as substitute. Address, 106 Wendel Avenue, Pittsfield, Mass. She has been touring through Europe during the past summer.

Mrs. D. Merton Rust (Isabel Broderick), a daughter, Susan Broderick Rust, born August 20, 1909.

1908.—A daughter was born to Mrs. E. O. Grifenhagen (Christine Gloeckler), of 1503 Wellington Avenue, Chicago, on Saturday, October 2, 1909.

Florence Boyle is teaching biology, physics, German and Latin at St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y.

Harriet Abbott is teaching English at St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y.

Lucy Raymond is taking English work at the University of Chicago.

Harriet T. Carswell is writing for the woman's page on the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

Eleanor E. Fitzgerald is at the head of the French and German department in the high school at Hempstead, L. I.

Irene Fitzgerald is teaching the Fifth and Sixth grades in the public school in Garden City, L. I.

Gladys C. Gilmore is teaching English in the Newton Technical High School.

Miriam A. Myers is spending the winter in the Philippine Islands.

Marjorie Squire is teaching English and History in Miss Madeira's school in Washington.

Mabel F. Tilton has announced her engagement to Mr. Arthur W. Coolidge, of Reading, Mass., Tufts 1903, Harvard Law 1906.

Helen Whitcomb is teaching in the Lowell Training School for Teachers.

Born to Mrs. Everett Francis Dodge (Florence Aurelia Grey), a daughter, Eleanor Dodge, July 24, 1909.

To Mrs. Lawrence Allen (Helen Alford Abbott), a son, Lawrence Allen, Jr., was born August 28, 1909.

Eugenia Ayer was married to Mr. Oliver Frost Cutts, June 30. Address, 756 New York Block, Seattle, Washington.

Annie Florence Keene was married to Mr. Neil Dow Stanley, July 12. Address, 206 Adams Street, North Abington, Mass.

Harriet Jackson Lytle was married, August 28, to Mr. Harry C. Bonney, Colby 1907. Address, Fairhaven, Mass.

Madge Edna Moody was married to Mr. Gordon Milne Howe. Address, 249 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

- Alta Smith was married to Mr. Elliott Ruggles Corbett, September 1, in Portland, Ore.
 Alice Emeline Stahl was married to Mr. Daniel Seltzer, in June.
 Lura Caldwell, *ex*-1908, died July 2 1909.
 Helen F. Harris was married to Mr. Norman Leslie Snow, June 5.
 Frances Ward Clary was married to Mr. Silas Snow, October 2, at Williamsburg.
 Address, 221 Gates Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 M. Louise Young was married to Mr. Owen A. Locke, September 4.
 1909. —Leola Baird Leonard is doing graduate work in English at the University of Chicago. Address, Greenwood Hall, 6032 Greenwood Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
 Dorothy Ringwalt is teaching at St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y.
 Rubina Bodenshatz has moved to Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Address, Hillside Place, R. F. D. No. 3.
 Rosamond Kimball has organized and started a loan library of text books for the benefit of girls who need to lessen their college expenses. She is assisted by Mabel Eleanor Stone, 1909.
 Vera Douglass Booth was married to Mr. Halsey Raymond Philbrick, October 5. Address, 107 North High Street, Mount Vernon, N. Y.
 Elizabeth Dickenson was married to Mr. Charles H. Bowker, August 18. Address, 59 Henshaw Avenue, Northampton, Mass.
 Mabel Holman Lee was married to Mr. Percy Orrin Dorr, September 29. Address, 244 Pearl Street, Springfield, Mass.
 Pearl Frances Parsons was married to Mr. William H. Stevens, October 14. Address, Sandy Hook, Conn.
 Phoebe Olive Struble was married to Mr. Louis A. Dalrymple, September 1. Address, 6 Academy Street, Newton, New Jersey.
 Helen Dana was married to Mr. James Battles Draper, June 17. Address, Brooks Avenue, Maynard, Mass.
 Susan F. Orr was married to Mr. Alfred Houghton Abbott, September 22.
 Bessie May Wright was married to Mr. Henry Herbert Murdock, Jr., September 11. Address, 60 Morris Street, Albany, N. Y.

Alumnæ Who Have Visited the College

1908	Edith A. Linke.....	Sept. 16	1904	Frances L. Locky.....	Oct. 2-3
1909	Mary Bowles.....	Sept. 16	1907	Elizabeth Bishop Ballard....	Oct. 3-5
1906	Amy Grace Maher.....	Sept. 16	1907	Katharine D. Frankenstein....	Oct. 2-4
1908	Harriette F. Abbott.....	Sept. 16	1908	Hazel L. Allen.....	Oct. 4
1900	Frances M. Cox Tarr.....	Sept. 18	1907	Helen Dupuy.....	Oct. 4
1909	Mary L. Palmer.....	Sept. 20	1898	Rejoyce B. Collins.....	Sept. 13
1908	Mary P. Parsons.....	Sept. 20	1909	Eleanor C. Mann.....	Oct. 5
1908	Alice C. Merriam.....	Sept. 20	1909	Anne Lowe.....	Oct. 5
1888	Anna Carter Adams.....	Sept. 21	1895	Mabel Fletcher.....	Oct. 5
1899	Georgiana Brackett King....	Sept. 21	1909	Lucy Brooks Cole.....	Oct. 5
1908	Helen Barr.....	Sept. 21	1909	Jane B. Wheeler.....	Oct. 5
1909	Frances H. Bickford.....	Sept. 21	1909	Alice R. Woodruff.....	Oct. 5
1899	Helen Patton Beers.....	Sept. 22	1909	Beth Crandall.....	Oct. 7
1897	Therina Townsend Barnard...	Sept. 24	1909	Eunice Remington.....	Oct. 7
1898	Edna H. Mason.....	Sept. 24	1909	Mary Stevenson.....	Oct. 6
1909	Alice E. Waters.....	Sept. 25	1909	Lucy Ballard.....	Oct. 6
1908	Gladys I. Wingate.....	Sept. 24-27	1909	Jean C. MacDuffie.....	Oct. 8
1909	Elizabeth L. Moseley.....	Sept. 25-27	1909	Alice M. Pierce.....	Oct. 8
1909	Mary K. Hale.....	Sept. 28	1908	Esther A. Stone.....	Oct. 8-11
1906	Agnes Gray Skinner..	Sept. 30-Oct. 6	1908	Orlana Ranney.....	Oct. 8
1906	Josephine Weil.....	Sept. 30	1908	Marguerite Goodsell.....	Oct. 8-10
1909	Katharine Wead.....	Sept. 29-Oct. 10	1909	Sheila Bryant.....	Oct. 5-10
1907	Helen A. Ketchum.....	Oct. 2	1906	Marjorie Allen.....	Oct. 11-14

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Joint Fellowships for Settlement Training

The Committee on Fellowships of the College Settlements Association completed the following plan in May, 1909, and is hoping that the colleges will readily coöperate in it. The Alumnæ Association of Smith College voted at its June meeting to agree to the arrangement and to appropriate the money needed. It is hoped that the plan for training may interest alumnæ who have been out of college a few years.

ELEANOR H. JOHNSON, 1894.

The College Settlements Association has now come to feel that the field of investigation proper is quite thoroughly taken up by the Schools of Philanthropy, the Sage Foundation, and other agencies, which have more adequate facilities than has the Association for supervising and rendering effective such investigations. On the other hand it recognizes the fact that there is a real need for more thorough training in settlement work—such as is now denied to all but those who are financially independent; and that, while there is a continual demand on the part of the settlements for trained workers, a carefully planned and supervised course in settlement training has not yet been provided.

The College Settlements Association therefore urges the colleges to coöperate with it in establishing two fellowships for settlement training for the year 1910-11, under the following conditions:

1. The stipend for such fellowships shall be \$400, \$200 to be given by the Association, \$200 by the coöperating college.
2. The requirements for such training shall be:
 - a. Work in Economics or Sociology during the college course (one year will be required; two are recommended).
 - b. Evidences of good general scholarship.
 - c. Satisfactory references in regard to health, character, and special fitness for social work.
 - d. Agreement to reside in the College Settlement, either in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, from October 1st to July 1st, of the fellowship year.
3. The course of study adopted for these fellowships shall include affiliation with,
 - a. The School of Philanthropy in New York.
 - b. The School for Social Workers in Boston.
 - c. The University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia (a possible connection, the arrangements for which are not yet completed).

Further information with regard to the requirements, the time of application, and the details of affiliation with the different schools, may be had on applying to Miss Eleanor H. Johnson, 17 East 26th Street, New York City, Chairman of the Committee on Fellowships of the College Settlements Association.

The Committee hopes that these fellowships may be of interest to the Departments of Economics in the different colleges, and that they may later be announced in the regular college bulletins. No fellowships will be offered for the year 1909-10, and the Association hopes that the appropriation for 1910-11 can be made immediately so that the money may be in hand by May, 1910.

EMILY G. BALCH,
 GRACE A. HUBBARD,
 ALICE P. GANNETT,
 ALICE E. ROBBINS,
 MARY A. VANKLEECK,
 ELEANOR H. JOHNSON, Chairman.

Committee on Fellowship.

Cover Design

The cover with which we go to press was prepared for us by Katherine Wagenhals, 1905, as her free gift. Miss Wagenhals has been engaged for several years in the study and practice of design, and we appreciate her generosity to the QUARTERLY.

A **Smith College Song Book** has just been published for the College Clef Club. The friends of Helen Marden, 1909, will be glad to know that several of her songs are included in this book. The profits from the sale of the song book go into a fund—already about two hundred dollars—for the publication of compositions of Smith students.

From the publications of *The Smith College Monthly*, a hundred and twenty-five poems have been selected to appear in a volume bound in dark green cloth, with the college seal in gold on the cover, on October 15. The three compilers, Miss Annie Crim, Miss Anne Coe Mitchell, and Miss Dorothy Donnell, all from the class of 1909, have chosen verse representative of Smith College, which will be a valuable contribution to the college verse of this country, under the title **The Smith College Book of Verse**.

Senior Dramatics, 1910:

Applications should be placed on file at the General Secretary's office, 184 Elm Street, Northampton.

Each alumna is allowed one ticket, and cannot use another's name to secure extra tickets. All are urged to apply for Thursday evening, June 9th, instead of for Friday evening, June 10th, as Thursday evening is likely to be less crowded. Saturday evening is not open to alumnae.

No deposit is required, and the tickets need not be claimed till Commencement week from the Business Manager in Northampton.

The Faculty Committee on Recommendations has completed its first full year of work and since September, 1908, has had the entire time of a secretary. The results have amply justified the appropriation made for this purpose by the Board of Trustees. The records of those registered with the committee have been thoroughly revised, and full and available information concerning them is now on file, and is promptly furnished to those asking for it. In keeping this information thoroughly up to date, however, the committee is dependent upon the alumnae on its lists, and wishes to emphasize the importance of their coöperation in this matter.

From September 1st, 1908, to September 1st, 1909, two hundred and ten alumnae were actively registered with the committee: one hundred members of the class of 1909, and one hundred and ten members of other classes. Of this number, ninety have reported to the committee that they have secured positions for the year 1909-1910. Between a third and a half of these have been placed directly by the committee and a number of others have been aided by the full information supplied from the records.

The committee considers its work during the summer of especial importance, as many requests come at that time and it is less easy to secure information from individual members of the faculty. During the past summer the secretary of the committee sent out some four hundred letters.

It is with great regret that the committee loses the services of Miss Emma Pauline Hirth, 1905, who has served it most loyally and efficiently during the past year, and who has been obliged to offer her resignation.

THE COLLEGE CALENDAR

- September 16—Opening of College.
September 18—Freshman Frolic.
October 1—Vocal Recital by Mme. Schumann-Heinck.
October 2—Meeting of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
Oct 2-3—Commission Service for Miss Delia D. Leavens, 1901, Smith Missionary to North China.
October 13—Sophomore Reception.
October 14—Mountain Day.
October 20—Open Meeting of the Oriental Society. Lecture by Professor Paton of Hartford Theological Seminary.
October 23—Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
November 3—Piano Recital by Rachmaninoff.
November 6—Group Dance.
November 13—Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
November 20—Play to be given by "The Players."
November 24-26—Thanksgiving Holidays.
November 27—Wallace House Group Dance.
December 4—Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies.
December 11—Group Dance.
December 15—Concert by Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes.
December 18—Play to be given by "Cap and Bells."
December 22—Beginning of Christmas Vacation.
January 6—Opening of the Winter Term.
January 12—Concert by Olive Mead Quartet and Mme. David, Harpist.
January 17-25—Midyear Examinations.
January 26—Holiday.
January 27—Opening of Second Semester.

GOOD MORNING:
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The Advertising Department of
The Smith Alumnae Quarterly?

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By MARIAN EDWARDS RICHARDS

Smith, '99

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An alluring love story full of surprises which hold the reader in suspense to the very end. Zandrie, the heroine, is irresistible,—an orphan, convent bred, full of dreams and fancies. She is absolutely innocent of the world and all its ways, but she has an intense capacity for life and love. Throughout the book she is charmingly ignorant of all conventions.

The NEW YORK EVENING POST and NATION says:

"This is a love story pure and simple, in the fullest sense of the words; there is simplicity in its very extravagancies, and Zandrie's almost superhuman innocence is not only credible but entirely convincing. . . . In the entire treatment of the theme there is a morning freshness that sorts well with the callow years of the protagonists."

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RENA S. WOOD, Superintendent of Nurses

ALL OVER THE COUNTRY

This Agency has placed a great many Smith graduates in schools in the State of New York, but it also places them all over the country. It has recently sent Smith graduates to Middlebury, Vt.; South Norwalk, Conn.; East Orange, Highland, Kearney, Point Pleasant, N. J.; Corry, Erie, Pa.; Frostburg, Md.; Hickory, N. C.; Eufaula, Ala.; Baton Rouge, La.; Detroit, Mich.; Terre Haute, Ind.; Pueblo, Colo.; Great Falls, Mont. Remember that these places were filled by recommendation, after our assistance had been officially asked. A Smith graduate re-registered August 24, 1909, was recommended next day by telegraph to Corry, Pa., and was elected there September 3. That is better than scrambling for places through a notification agency.

The School Bulletin Teachers' Agency, Syracuse, N. Y.

C. W. BARDEEN, Manager.

BERTHA FOOTE BARDEEN, Smith, '95, Assistant Manager.

Little Stories *about* Little Animals *for* Little Children

BY SUSAN HOLTON

The Children's Publishing Co.

Cincinnati, Ohio

MISS HOLTON, who is a professional teller of stories to children, has written these ten little tales in response to the continuous cry of her small auditors: "Tell us another story about animals!" All little folks from five to eight, and many bigger ones, will want to hear about the peacock that went to school, the mouse that disobeyed its mother, the kitten that discovered the difference between a dog and a bee, the "piggish" guinea-pig, and others.

Aside from the fascination of the subject, these brief tales possess a daintiness and distinction of touch bred of Miss Holton's study of English at Smith College, and of her teaching of English in the foremost private schools of Philadelphia and Cincinnati.

Miss Katharine Maynadler Browne, who has been roaming through this "domestic jungle," urging its denizens to "look pleasant," has contributed to the work five exquisite colored plates and a number of other sketches. We do not know which will be more pleased at the results, the children or the beasts themselves. Some of the creatures ran across the end papers and walked right out on the pretty red cover. We tried to stop them, but they would do it. We think they must have been looking for the children.

Binding, boards. 24mo. 60c. net, postage extra (4 cents). If possible, order through your local Bookseller.



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THE
SMITH ALUMNAE
QUARTERLY

PUBLISHED BY
THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION OF SMITH COLLEGE
JANUARY 1910

CONTENTS

THE SMITH ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

January, 1910

	PAGE
To the Laodiceans	53
The Position of Greek in Our Educational System	54
Siesta in Taboga	57
The Library	59
The Mountain	61
BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS—	
The Beauty of Literature	63
A Joy from Little Things	73
LET US TALK OF MANY THINGS—	
Let Us Talk	74
The Thirty-three and a Third Per Cent.	74
Some Trials of "Miss Mabel"	76
The Bashful Alumna	77
Sunrise from the Rigi	79
The Painful Trade of Secretary	80
And the Evening and the Morning Were the Day	82
NORTHAMPTON NEWS—	
Autumn of 1909	84
Roberts Woods	88
THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION—	
January Meetings	89
The Local Clubs	89
C. S. A. Joint Fellowship, 1908-9	91
ALUMNAE NOTES	92
NOTICES	98
THE COLLEGE CALENDAR	99

BOARD OF EDITORS

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The Smith Alumnae Quarterly

VOL. I.

JANUARY, 1910.

No. 2

*Entered as second-class matter November 6, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y.,
under the Act of March 3, 1879.*

TO THE LAODICEANS

Various expressions of opinion concerning the first number of the ALUMNAE QUARTERLY have been received by the editors, and as the present Literary Editor is in no way responsible for the success of that issue, she can fittingly record for its readers the favorable criticisms of the work of the original Board of Editors.

The epithets range in quality from exuberant to sedate—"Splendid!" "Perfectly splendid!" "Just fine!" "I didn't dream it was to be so complete. I wish the next number was coming right along" (which is the proper spirit!), "It fills a long-felt want," "A decided success," "The idea appeals to me strongly," and (with Scotch caution, lest we grow too proud) "It seems to be on the whole a creditable publication."

One of the older alumnae writes: "The publication has too much fiction in it. It has too much the tone of the *Monthly*. I should like better to see it resemble the annual publication of the A. C. A., which has something as worth attention as the *Atlantic Monthly*, for instance, or any of the reviews. Smith graduates know and have done things worth writing about; let us hear from them."

Another alumna, who has had wide experience in College life, believes that the magazine should represent College interests to the exclusion of other topics; that it should contain not fiction, nor accounts of work accomplished by alumnae, nor reprints of their publications, but discussions of subjects relating to education and to the government of our College, *e. g.*, the Elective System and how far it can be developed, the advisability of having more alumnae on the Board of Trustees, the teaching of Domestic Science. She believes that the contributors need not necessarily all be graduates or even ex-members of a class. On this point she is diametrically opposed to another alumna, who thinks that no name without a college degree should appear in the Table of Contents.

Theatrical managers forever contend that they give the public what it wants. We editors have the same aim. We expect, we invite, we even urge criticism! for only by your expression can we know what you want.

But, make it constructive and not destructive. If you don't like what we are giving you, tell us what would interest you.

And now that the QUARTERLY is a fact and not a project, let us all stand by it and try to make it a success, whether we originally favored the idea or not.

THE LITERARY EDITOR.

THE POSITION OF GREEK IN OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM

HENRY M. TYLER

Socrates is represented by Plato in the *Gorgias* as affirming that it belongs to the man who is in any public service to speak only in behalf of that which is best. He also recognizes all of the dire penalties which he is liable to suffer because he will not speak with an eye to what will be pleasing to his hearers. There is no question in anyone's mind as to the admiration and respect which are due to this sentiment of the great teacher of the Greeks. The man who can and always will speak for what is best is worthy of the highest possible reward for preëminent service. He can perhaps afford to pay a high price for his privilege, though, as Socrates suggests, it may prove costly. "My trial for my offense," he says, "will be like that of a physician with small boys for his jury, and a cook for his accuser. Consider then what defense such an one could offer before such judges, if one should accuse him with such statements as these: 'My boys, this is the man who has done you so many evils, and even proves the death of the youngest among your number with his cutting and burning, while he is forever annoying you with his prohibitions and restraints, giving you the bitterest drugs and compelling you to go hungry and thirsty, not doing as I do. I feast you on an abundance of all sorts of sweets.' What do you think a physician could say if he were reduced to such straits as that?"

How much easier it is to give attention to what we want than to trouble ourselves with these vexatious questions about what is best! And yet we should in theory all agree with Socrates that as he was dealing with education, with all its significance for the public welfare, he would have no right to regard anything less than the permanent advantage of all. And so universally, in decisions which are to affect the character and life of all, we are under bonds to observe the same high standard. Questions of personal enjoyment, of practical difficulties, of convenience or of cost are to receive due consideration, but only as bearing upon the general problem of what, upon the whole, is to be chosen as best.

We speak of our modern education as in a peculiar sense an elective system. That may be, but we must remember that education is in its

whole nature elective, and can be true to its principles only by choosing that which is best. Sometimes the election is between systems and sometimes it has to do with smaller groups and details. It may lay special emphasis upon methods or give special prominence to subjects. The election may be made by the educator or may be left to the will of the pupil. But no principle should control in any case except the dominant purpose to secure what, on the whole, is best.

It is a fact which we have to recognize that the prevailing individualistic method of election is especially showing its effects by diminishing the study of Greek. Fifty years ago the college course was substantially the same for all students. It was the course which experienced educators selected, and they were naturally too conservative to make changes as they were required. In the revolution which followed, the election was intrusted to the inexperienced students in the conviction that electing was an essential part of the education. The principle is manifestly a correct one; it is esteemed so important that few would desire seriously to curtail the privilege of the student to shape his course of study. But behind all this there is a still larger election which has to be made. It means not merely whether Greek shall be studied by the individual, but whether it shall retain any prominent place in our system of education.

What are the studies which are to be offered to the students, as with the increase of our knowledge new fields of learning are being opened to our investigation and are claiming our attention? Here is a question which demands earnest consideration from those who are interested in education, and especially from all who are responsible for the administration of our secondary schools. New adjustments must manifestly be made to suit the new conditions, but they should be made with constant reference to what is permanently best. There is danger, however, in our method of treating school problems, that real values may receive little consideration. It was the feeling not many years ago that every good high school must make provision to cover college entrance requirements in Greek, but already many officials grow restive under this claim or openly reject it. So we find that the elective system is being carried so far and is becoming so controlling, that if only a few want a study, that is regarded as sufficient reason why no effort should be made to provide it. Schools drop out the study if classes prove to be small.

So the question is looming up before us, shall Greek be largely cast out from our system of education? Are we to allow this influence which has been so important in the past to be lost to our developing civilization because it is somewhat difficult or costly to maintain, or because it does not strike the fancy of the age? Can we afford to do anything less than to seek justly to estimate its value, and to strive to maintain it according to its worth? Which will make the best civilization and culture? Will

it be if Greek is gradually crowded from our schools, or if students who would profit by the study are encouraged by all proper methods to pursue it?

The position of Greek is one of difficulty. It has to plead its cause in the face of many discouragements. The spirit of the age turns its back upon it, though it represents a kind of culture which our age especially needs—needs all the more because it is so ready to neglect it. People give it but a half-hearted, reluctant hearing, though the harder it may be to persuade men of its value, so much the more is it important that they should secure its benefits. Even when it is regarded with a certain general favor, it is in danger of being crowded into obscurity. A large proportion of our people would doubtless say that it would be a misfortune for us to lose the influence which has come to us from Greek sources, but they hope that if the direct study of Greek declines, the results may be secured in other ways, or they accept the conclusion that such changes cannot be helped. Does not this, however, mean that we are drifting rather than planning? Is it not essential that with the guidance of the wisest thought we should affix a true value to this type of culture and recognize it in a system which aims at the best development of manhood and womanhood?

The meaning of the question which is before us is this: whether our educational system shall represent the best experience and thought of the age, or shall be shaped by the haphazard process of leaving out the studies for which few children call. The question has to be decided by a mixed jury made up of those who wish practical training, and those who wish ideal education, those who want it for a living, and those who want it for a life, those who feel that man should live by bread alone, and those who are hungry for every higher revelation. The men and women of the best intelligence and the highest ideals ought to feel and to show an earnest interest in the decision.

If all who recognize their own indebtedness to Greek thought and Greek ideals would coöperate to see that the influence is not diminished among those who are to come after us, Greek could maintain an influential position in our schools. It is perhaps not to be deplored that fewer students are in the Greek classes than in years gone by. That our schools should have no classes in Greek would be a public misfortune. If those who would naturally select Greek as part of their course can be encouraged to do so, we may hope in a good degree to perpetuate those sentiments and ideals which we recognize as drawing their life from Greek culture. Who can say how much these must suffer if Greek has no recognized place in our scheme of study?

SIESTA IN TABOGA

ELLEN BARBOUR GLINES

Drowsily, drowsily laps the sea,
 And the opiate air hangs heavily
 Over a sheer, fantastic isle
 —Flung eastward to make some young god smile—
 Hangs heavy with gold, heavy with heat,
 Triply heavy with sweet on sweet;
 Here, in the noonday hush and thrill,
 The limbs and the lips of men are still:
 Only the fountain sings to the hill.

Across the bay there is clamor and dust,
 They cleave the mountains, they bind the seas,
 There men labor because they must,
 Watched by the wondering ceiba-trees;
 The dirt-trains scream and the shovels groan,
 The cars swing creaking across the Locks,
 And Obispo echoes with crashing rocks
 Where the dynamite thunders forth alone.
 Part of it all but yesterday,
 Now I am dreaming, a world away.

For here is the Sun, true god, and here,
 Here is the Lotus, all men's food:
 Hist! a humming-bird hovers near,
 Soul of the tropic solitude;
 Brave in emerald, bronze, and gold,
 Newly come from a journey bold
 Across the world from the jasmine-tree
 To flitter and whirl a song to me:

*Sing, sing, poise and sing,
 Life is such a pretty thing!
 Sing, sing, shine and sing,
 Evermore a-wing:*

A quiet version of this was sent with the

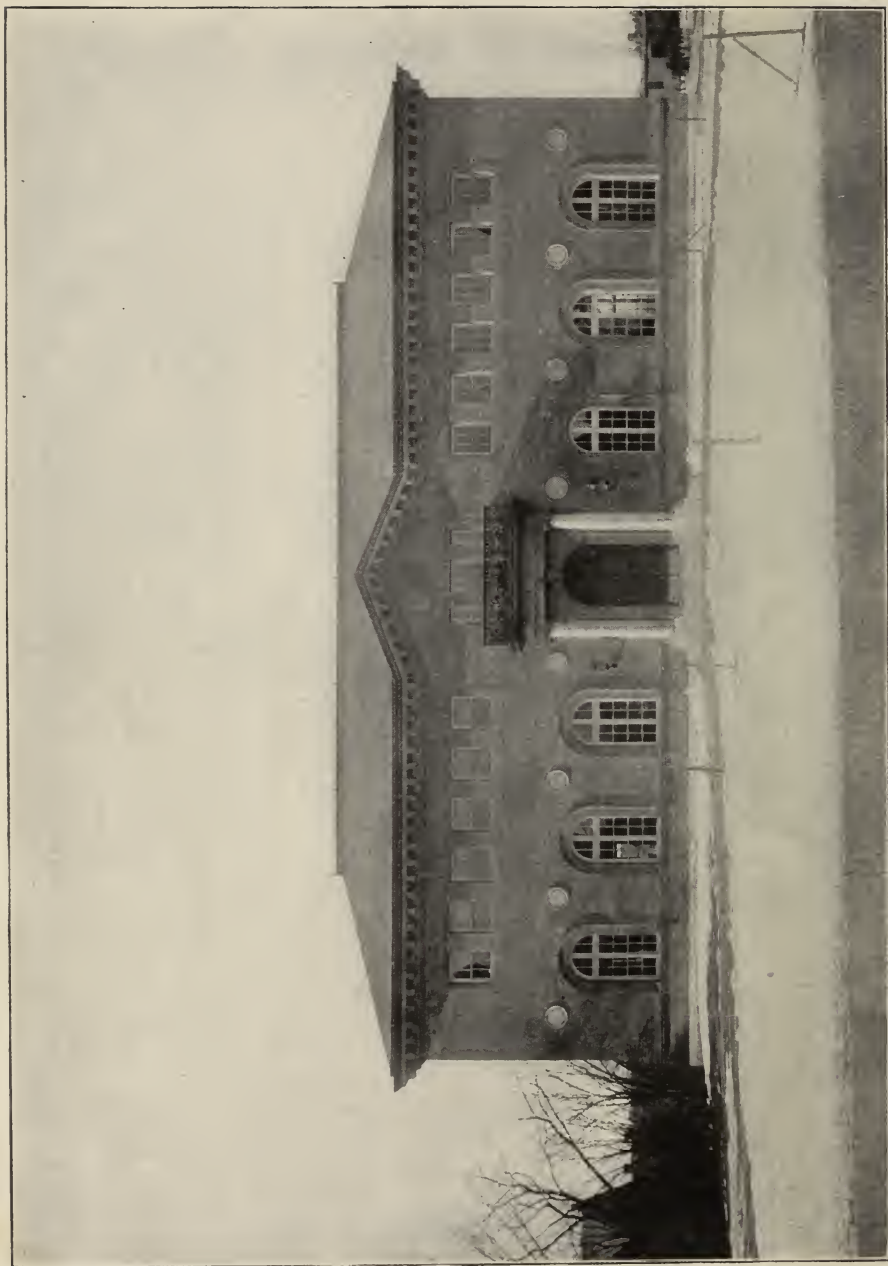
*I know a garden set apart
 Where gold and crimson roses cloy;
 There I go to ease my heart
 Of its weight of joy.*

*I breathe the balms of August rain,
 I bask in sweet December's sun;
 What are Death and Love and Pain?
 Jesters every one.*

*So why not sing, shine and sing,
 When life is such a merry thing?
 For the worst that Time can bring
 Is a silent wing.*

Here has the dumb heart found a song,
 And here has the weary singer ease,
 Shut away from the urgent throng
 In the sea's most tender privacies;
 The Isle herself is under a charm,
 Sleeps with her head on her out-flown arm,
 And the Sea sleeps under the cocoanut-palm,
 At peace from her memories.

When the glory of Panama's ancient mines
 Up from the straits at sunset shines,
 When the Sun drops, molten, beyond the bar,
 Leaving a spark in the sky above,
 —They call it the Evening Sar—
 And the dark falls suddenly everywhere,
 Then, every gasp of the soft night air
 Is thick with Love.
 But, crimson as Morgan's hand, at morn
 The sun leaps straight from the sea,
 And poor Love faints at his burning scorn
 —King of the world is he!
 Thee we adore, mastering sun,
 Beautiful, ruthless, triumphant One!
 Thou on the Zenith's terrible throne
 King of our hearts shall be!
 The slim brown lizard beside the stone
 Worships in tranced bliss,



THE SMITH COLLEGE LIBRARY.

And lo, in Taboga born again,
 Danaë, athirst for the Golden Rain,
 Hath bartered her skies for this!

The spell and the dream are over me:
 Now bind me closer, Lord Sun, to thee,
 For why should my soul go free?
 Weary, weary are toil's embraces,
 And even to kiss, one must wake from sleep:
 Give me to dream in thy holy places,
 Lulled by the dreaming deep,
 For the spell and the dream are over me:
 Let me no more go free!

Colon, November 1, 1909.

THE LIBRARY

FLORENCE HOMER SNOW

The first transfer of books from the old library in Seelye Hall was begun Monday morning, November 22. The moving was completed Saturday, and Monday, November 29, the doors were opened to the college. Painters and carpenters were still in the building, but, as the President said in chapel, the only way to drive them out was for the college to move in.

The exterior of the H-shaped building is familiar to those who were in Northampton at Commencement. The attractiveness of the entrance has been increased by the addition of a handsome iron railing above the portico and two heavy iron lamps, presented by the class of 1894, at each side of the brass-studded oak doors. In the entrance hall, in the panel below which is to be placed a settle given by the Hartford Club, is the inscription:

Smith College Library
 This Building is the Gift of
 Andrew Carnegie
 Alumnae, Students
 and Friends of the College
 1908 Erected 1909

The standard author room on the ground floor at the right has a capacity of twenty-five hundred volumes. Oak paneling extends to the ceiling and above the spacious fireplace. The furnishing of this room is

given by the Gallagher family of Milton, as a memorial to their daughter Edith of the class of 1907. It will not be completed until the Christmas vacation. The room will contain memorial sets of works, rare editions, bindings, and manuscripts, and is to be used for reading for the love of it. It will probably be open for certain hours Sunday afternoons.

The periodical room occupies the opposite corner. It contains the current numbers of 200 periodicals and complete bound sets of periodicals used in connection with *Poole's Index to Periodical Literature*. Some of the leading newspapers will also be filed here. There are seats for fifty-four readers, with room for more as needed. The class of 1905 presented the furniture for this room, and a green marble and bronze clock has been given by Helen Mabie, 1904, in memory of her sister, Lorraine Mabie, 1900. A complete file of the Harper publications handsomely bound, including the *Round Table*, *Bazar*, *Weekly*, and *Monthly*, have recently been presented by Eva Jenison of the present senior class.

In the space opposite the staircase at the end of the main corridor are the card catalogue and charging desk. This space for the use of the catalogue and the loaning and receiving of books removes from the reading room unavoidable conversation and sounds. A special desk designed for this place has been given by the Western Massachusetts Alumnae.

The main collection of books is shelved on the floors in the central portion of the building, each floor having a capacity of 50,000 volumes. Half of the shelving has been installed, one tier in the basement, and two tiers on the main floor. Ample space by the windows at each side of the stacks has been left for desks and tables. There is an elevator for the carriage of books from one floor to the other. Until the growth of the library requires it the portion of the third floor corresponding to stack rooms on the lower floors will serve as a study room for the students using their own books. The tables and chairs from the old library in Seelye Hall have been temporarily placed there.

The reading rooms occupy the full width of the west end of the building. The one on the main floor, furnished by the Alumnae Association, contains general reference works, books for required reading, and books in constant demand. The capacity is 6,000 volumes. There are seats for one hundred and ninety-two readers. A white marble clock, the gift of the Boston Association, has recently been placed on the south wall of the room. The room above, not yet in use, has an equal seating capacity with a shelving capacity of 10,000 volumes. The reading room is separated from the rest of the building by heavy leather doors, beyond which visitors are admitted only between 12 and 1 and after 4. The stacks are open to the faculty at all times and to the students upon application.

The two large corner rooms on the second floor are for the History and English Departments, where professors and students doing advanced work may use special collections of books. The furnishing of the history room was contributed by the class of 1898. Miss Jordan's private library formerly in Seelye Hall has been transferred to the English room, and the room in Seelye is used as a recitation room, as is also No. 10 Seelye, formerly the reference library.

The librarian's office is between these rooms. A small room at the head of the stairs is assigned to the Department of Philosophy and Education. Varying selections from the Phelps Memorial Library and other philosophical works will be shelved here.

Of the six rooms in the basement, four are used as seminar rooms by the Greek and Latin, Biblical Literature, German, and Mathematical Departments, one as a library workroom; one is still unassigned. The middle space of the basement has one tier of stacks and space for a second tier when needed. Packing and store rooms, a fireproof vault, lavatories and a vacuum cleaner plant are also on the basement floor.

The library staff consists of Josephine A. Clark 1880, librarian, to whom the planning of the building is almost wholly due; Louise W. Lyon 1892, associate librarian; M. Eunice Wead 1902, reference librarian; Elizabeth E. Mann 1895, head cataloguer, and Agnes Armstrong 1900, assistant librarian.

THE MOUNTAIN

CANDACE THURBER

Oh, the mountain lets me ride on his shoulder,
And he carries me away to see the world,
 Bids me watch and sit as still
 As the rock-face on the hill
In the hollow of his granite shoulder curled.

Oh, the mountain lets me ride on his shoulder,
And he tells the wind to whistle up a tune,
 While the hills on either hand
 All at once at " 'tention" stand
Till their general comes, the big old white-face Moon.

Oh, the mountain lets me ride on his shoulder,
And he shows me all the fields at my feet,
 Lands to conquer when I'm grown
 For a kingdom of my own,
All laid out in tiny patterns green and neat.

Oh, the mountain lets me ride on his shoulder,
And he shows me lakes and rivers silver-blue.
 I shall sail them if I can
 When I get to be a man,
Or paddle in an Injun birch canoe.

Oh, the mountain lets me ride on his shoulder,
And he shows me all the sky like a sea,
 And the islands white and wide
 That majestically glide,
And he tells me all this world is made for me.

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THE BEAUTY OF LITERATURE

ETHEL D. PUFFER

(From *The Psychology of Beauty*)

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I

That in the practice and pleasure of art for art's sake there lurks an unworthy element, is a superstition that recurs in every generation of critics. A most accomplished and modern disciple of the gay science but yesterday made it a reproach to the greatest living English novelist, that he, too, was all for beauty, all for art, and had no great informing purpose. "Art for art's sake" is clearly, to this critic's mind, compatible with the lack of something all desirable for novels. Yet if there is indeed a characteristic excellence of the novel, if there is something the lack of which in a novel is rightly deplored, then the real art for art's sake is bound to include this characteristic excellence. If an informing purpose is needed, no true artist can dispense with it. Otherwise art for art's sake is a contradiction in terms.

The critic I have quoted merely voices the lingering Puritan distrust of beauty as an end in itself, and so repudiates the conception of beauty as containing all the excellences of a work of art. He thinks of beauty as cut up into small snips and shreds of momentary sensations; as the sweet sound of melodious words and cadences; or as something abstract, pattern-like, imposed from without,—a Procrustes-bed of symmetry and proportion; or as a view of life Circe-like, insidious, a golden languor, made of "the selfish sereneties of wild-wood and dream-palace." But the truer view of beauty makes it simply the epitome of all which a work of art ought to be, and thus the only end and aim of every work of art. The beauty of literature receives into itself all the precepts of literature: there is no "ought" beyond it. And art for art's sake is but art conscious of its aim, the production of that all-embracing beauty.

What, then, is the beauty of literature? How may we know its characteristic excellences? It is strange how, in all serious discussion, to the confounding of some current ideas of criticism, we are thrown back, inevitably, on this concept of excellence! The most ardent of impres-

sionists wakes up sooner or later to the idea that he has been talking values all his life. The excellences of literature! They must lie within the general formula for beauty, yet they must be conditioned by the possibilities of the special medium of literature. The general formula, abstract and metaphysical as it must be, may not be applied directly; for abstract thought will fit only that art which can convey it; hence the struggle of theorists with painting, music, and architecture, and the failure of Hegel, for instance, to show how beauty as "the expression of the Idea" resides in these arts. But if the general formula is always translated relatively to the sense-medium through which beauty must reach the human being, it may be preserved, while yet affirming all the special demands of the particular art. Beauty is a constant function of the varying medium. The end of Beauty is always the same, the perfect moment of unity and self-completeness, of repose in excitement. But this end is attained by different means furnished by different media: * * * for literature, through hearing in the special sense of communication by word. It is the nature of this medium that we must further discover.

II

Now the word is nothing in itself; it is not sound primarily, but thought. The word is but a sign, a negligible quantity in human intercourse—a counter in which the coins are ideas and emotions—merely legal tender, of no value save in exchange. What we really experience in the sound of a sentence, in the sight of a printed page, is a complex sequence of visual and other images, ideas, emotions, feelings, logical relations, swept along in the stream of consciousness,—differing, indeed, in certain ways from daily experience, but yet primarily of the web of life itself. The words in their *nuances*, march, tempo, melody add certain elements to this flood—hasten, retard, undulate, or calm it; but it is the *thought*, the understood experience that is the stuff of literature.

Words are first of all meanings and meanings are to be understood and lived through. We can hardly even speak of the meaning of a word, but rather of what it is, directly, in the mental state that is called up by it. Every definition of a word is but a feeble and distant approximation of the unique flash of experience belonging to that word. It is not the sound sensation nor the visual image evoked by the word which counts, but the whole of the mental experience, to which the word is but an occasion and a cue. Therefore, since literature is the art of words, it is the stream of thought itself that we must consider as the material of literature. In short, literature is the dialect of life. * * * Some one, however, may here demur: visual signs, too, are the dialect of life. We understand by what we see, and we live by what we understand. The

curve of a line, the crescendo of a note, serve also for wordless messages. Why are not, then, painting and music the vehicles of experience, and to be judged first as evocation of life, and only afterward as sight and hearing? This conceded, we are thrown back on that view of art as "the fixed quantity of imaginative thought supplemented by certain technical qualities,—of color in painting, of sound in music, of rhythmical words in poetry." * * *

The holders of this view, however, ignore the history and significance of language. Our sight and hearing are given to us prior to our understanding or use of them. In a way, we submit to them—they are always with us. We dwell in them through passive states, through seasons of indifference; moreover, when we see to understand, we do not *see*, and when we hear to understand we do not hear. Only shreds of sensation, caught up in our flight from one action to another, serve as signals for the meanings which concern us. In proportion as action is prompt and effective, does the cue as such tend to disappear, until, in all matters of skill, piano-playing, fencing, billiard-playing, the sight or sound which serves as cue drops almost altogether out of consciousness. So far as it is vehicle of information, it is no longer sight or sound as such—interest has devoured it. But language came into being to supplement the lacks of sight and sound. It was created by ourselves, to embody all active outreaching mental experience, and it comes into particular existence to meet an insistent emergency—a literally crying need. In short, it is *constituted* by meanings—its essence is communication. Sight and sound have a relatively independent existence, and may hence claim a realm of art that is largely independent of meanings. Not so the art of words, which can be but the art of meanings, of human experience alone.

And yet again, were the evocation of life the means and material of all art, that art in which the level of imaginative thought was low, the range of human experience narrow, would take a low place in the scale. What, then, of music and architecture? Inferior arts, they could not challenge comparison with the poignant, profound, all-embracing art of literature. But this is patently not the fact. There is no hierarchy of the arts. We may not rank St. Paul's Cathedral below "Paradise Lost." Yet if the material of all experience is the material of all art, they must not only be compared, but "Paradise Lost" must be admitted incomparably the greater. No—we may not admit that all the arts alike deal with the material of expression. The excellence of music and architecture, whatever it may be, cannot depend on this material. Yet by hypothesis it must be through use of its material that the end of beauty is reached by every art. A picture has lines and masses and colors, wherewith to play with the faculty of vision, to weave a spell for the whole man. Beauty is the power to enchant him through the eye and all that waits

upon it, into a moment of perfection. Literature has "all thoughts, all passions, all delights"—the treasury of life—to play with, to weave a spell for the whole man. Beauty in literature is the power to enchant him, through the mind and heart, across the dialect of life, into a moment of perfection.

III

The art of letters, then, is the art whose material is life itself. Such, indeed, is the implication of the approved theories of style. Words, phrases, sentences, chapters, are excellent in so far as they are identical with thought in all its shades of feeling. "Economy of attention," Spencer's familiar phrase for the philosophy of style, his explanation of even the most ornate and extravagant forms, is but another name for this desired lucidity of the medium. Pater, himself an artist in the overlaying of phrases, has the same teaching,¹ * * * "The one word for the one thing, the one thought, amid the multitude of words, terms, that might just do: the problem of style was there!—the unique word, phrase, sentence, paragraph, essay, or song, absolutely proper to the single mental presentation or vision within." * * *

Thought in words is the matter of literature; and words exist but for thought, and get their excellence as thought; yet, as Flaubert says, the idea only exists by virtue of the form. The form, or the word, *is* the idea; that is, it carries along with it the fringe of suggestion which crystallizes the floating possibility in the stream of thought. A glance at the history of language shows how this must have been so. Words in their first formation were doubtless constituted by their imitative power. As Taine has said,² at the first they arose in contact with the objects; they imitated them by the grimaces of mouth and nose which accompanied their sound, by the roughness, smoothness, length, or shortness of this sound, by the rattle or whistle of the throat, by the inflation or contraction of the chest.

This primitive imitative power of the word survives in the so-called onomatopoeic words which aim simply at reproducing the sounds of nature. A second order of imitation arises through the associations of sensations. The different sensations, auditory, visual, olfactory, tactile, motor, and organic have common qualities, which they share with other more complex experiences; of form, as force or feebleness; of feeling, as harshness, sweetness, and so on. * * *

¹ *Appreciations: Essay on Style.*

² *H. Taine, La Fontaine et ses Fables*, p. 288.

The main point to notice in the enumeration of the expressive qualities of sounds, is that it is the movement in utterance which characterizes them. That movement tends to reproduce itself in the hearer, and carries with it its feeling-tone of ease or difficulty, explosiveness or sweetness long drawn out. It is thus by a kind of sympathetic induction rather than by external imitation that these words of the second type become expressive.

Finally, the two moments may be combined, as in such a word as "roaring," which is directly imitative of a sound, and by the muscular activity it calls into play suggests the extended energy of the action itself.

The stage in which the word becomes a mere colorless, algebraic sign of object or process never occurs, practically, for in any case it has accumulated in its history and vicissitudes a fringe of suggestiveness, as a ship accumulates barnacles. * * * Says Walter Raleigh in his "Essay on Style," "A slight technical implication, a faint tinge of archaism in the common turn of speech that you employ, and in a moment you have shaken off the mob that scours the rutted highway, and are addressing a select audience of ticket-holders with closed doors." Manifold may be the implications and suggestions of even a single letter. Thus a charming anonymous essay on the word "Grey." "Gray is a quiet color for daylight things, but there is a touch of difference, of romance, even, about things that are grey. Gray is a color for fur, and Quaker gowns, and breasts of doves, and a gray day, and a gentlewoman's hair; and horses must be gray. * * * Now grey is for eyes, the eyes of a witch, with green lights in them and much wickedness. Gray eyes would be as tender and yielding and true as blue eyes; a coquette must have eyes of grey."

Words do not have meanings, they *are* meanings through their power of direct suggestion and induction. They may become what they signify. Nor is this power confined to words alone; on its possession by the phrase, sentence, or verse rests the whole theory of style. The short, sharp staccato, the bellowing turbulent, the swimming melodious circling sentence *are* truly what they mean, in their form as in the objective sense of their words.

* * * * *

IV

Such, then, are some of the means by which language becomes identical with thought, and most truly the dialect of life. The genius will have ways, to which these briefly outlined ones will seem crude and obvious, but they will be none the less of the same nature. Shall we then conclude that the beauty of literature is here? that, in the words of Pater

from the essay I have quoted, "In that perfect justice (of the unique word) * * * omnipresent in good work, in function at every point, from single epithets to the rhythm of a whole book, lay the specific, indispensable, very intellectual beauty of literature, the possibility of which constitutes it a fine art."

In its last analysis, such a conception of literature amounts to the unimpeded intercourse of mind with mind. Literature would be a language which dispenses with gesture, facial expression, tone of voice; which is, in its halts, accelerations and retardations, emphases and concessions, the apotheosis of conversation. But this clearness,—in the sublime sense, including the ornate and the subtle,—this luminous lucidity,—is it not quite indeterminate? Clearness is said of a medium. *What* is it that shines through?

Were this clearness the beauty we are seeking, whatever in the world that wanted to get itself said, would, if it were perfectly said, become a final achievement of literature. All that the plain man looks for, we must think rightly, in poetry and prose, might be absent, and yet we should have to acknowledge its excellence. Let us then consider this quality by which the words become what they signify as the specific beauty rather of style than of literature; the mere refining of the gold from which the work of art has yet to be made. Language is the dialect of life; and the most perfect language can be no more than the most perfect truth of intercourse. It must then be through the treatment of life, or the sense of life itself, that we are somehow to attain the perfect moment of beauty.

The sense of life! In what meaning are these words to be taken? Not the completest sense of all, because the essence of life is in personal responsibility to a situation, and this is exactly what in our experience of literature disappears. First of all, then, before asking how the moment of beauty is to be attained, we must see how it is psychologically possible to have a sense of life that is yet purged of the will to live.

All experience of life is a complication of ideas, emotions, and attitudes or impulses to action in varying proportions. The sentiment of reality is constituted by our tendency to interfere, to "take a hand." Sometimes the stage of our consciousness is so fully occupied by the images of others that our own reaction is less vivid. Finally, all conditions and possibilities of reaction may be so minimized that the only attitude possible is our acceptance or rejection of a world in which such things can be. What does it "matter" to me whether or not "the old, unhappy, far-off things" really happened? The worlds of the Borgias, of Don Juan, and of the Russian war stand on the same level of reality. Aucassin and Nicolette are as near to me as Abelard and Héloïse. For in relation to these persons my impulse is *nil*. I submit to them, I cannot change or

help them; and because I have no impulse to interfere, they are not vividly real to me. And, in general, in so far as I am led to contemplate or to dwell on anything in idea, in so far does my personal attitude tend to parallel this impersonal one toward real persons temporarily or geographically out of reach.

Now in literature all conditions tend to the enormous preponderance of the ideal element in experience. My mind in reading is completely filled with ideas of the appearance, ways, manners, and situation of the people concerned. I leave them a clear field. My emotions are enlisted only as the inevitable fringe of association belonging to vivid ideas—the ideas of their emotions. So far as all the possibilities of understanding are fulfilled for me, so far as I am in possession of all the conditions, so far do I “realize” the characters, but realize them as ideas tinged with feeling.

Here there will be asseverations to the contrary. What! feel no real emotion over Little Nell, or Colonel Newcome? no emotion in that great scene of passion and despair, the parting of Richard Feverel and Lucy,—a scene which none can read save with tight throat and burning eyes! Even so. It is not real emotion. You have the vivid ideas, so vivid that a fringe of emotional association accompanies them, as you might shudder remembering a bad dream. But the real emotion arises only from the real impulse, the real responsibility.

The sense of life that literature gives might be described as life in its aspect as *idea*. That this fact is the cause of the peace and painlessness of literature—since it is by his actions, as Aristotle says, that man is happy or the reverse—need not concern us here. For the beauty of literature, and our joy in it, lie not primarily in its lack of power to hurt us. The point is that literature gives none the less truly a sense of life because it happens to be one extreme aspect of life. The literary way is only one of the ways in which life can be met.

To give the sense of life perfectly—to create the illusion of life—is this, then, the beauty of literature? But we are seeking for the perfect moment of stimulation and repose. Why should the perfect illusion of life give this, any more than life itself does? So the “vision” of a picture might be intensely clear, and yet the picture itself unbeautiful. Such a complete “sense of life,” such a clear “vision,” would show the artist’s mastery of technique, but not his power to create beauty. In the art of literature, as in the art of painting, the normal function is but the first condition, the state of perfection is the end at which to aim.

It is just this distinction that we can properly make between the characteristic or typical in the sense of differentiated, and the great or excellent in literature. In the theory of some writers, perfect fidelity to type is the only originality. To paint the Russian peasant or the French

bourgeois as he is, to catch the exact shade of exquisite soullessness in Oriental loves, to reproduce the Berserker rage or the dull horror of battle, is indeed to give the perfect sense of life. But the perfect, or the complete, sense of life is not the moment of perfect life.

Yet to this assertion two answers might be made. The authors of "Bel-Ami," or "Madame Chrysanthème," or "The Triumph of Death," might claim to be saved by their form. The march of events, the rounding climax, the crystal-clear unity of the finished work, they might say, gives the indispensable union, for the perfect moment of stimulation and repose. * * * A writer's *donnée*, they would say, is his own. The reader may only beg—Make me something fine after your own fashion!

And they would have to be acknowledged partly in the right. In that inevitable unity of form there is indeed a necessary element of the perfect moment; but it is not a perfect unity. For the matter of their art should be, in the last analysis, life itself; and the unity of life itself, the one basic unity of all, they have missed. It is a hollow sphere they present, and nothing solid. * * * Shut out, as they are, from the rest of life, shut out from all fruition and assimilation, and so from all hope of dignity they lose absolutely their power to sway us.

It might be simpler to say that these works lack the first beauty which literature as the dialect of life can have—they lack the repose of centrality; they have no identity with the meaning of life as a whole. It could not be said of them, as Bagheot said of Shakespeare: "He puts things together, he refers things to a principle; rather, they group themselves in his intelligence insensibly around a principle; . . . a cool oneness, a poised personality, pervades him." * * * They miss the central unity of life, which can give unity to literature. Even the apparent structural unity fails when looked at closely; the actions of the characters are seen to be mechanical—their meaning is not inevitable.

The second answer to our assertion that the "sense of life" is not the beauty of literature, might call attention to the fact that *sense* of life may be taken as understanding of life. A complete sense of life must include the conditions of life, and the conditions of life involve this very "energetic identity" on which we have insisted. And this contention we must admit. So long as the sense of life is taken as the illusion of life our words hold good. But if to that is added understanding of life, the door is open to the profoundest excellences of literature. Henry James has glimpsed this truth in saying that no good novel will ever proceed from a superficial mind. Stevenson has gone further. "But the truth is when books are conceived under a great stress, with a soul of nine-fold power, nine times heated and electrified by effort, the conditions of our being are seized with such an ample grasp, that even should the main design be trivial or base, some truth and beauty cannot fail to be expressed.

V

The conditions of our being! If we accept, affirm, profoundly rest in what is presented to us, we have the first condition of that repose which is the essence of the æsthetic experience. And from this highest demand can be viewed the hierarchy of the lesser perfections which go to make up the "perfect moment" of literature. * * * The perfect moment across the dialect of life, the moment of perfect life must be in truth that in which we touch the confines of our being, look upon the world, all in all, as revealed in some great moment, and see that it is good—that we grasp it, possess it, that it is akin to us, that it is identical with our deepest wills. The work that grasps the conditions of our being gives ourselves back to us completed.

In the conditions of our being in a less profound sense may be found the further means to the perfect moment. Thus the progress of events, the development of feelings, must be in harmony with our natural processes. The development, the rise, complication, expectation, gratification, the suspense, climax, and drop of the great novel, correspond to the natural functioning of our mental processes. It is an experience that we seek, multiplied, perfected, expanded—the life moment of a man greater than we. This, too, is the ultimate meaning of the demands of style. Lucidity, indeed, there must be,—identity with the thought; but besides the value of the thought in its approximation to the conditions of our being, we seek the vividness of that thought,—the perfect moment of apprehension, as well as of experience. It is the beauty of style to be lucid; but the beauty of lucidity is to reinforce the springs of thought. * * * There is a sensuous pleasure in a great style; we love to mouth it, for it is made to mouth. As Flaubert says somewhat brutally, "*Je ne sais qu'une phrase est bonne qu'après l'avoir fait passer par mon gueuloir.*"

In the end it might be said that literature gives us the moment of perfection, and is thus possessed of beauty, when it reveals ourselves to ourselves in a better world of experience; in the conditions of our moral being, in the conditions of our thought processes, in the conditions of our utterance and our breathing;—all these, concentric circles, in which the centre of repose is given by the underlying identity of ourselves with this world. Because it goes to the roots of experience, * * * literature may be truly called a criticism of life. Yet the end of literature is not the criticism of life; rather the appreciation of life—the full savour of life in its entirety. The final definition of literature is the art of experience.

VI

But then literature would give only the perfect moments of existence,

would ignore the tragedies, ironies, pettiness of life! Such an interpretation is a quite mistaken one. As the great painting uses the vivid reproduction of an ugly face, a squalid hovel, to create a beautiful picture, beautiful because all the conditions of seeing are made to contribute to our being made whole in seeing; so great literature can attain through any given set of facts to the deeper harmony of life, can touch the one poised, unconquerable soul, and can reinforce the moment of self-completeness by every parallel device of stimulation and concentration. And because it is most often in the tragedies that the conditions of our being are laid bare, and the strings which reverberate to the emotions most easily played upon, it is likely that the greatest books of all will be the tragedies themselves. The art of experience needs contrasts no less than does the visual or auditory art.

This beauty of literature, because it is a hierarchy of beauties more and less essential, exists in all varieties and in all shades. If the old comparison and contrast of idealism and realism is referred to here, it is because that ancient controversy seems not even yet entirely outworn. If realism means close observation of facts and neglect of ideas, and idealism, neglect of prosaic facts and devotion to ideas, then we must admit that realism and idealism are the names of two defective types. Strictly speaking, whatever goes deep enough to the truth of things, gets nearer reality, is realism; yet to get nearer reality is to attain true ideas, and that is idealism too. The great work of literature is realistic because it does not lose sight of the ideal. Our popular use of idealistic refers, indeed, to the world seen through rose-colored glasses; but for that possible variety of literary effort, it is better to use the word Romance. Romance is the world of our youthful dreams of things, not as they do happen, or as in our nobler moments we will them to happen, but as, without any special deeper meaning, we should wish them to happen. * * *

It has sometimes been made a reproach to critics—more often, I fear, by those who hold, like myself, that beauty and excellence in art are identical—that they discourse too little of form in literature, and too much of content. But all our taking thought will have been vain, if it is not now patent that the first beauty of literature is, and must be, its identity with the central flame of life,—the primal conditions of our being. Thus it is that the critic is justified in asking first of all, How does this man look on life? Has he revealed a new—or better—the eternal old meaning? The *Weltanschauung* is the critic's first consideration, and after that he may properly take up that secondary grasp of the conditions of our being in mental processes, revealed in the structure, march of incidents, suspense, and climaxes, and the beauty or idiosyncrasy of style. It is then literally false that it does not matter what a man says, but only how he says it. What he says is all that matters, for it will not

be great thought without some greatness in the saying. Art for art's sake in literature is then art for life's sake, and the "informing purpose," in so far as that means the vision of our deepest selves, is its first condition.

The Beauty of literature is constituted by its quality as life itself.
 * * * Prose and poetry, drama and novel, have each their own special excellences springing from the respective situations they had, and have, to meet. Yet these but add elements to the one great power they all must have as literature,—the power to give the perfect experience of life in its fullness and vividness, and in its identity with the central meanings of existence,—unity and self-completeness together,—in a form which offers to our mental functions the perfect moment of stimulation and repose.

A JOY FROM LITTLE THINGS

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS.

Copyright, March, 1908, by *The Atlantic Monthly Company*.

To press a joy from little things,—
 From feet that fall in time,
 From daylong silent fashionings
 Of some heart-hidden rhyme,—

From shapes of leaves and clouds and snow,
 From others' brighter eyes,
 From thinking, "I am dull, I know,
 But some are glad and wise,"—

From love remembered, though too dim
 For laughter or for tears,
 One fragile flame, so pale and slim,
 To gleam on grayer years,—

That is one way of Joy, I know.
 Yet I desire, desire,
 To go the way a god might go
 Through Love, and Life, and Fire!

LET US TALK OF MANY THINGS

Among the many welcome letters received by the editors, the pleasure of the one which follows should be shared by others beside the members of the board:

LET US TALK

"My best congratulations to you and the rest of the editors on the great

success of *THE SMITH ALUMNAE QUARTERLY*. I didn't know it was going to be so nice. After I had read it I felt as though, walking down a dull street, I had suddenly seen an attractive house with President Seelye's face at the front window, and at the door, holding out a cordial hand, that "prince of good fellows," Ellen Emerson. And once inside, what a company! It was almost as good as a reunion itself. I found myself reading carefully under the *Alumnae Notes* about girls I didn't know marrying men I had never heard of, my interest had so carried me over into the final pages.

Indeed, I think you will find as you go on that you have builded far better than you knew when you started the enterprise. I believe that the *QUARTERLY* will prove a most effective means of reaching the members of the alumnae who are getting out of touch with the College through living in out-of-the-way places, and that it will build up the association. . . .

The letters are welcome, but equally welcome would be voluntary contributions for this department. We have evidence from the subscription list that a good many members are here in the club room, sitting around and wearing, for the most part, a pleasant expression, but not a whisper is to be heard. One might almost suppose that she had strayed by mistake into the club library,

where all comers are admonished sternly in black and white to keep "Silence in this Room."

In this number you will hear six members speak,—but only because they have been spoken to! Half of them make accusations which it would be well, perhaps, for some of the suspected to answer. Who knows but that even a class secretary may at some time have refused to do a stunt or to pay her dues, or that an entertainment committeeman and a treasurer hold dark secrets in a neutral reserve.

At all events, we are past that age when it is a virtue to be seen and not heard.

THE EDITOR

THE THIRTY- THREE AND A THIRD PER CENT.

I am glad that we are again to eliminate time and space and congregate in our comfortable club room between the august literary alumnae and the sixteen hundred and six undergraduates. I am glad not because I have been bottling up something to say these three months, but because the rest of you are bound to be so very entertaining that I am most eager to put my feet on the fender, light my pipe,—if the rest of you are agreed, and listen to many things.

Now, if that polite introduction has not succeeded in convincing you what an amiable person I really am,—I should never allow any one else to call me that,—I have small hope that the rest of my words will do so, because I am going to scold. It is to be "good-natured scolding," to be sure, but scolding none the less, and let her "whom the shoe fits," etc.

I should say that the shoe would fit about two-thirds of you who have lighted your pipes with me. As for the other third, I say "blessed be they, for they have paid their dues *promptly*." There, the murder is out! And I had meant to be as diplomatic as a minister delivering a missionary sermon thinks he is. I had meant so subtly to suggest your duty to you that you would never realize that you hadn't thought it all out yourselves. However, it is too late and I may as well confess that I am a class treasurer.

"I weep for you," the walrus said, and I thank him for his timely words. I speak from a full heart, if not from a full treasury.

There are other alumnae class treasurers, a never-ending line, that is the awful part of it! For classes come and classes go, and as they go they nonchalantly elect some poor unfortunate to care for the funds. I know,—"I seen 'em when they done it." There are A. C. A. treasurers, and Students' Aid treasurers, and Local Club treasurers, and there is always the Library Fund treasurer. Doubtless there are countless others that I wot not of. It is appalling to think of the sum total of misery that must be borne by this noble band of long-suffering, misunderstood officers. In this impassioned appeal (I hope it is an "impassioned appeal." I have heard of impassioned appeals often and have longed to qualify as the author of one) I think I am safe in saying that I "voice the sentiments" of every treasurer of every organization which the alumnae boast.

Why don't you pay your dues *promptly*, oh ye two-thirds? Haven't you been told ever since you were born that "procrastination is the thief of time," and that you must "never put off until to-morrow what can be done to-day?" Have you, I say in all solemnity, have you forgotten that place which is paved with good intentions? Don't you know that each separate indi-

vidual treasurer delights in shaking out hundreds of dollar bills and checks (pardon the diversion, but we beg of you to add exchange on personal checks,) and in inscribing your name in letters of gold among that blessed third that surely sit and wait for the taxes to fall due?

Let us tell you a few facts about the genus treasurer and the situation in general: 1. We treasurers didn't ask to be elected. No, indeed, we used to have our lucid moments. 2. We do not go off on protracted bats, (that word is a distinct product of the higher education) with your hard-earned shekels. 3. You may *all* be treasurers some day. That threat is sufficiently dire and needs no further comment. 4. We are not mercenary wretches who lie awake nights plotting new duns. We are, on the contrary, intelligent gentlewomen with really nice dispositions, and we want desperately to keep them.

We beseech you to help us. You went to college; before you came out you identified yourselves with any number of one-dollar-a-year projects; you said you'd pay; you cheerfully elected a treasurer, and now you put the bills which those same treasurers meekly, unwillingly, but, withal, bravely, send you, in the remote corner of your desks and say you will pay by-and-by, and you do wish they would stop bothering you.

Fact number five is calculated to encourage you, but is very hard on us. Your logical minds have doubtless figured out long ago that two-thirds and one-third make up the entire alumnae body. If so, you say, does this growing band of treasurers enroll itself among the sheep or the goats? I am an honest woman,—my one qualification for treasurer,—and I must confess that some of us are sheep and some goats. I, myself—well, Mrs. Nellie Sanford Webb, many days ago patiently besought my help in maintaining her really nice disposition and "the time has come," (again the walrus,) for me to practice what I preach.

True, "and so far forth," lovely expression that, but I refuse to end my impassioned appeal by calling myself names. Do, I beseech you, consider the sad estate of the treasurer.

Do give up the notion that that everlasting forty-five per cent. is the only ratio that demands attention. Do, above all, qualify for fame immortal by increasing that blessed thirty-three and a third per cent that pays its dues promptly.

EDITH N. HILL 1903

SOME TRIALS serves me aright, if my memory
OF seldom refused an
"MISS MABEL" invitation of any
 sort as undergraduates and I feel no inclination to act otherwise now when the opportunity to get into touch again with old friends is even more alluring than of yore. The acceptance is, however, rather an abashed one for two reasons: I am obliged to monopolize the floor without chance of interruption, and I have nothing to say which will justify such usurpation of "free speech."

No fervent opinion on a burning subject of the day scorches my tongue to utterance, nor have I views sufficiently advanced and original to make their exposition interesting. Suffrage has, as yet, scarcely stirred a ripple of excitement in this locality, and other matters that are of moment to the busy metropolitan world have created little more than an intelligent interest here, where the homogeneity of the people and the preservation of old tradition and custom, despite the awakening "business sense," dispense with many of the problems that seriously affect the more heterogeneous, shifting, "hustling" centres of American activity.

Yet, dare I mention it, one problem which, woman to woman, is ever of deep and immediate importance, is as pressing here as in other climes,—I may truthfully say, taught by experience both North and South, it is more press-

ing! Our eleven hundred students at Smith boasted very few Southerners among them, as I remember, and unless the additional five hundred which have been endeavoring to fill our vacant places since 1901 are all Dixie girls, the disproportion must still remain a considerable one. This probably accounts for the fact that there can exist among our graduates an appalling ignorance of true conditions as they are to-day in the majority of Southern cities. An instance of this misapprehension was afforded me this summer during a visit North, when one of my old friends remarked:

"It must be fun to keep house in the South, with a dozen darkies to wait on your every wish!"

Capitalized italics could not indicate the deep impression of sublime faith and ignorance which these words made upon my reeling brain. There may have been a time when I entertained that opinion, but I don't care to recall it. My answer was received with incredulity. I said, sadly:

"It is we who do the waiting on their wishes, and lucky the woman who can keep one, not to mention a dozen."

Gone are the mammies of old, gone the delectable darcy of folk-lore, gone with the going of slavery. Let me offer an infallible recipe which, although not fitted for the cook-book, may be stored away with other odds and ends of information. Take one red-hot female abolitionist, season with the assorted trials of housekeeping in a small Southern city, let her stew for a year in efforts at adaptation to the up-to-date darcy, cool for a few weeks in the refrigerator of "odorous comparisons," and you have one firmly-set advocate of the fact that there are, after all, two sides to every question! That the "dark ages" before '65 had their bright side for the housekeeper seems most reasonable, and that such is my belief is just as frankly and disgracefully true as it is that I nearly went to sleep during

Henry James's lecture on Balzac, and that I cannot perceive Mrs. Humphry Ward's claim to superlative distinction.

It has its funny features, this particular servant question, especially when you are regarding it through the big end of the telescope; a perspective is necessary because one's sense of humor is not infrequently napping during the experience itself. Among the many incidents which have enlivened my own troubles, these few which I quote are truly typical and yet they are hardly credible.

A very dusky damsel who was with me for a fortnight was like the rest of her race,—she would have died rather than say, "I don't know how." This swelling pride of freedom was responsible for a few laughs. One day at luncheon, I inquired for a missing omelet, the order for which had been accepted with deceptive submission, and I received this evasive reply:

"'Bout dat omelet—yaas 'em—no. 'tain't jus' ready—b'lieve I done forgot—*where you say I gwine find dat omelet? In de 'frigerator?*"

"Never mind, Patty," I said with the gentleness of despair, "*scramble them!*"

It was the same chip of Africa who, when asked over the telephone whether this was Mrs. Royall's residence, replied, "No, it's her cook."

Another, a very portly woman, whose inclination, I had been warned, was "to take in a dram," interested me in her religious theories by announcing that she supposed I was a Catholic because I burned candles on the table!

A third incumbent, who owned to forty years and, from her stock of information must have possessed a number of years that she had secretly disowned, was a rather delightful person when you didn't much mind whether things were ever finished or not. She had a method all her own of timing herself when trying to cook a Yankee steak, i.e., a rare one. No matter what my occupation or my company, a turbaned head would be thrust in at the

door and an alarmed voice would exclaim:

"Watch out, Miss Mabel! I'm goin' to put on the steak!"

And I never did discover why she called me "Miss Mabel."

Now that I approach the limit of QUARTERLY space and Alumnae patience, it strikes me that I have made no valuable contribution towards the solving of the servant question, North or South, and I can only hope that some other interested individual will do better. It isn't an immediate necessity, I am proud to say, since I am at present the envied possessor of a maid who has been "in the family" for—a year and a half! That is a real record nowadays, so you see upon what days we have fallen in Dixie-land.

Nevertheless, even with the haunting fear that the maid won't come in the morning; even with the sensation of absolute bewilderment in being obliged, when servantless, to rely upon those chance applicants who come to your door "to hire," or upon the possible information of a friend, where no employment agencies or newspaper mediums exist; even with the painful realization that the first-best darkies have gone to glory, the second-best, North, and only the third-best, shiftless, independent, irresponsible, remain to help, or hinder, in the once immaculate Southern households; even with such trials to terrify the transplanted Northerner, still she must sincerely cry, "Dear Dixie!"

NINA ALMIRALL ROYALL 1901

	"Full many a gem
THE BASHFUL	of purest ray
ALUMNA	serene
	The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen	
And waste its fragrance on the desert air."	

Thus, many a year ago, sang the melancholy poet, in sad reflection on the destinies of mankind—mankind, note, for the fate of womankind did not at that hour so perplex and occupy the minds of the great. Yet today it is rarely fitting to discourse on the nature of woman in general, and of the Smith alumnae in particular!

Is it not a depressing moment when we ponder on the changes wrought within us since, in all the joy and zest of youth, we stepped forth from the college portal? Not that all changes are to be deplored, but one may legitimately mourn the vanishing of certain most useful and valuable qualities.

Gone forever is that pliability of mind which made welcome even such a temperamental rôle as front leg of the elephant in a Junior Frolic circus! Had not a Machiavellian committee enthusiastically insisted that certain peculiar talents fitted one above all others, for that place?

Gone forever is that quality of soul which made easy the sacrifice of all one's vanities on the Altar of Mirth.

And gone forever is the stunt—the pure, unadulterated stunt.

It is fortunately true that all these last attributes do assume a semblance of life and animation at the hour of reunion, but that past, they sink with a hollow groan into their long-forgotten graves. The Alumnae Club misses them the most keenly—woe to that ill-fated member whose task it is once again to revive them, for the labors of Hercules were but a puny effort beside hers! Like the tears of Niobe, her ink must never cease to flow, and every post is heavy with news of her defeat. So ingenious are the denials she receives, so varied the forms they assume, that it seems a pity such cleverness should not have been better used!

A peculiar state of mind, which might be termed "morbid self-depreciation," takes possession of certain alumnae known for their originality. They

earnestly assure their unhappy pursuer of their utter lack of even the most microscopic shred of talent! Just why it should be any more harrowing to sacrifice oneself to the popular enjoyment *now*, than in college days, since the audience is still a collegiate one, remains a question for the psychologist.

On that last frenzied day of college we heard much of the dignity inherent in our position as alumnae, yet in a gathering of one's own fellow alumnae could the most demanding say that such dignity had been seriously endangered? Surely it would be better at these moments if a little more of that old time Junior Frolic spirit still prevailed.

By no means is it always a stunt or mirth provoking contribution for which appeal is made. A request for a literary or poetic bit from many of those engaged in such careers, encounters an equally severe defeat. Of course one realizes that the busy and talented alumna has but few moments to devote to the entertainment of her sisters, nor does she always feel that she can spare such time as she has, to expatiate upon her work. Very fortunately, however, there are some among the gifted who most generously and charitably contribute to their store, and to them be heartfelt thanks!

With inky hand, and mournful eye, the despairing, though once courageous, talent-seeker becomes a shadow of her former self, as the day of the "meeting" approaches. Long hours she ponders on the cloak of morbid and impenetrable modesty now enveloping so many who once let their light shine forth in college days.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen," she murmurs. Are not yon lines of Gray a sad dirge chanted on the fate of those who thus blindly refuse to admit the existence of the gifts a generous providence may have bestowed upon them?

EMMA TYLER LEONARD 1905

**SUNRISE
FROM
THE RIGI**

This is not a description of the spectacle. I have not seen it. If I had, nothing could deter me from trying to describe it. How many have seen it, I wonder? So far as I can observe, any comparing of memories of nights on the Rigi amounts to neither more nor less than a comparison of reasons why the sunrise was not seen. Yet Baedeker insists that it has been seen; and for a fact, Sparkplugs and I saw a thousand or so Germans see it. Perhaps Germans are the only ones who do. At any rate, here follows Sparkplugs's and my contribution to what should be a large and interesting body of literature on the subject, Why Americans do not see sunrise from the Rigi.

Sparkplugs and her father and I were hoisted to the Rigi-Kulm Hotel on a June evening, three years ago. So far as I can remember, we were the only tourists on top of the mountain during the peaceful operations of the sunset. There were no clouds to make it spectacular. Very slowly, soberly, even somberly, a globe of sullen red lost first its roundness and then its color in a flat, gray ocean of mist. Except for its incredible distance and the abnormal lateness of the hour, it was probably one of the least interesting settings that the sun has achieved; so that Sparkplugs and I agreed to sleep through its probably dull uprising. That is not the reason, however, why we failed to see it.

At some pinched, wan hour of dawn never ordained for human activity, we awoke to the multitudinous trampling as of an army passing beneath our windows. Sparkplugs raised her head from her pillow. I raised mine. Neither spoke for full five minutes, for the reason that the sound was too incredible even for question. At the end of the five minutes, Sparkplugs rose, still in silence, and made for the win-

dow. And then at last, "For mercy's sake," she whispered, "come!"

Even in the thick gray light of the day's beginning, one could tell by their capes and Alpen-stocks that they were Germans. One could have told it in gross darkness, for the matter of that. The air detonated with *achs* and Teutonic *gr's*. They were as exuberantly conversational, in fact, as though it were three P. M. instead of A. M. They climbed unflinching, firmly, as men—yes, and as women, too—who move to a dauntless purpose. The mountain side swarmed with them. They were actually an army, not only in numbers but in the uniformity of their attire; for all the men wore capes that reached to their knees, and all the women, sweaters. Both men and women were armed with Alpen-stocks. One woman carried a baby besides.

If Sparkplugs and I had been at all infirm of purpose, the night before, concerning the sunrise; if any reservations, conditions, ifs or unlesses had been sneaking behind our decision not to get up at dawn, this spectacle routed them. We wavered no more. Join that solid acre of strenuousness? Not though the sun delayed its rising six hours on our behalf. Not though it had arranged for our favorite color-schemes. Not though it were never to rise again. At least, so we said. And besides, as Sparkplugs mentioned, there would not be standing-room for us on the mountain top. We returned to our beds.

Ten minutes later, Sparkplugs murmured that she was cold; five minutes after that, that she couldn't seem to go to sleep. Was I asleep? And five minutes later, she wondered whether they were serving rations out there. She referred to the sunrise army. Since the fathers of touring German families whom we had met on boats and trains hitherto, had carried sausages in their pockets and served refreshment to their wives and children generously as well

as continuously throughout the day, Sparkplugs had evolved certain theories on the subject. In fact, she has them still. And she thought it might be interesting now to see whether they applied to three-thirty in the morning. And besides, as we were so very wide awake . . .

It is a fact that the mountain top was black with Germans. As we reached the outskirts of the throng, it was evident that the sun was about to emerge from that leadgray mist into which we had seen it sink. And by the way, I should like to mention the rather curious item, that it was rising in almost precisely the spot in which it had set. Sparkplugs disagrees with me on this point; but then, she also admits that her sense of direction was never strong. Well, as we entered the throng, the sun was about to rise. By the time that we had wormed our way through to where we could see the horizon once more, the sunrise had been accomplished, and the Germans were wheeling about to descend. Not, however, before we had seen that they were assorted into groups, and that each group was harangued by a gentleman of a rich and carrying voice. The subject of the harangue was, Sunrise from the Rigi. Some members of the groups listened so fervently that the sun had risen behind their backs before they knew it. Sparkplugs thinks that they never knew it; never knew, at least, that they had not seen it with their mortal eyes. But what of that? The eyes of all shone with the joy of a purpose accomplished. And although the real fun of the Rigi sunrise hardly begins, as we discover, till the sun has been up half an hour, they faced about, the very instant after, and trooped away. To breakfast, no doubt; for, as far as we could observe, Sparkplugs's theory does not apply to three-thirty A. M. And so they must have been very hungry.

Well, well, I hope this does not

sound like a complaint against Germans, even against Germans-who-climb - mountains - in - cohorts - at-dawn. For is not philosophy even with these, asking "Must a game be played for the sake of self?" Verily, if an army of tourists can play their game in a cheerless dawn without even asking the question; if a valiant German mother can climb the Rigi at three of the morning, with a baby as well as an Alpen-stock in hand rejoicing in the feat, I, for one, admit that I find in my heart of hearts not only respect but a thriving envy. Yes, this is simply Sparkplugs's and my explanation of how we happened not to see the sunrise ourselves.

MARION E. RICHARDS 1899

THE PAINFUL What does a class
TRADE OF secretary have to
SECRETARY do, anyway? You
have only the haziest idea when you

finally consent to accept the office. (This accounts for your doing so.) You associate it vaguely with circulars coming at long intervals requesting money, or statistics, or something else which it was extremely inconvenient to furnish just at that moment. There are no constitutions, no by-laws, no codes of any kind defining the duties of a class secretary. Ergo, as no one knows what her duties are, no one can say positively what they are not. Ergo, any person who wishes to reach the *alumnæ* collectively for any purpose, official or otherwise, naturally sees in that convenient printed list of secretaries her own assistants for that purpose made and provided. Any mail may bring you a letter (or perhaps a postal card) beginning, "Will you please communicate with each member of your class and let me know as soon as possible"——

The first time you learn that you, several hundred miles from Northampton, have full charge of the campus assign-

ments for your next reunion, you feel a bit helpless—especially if the information comes to you casually from someone writing for a room; and the feeling does not diminish as the time draws near and the questions from justifiably anxious classmates are always some weeks ahead of their official answers. But this is nothing to your feeling when an important committee inquires, "How much will your class pledge towards"—the present object of *alumnæ* exertion, whatever it is—and seems surprised and pained at your reply that with the next reunion two years off you don't see your way to pledging the class to even a paltry five hundred dollars. Of course most of these demands upon you are perfectly justifiable—but you would give a good deal to know *which*.

So far you see all my complaint is about people outside the class, and sometimes outside the *alumnæ* body altogether. I wish that were all. Don't think I don't sympathize with my late constituents. I was a constituent once myself, and am looking forward gleefully to being one again, and making my successor suffer. But— Let us say you are collecting statistics. (I'm going back to the second person, even if it does suggest a child story in the magazines.) You began with a printed question sheet—didn't get many answers to that—didn't deserve them. Three months later, sent out the most moving circular you could devise, explaining just what was wanted and why: a personal note with most of them, because the path to the waste basket is so short for "printed matter only." One month after the latest date assigned for answers, postal cards—patient, sweet, long-suffering postal cards—a few of them you really felt ought to wile a bird off the bush—to all the nonrespondents. Well, you count the birds still remaining on the bush. Forty-seven! Your own flesh-and-blood personal classmates: it would not matter half so much if they were just forty-seven random names from the directory. But

—So-and-so never failed you before: what is it? Peradventure she has gone on a journey and her family doesn't forward the mail. Perhaps her answer has gone astray. Perhaps there is illness—or some good reason why she can't answer now and doesn't want to be nagged. Or it is against her principles. Or your elaborately jocular note, which you would give anything to take back, has come at the same time as bereavement. Or—can you have offended her? You resolutely put away these thoughts: the chances are she has just forgotten it or put it off, as you sometimes did yourself when you were a private citizen. So you take up your pen for one more appeal, wondering just where class loyalty and boy-on-the-burning-deckness merge into importunity and impertinence.

Is this secretary business nothing but dark side? No doubt this would be a more effective article, with a better chance of piercing hardened consciences, if I left it to appear so. But it would also be a piece of ingratitude to many pleasant memories. When you look back on the delightful personal letters it has brought you by the way, and the heart-warming words of cordiality tucked into corners; on the sense of keeping in touch—more than that, of growing nearer to so many people whom in the hurried college days you barely knew; even on the pride and pleasure with which at class reunion you called girls by their married names and knew which ones to ask after the baby—well, one person at least would not give up the experience for three times the labor and bother.

And still—no, I'm not trying to get some free advertising out of the *QUARTERLY*; but if this *should* happen to meet the eyes of anybody who is keeping some secretary or some harrassed committee waiting with an appeal she has meant all the time to answer, "Oh, wad ye tak' a thought and mend"—especially if it happens to be my committee!

rita creighton smith 1899

**AND THE EVE-
NING AND
THE MORNING
WERE THE
DAY**

"How *can* you stand commuting?" they ask me; they who pass their days within brick walls and amid the intolerable noise, the heedless, increasing hurry of city streets; they who go below that hurry and that noise to a more relentless uproar, a more heedless speeding; these ask me, "How *can* you stand commuting?" And in the question is a half-pitying, half-aborrent tone that there is no escaping. "Oh, well," and my smile at least is undaunted. "There are a few advantages in it. Though the joys of a commuter are few, they do exist."

Still, I don't enumerate, in most cases; for, what's the use? They will not understand, these city-bound folk. Besides, in my strictly truthful moments I have to confess commuting rather a failure as a manner of living. This once, however, I mean to give those joys their due, when those can escape who will.

My windows face south and east, with a good part of the western sky thrown in, so to say; and I sleep on the third floor of the house. (No, this is not another "Passing of the Third Floor Back"!) *I sleep*, I say, for truly that is all that room of mine could say of me: morning and evening are ours together; for the rest of the day the city engulfs me. But there *is* morning and there is evening; and therein lies the compensation.

Do you know what it means to look abroad from a third floor back window, south over the tops of trees, and east into an October sky, when "morning's at seven"—or, more strictly, six-thirty? In the city at such an hour, if you should chance to wake, the glaring brick wall of the house opposite meets your eye, and you blink and turn over and sleepily wish you had drawn the shade lower last night. But my room at that "ungodly" hour is

flooded with light—the fragrant light of early morning in the country, no city's brick-reflected glare, if you please. Outside the window a brave robin or a belated meadow-lark essays something less than a song, yet precious for its rarity; and one day of days I caught the almost full call of a white-throat: "Peabody! Pea—Pea—" but it was no use; Peabody had gone south at least a week ago.

In those October days, morning after morning, one awakes to a golden world; not only are the tree tops, clear to the amethyst hill, one still sea of gold, but the very air is a golden gauze, or rather a gleaming, sparkling Rhenish wine, which thrills your blood with the pure joy of living while you drink deep of it. Even as you look the magic first rays of the sun touch the dull gold of the trees and the splendor of them fills and dazzles your spirit. Thus you go forth to meet the day and its work.

How perfectly willing we are to lose sleep at the first end of our sleeping-time to look, perhaps, at a dance, to listen to an orchestra, to watch some mimic show of life, but to give up *even* the smallest amount of our morning slumber to witness the heavenly glory of the sunrise, to hear the chorus of the birds and the song of the incoming day—oh, that indeed were monstrous and not to be thought of!

Charles Lamb once declared himself "no longer ambitious of being the sun's courtier, to attend at his morning levees." He considered "the good hours of the dawn too sacred to waste them upon such observances; which have in them, besides, something Pagan and Persic." I never have found it easy to differ with the gentle Lamb; but here I deny him. "Pagan and Persic," truly; but are we not all sun-worshippers, after all? Do we not all—even that royally Christian spirit, Sidney Lanier—cry: "Good morrow, Lord Sun!" For my own part, I unwittingly exclaim at sight of the glory spread before me: "Well, that was

worth getting up early for!"—in itself a concession and a confession!

Suppose it might be granted you ever to have stepped into the work-room of Praxiteles or of Michael Angelo, to glimpse the master in the actual moment of creation; to see arising from the blank marble the noble face of the sun god, or the youthful splendor of the young David; to bow before the wonder and the mystery that surround the beginning of some majestically great handiwork, and conceive of its infinite possibilities. And suppose you were told that the master's doors must be closed by seven in the morning. Would you say, "Oh, thank you, but I couldn't possibly do it *then*; it's so frightfully early, you know"? No? But what of the day's beginning?

To be sure, in the city your day comes to you ready-made, as it were. One hour it is night, the next it is day; and there you are. And to return to our Lamb, "Why should we get up?" Why, indeed?—So, as a commuter, I claim the advantage of you there.

But the evening and the morning were the day, when the world was created; and still there is evening and there is morning. Full daylight was not given us merely that we might not strain our eyes, but to alleviate the curse for mankind. It is easy to turn to one's work from the commonplace of full day; but the dawn and the evening are for worship and rest. Does the dweller in the unresting city ever gain real repose, in that twilight time between his work and his dinner? His

body, perhaps, and possibly his mind, relieved from the toil of the day; but his spirit?—For the spirit's rest is worship.

Often I take the mile-walk from the railroad station to the house. The late autumn air is clear and cool, refreshing, but not too stimulating. The western sky is still aglow behind the trees and in the beryl above the rose-pink—lo, the evening star! Having greeted it, I look toward the east, and there—is Mars, in his fiery glory. They say, those learned astronomers, that Mars has never in our lifetime been so near the earth. Therefore they exult in their ability to see in it—or on it—many things that Horatio, for instance, never dreamed of in his philosophy. It's little I care for their canals or their cataclysms; but there are other sights because of that glorious nearness, other charms in that rare intimacy, of which Horatio and I—and you, too, would you but quit your city at this enchanted hour—could tell the astronomers.

Yes, I know; even to the commuter all mornings are not rose-colored nor are all evenings starlit. One sometimes wakes to bleak gray skies, to dreary drenching rains, or to driving snows. And then? Well, you'll admit that a storm is at least a real storm in the country, and but a wretched make-believe in city streets. However, it is not of the stormy days that I set out to speak, but only of the joys of a commuter's life, which, rare though they may be, are still—rare.

LUCY LEFFINGWELL CABLE 1898

NORTHAMPTON NEWS

Autumn of 1909

The first of the semester's lectures offered by the various departmental clubs was given by Prof. L. B. Paton, of the Hartford Theological Seminary, at the open meeting of the Oriental Society on October 20. Professor Paton's subject was "Palestine in the Light of the Most Recent Research." On October 29 Prof. Thomas C. Trueblood, professor of oratory in the University of Michigan, read *Ingomar the Barbarian*, under the auspices of the Voice Club. Miss Mary W. Calkins, B. A., 1885, M. A., Litt. D., professor of psychology at Wellesley College, gave an address on the work of the Consumers' League November 17. The Colloquium Society had for its lecturer on December 10 Prof. Edwin J. Bartlett, of Dartmouth College, who spoke on alchemy. Prof. Charles M. Bakewell, of the department of philosophy and psychology at Yale, addressed the open meeting of the Philosophical Society December 13 on "Plato and Immortality." Mrs. Thayer, president of the College Settlements Association, spoke before the College branch November 29.

Through the kindness of Professor Gardiner, six lectures on "The Permanent Contributions of Greek Speculation" have been delivered by Prof. Charles M. Bakewell, of Yale University, in connection with the course in the History of Philosophy conducted in Professor Gardiner's absence by Dr. Frances H. Rousmaniere. The subjects have been "The Significance of Philosophy," "Heraclitus and the Eclectics," "The Sophists and Socrates," with two mornings devoted to Plato and one to Aristotle.

By a similar arrangement of Professor Gardiner, Prof. Josiah Royce, of Harvard University, will give six lectures at the opening of the second semester on "The Introduction to Modern Philosophy," to be followed later in the term by four lectures on "The Problems of Modern Philosophy."

Miss Mary E. Williams, of Boston, has been appointed instructor in music to succeed Miss Gertrude Damon, who resigned December 1 to be married December 15 to Mr. John V. Fothergill, of Hartford, Conn. Miss Williams is a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music, where she has taught for six years.

Miss Agnes Clancy 1908, of Becket Mass., has been appointed reader in philosophy.

Tei Ninomiya, of Tokio, Japan, a member of the senior class, spoke at the Boston College Club November 27 on the "Status of Woman in Japan."

The student council and the faculty conference committee have voted for the future to postpone the elections for officers for the entering class until after Thanksgiving, the class to be organized by the council.

By order of the council the practice of "saving seats" at chapel, classes, or any other college exercise, has been abolished. It has been subject to so much abuse that for some time it has been restricted as to the number of seats and the length of time they might be reserved, and now it has been thought wise to do away with it altogether.

A reception was held for the ladies of the Japanese Embassy on October 26.

The ladies came from Springfield and remained only a few moments, as the news of the assassination of their countryman had just reached the embassy.

A reception was given to Dr. and Mrs. Burton by the faculty November 6. Dr. Burton delivered a sermon at the First Church the next morning, and spoke at the College vesper service in the afternoon. He made Northampton his headquarters for the following week while he was attending Founders' Day at Mount Holyoke and meeting the Smith alumnae at Fitchburg and Boston. He sailed for Europe December 4, to return some time during the early summer, after Commencement.

The Thanksgiving recess began with the close of the recitations and gymnastic exercises on Tuesday, November 23, and work was resumed Saturday morning November 27. This longer recess was adopted with success last year for the first time. The regular schedule for Friday, including the classes for Friday afternoon and evening, was transferred to Saturday, and only the most imperative excuses were accepted for absence before and after the recess.

The second of the concert course was given by Sergei Rachmaninoff, the Russian pianist, November 4. The College had the distinction of hearing his first concert in America. The programme consisted entirely of his original compositions, including a sonata in D minor, with the "Faust" story for its theme, and his well-known prelude in C sharp minor.

Mr. David Mannes, leading violinist of the New York Symphony Orchestra, and Mrs. Mannes (Clara Damrosch) gave the third concert of the series in Assembly Hall December 15. It was their first appearance before a college audience. Mr. Mannes played a Romanza for the violin, written by Professor Sleeper, and the accompaniment

to Bach's Air on the G string was played by Professor Sleeper on the organ.

A memorial recital to Professor Story was given by the senior members of the music faculty Wednesday evening, October 27. The numbers of the programme were favorites of Professor Story, and the lullaby sung by Mr. Olmsted was taken from *The Savior's Advent*, a cantata of Professor Story's own writing. During the evening Professor Sleeper spoke briefly of Professor Story's long life of service as a teacher of music at Smith.

According to the statistics of the new catalogue, there are now 1,635 students in College. The entering class numbers 502 (32 more than 1912 last year), the second class 387 (2 more than 1911 last year), the junior class 366 (15 less than 1910 last year), and the senior class 372 (49 more than 1909 last year). There are eight graduate students, one more than last year. The total gain over last year is 69. In the present junior and senior classes there are 6 students with bachelor's degrees from other colleges. The senior class entered with 469; 7 of these have graduated, 15 have dropped back into other classes, 112 have left college, and 37 new members have been added to the class since its first year.

The faculty numbers 124; of these 30 are men and 48 are graduates of Smith.

By a vote of the Trustees on November 19, the price of tuition was raised from \$100 to \$150. Any student now in College will be charged only \$100 for the rest of her course. The reason for the change is that the cost for furnishing an education has increased materially in the last fifteen years. Almost all the other colleges have been obliged to raise their tuition to meet the necessities of the case. Vassar has increased her tuition to \$150. Wellesley charges \$175, Mount Holyoke \$150, and Bryn Mawr \$200.

Work on the new chapel is being pushed forward as rapidly as possible, and from all indications it will be ready for use at Commencement 1910. The class of 1900 is raising a fund for a four-manual organ. The present organ in Assembly Hall will be used in connection with courses in the Department of Music.

It was with a great deal of pleasure that President Seelye's friends learned that Northampton is not to be deprived of the privilege of his presence after his active duties at the college have ceased. He is building a home on Round Hill, not far from Elm Street, where he has most graciously said the Smith alumnae will be always welcome.

The senior class is to present *A Winter's Tale* for its Commencement dramatics, under the management of Miss Peck, Mr. Young, and the following committee: Chairman, Margaret Miller; Business Manager, Frederica Buckley; Costume Chairman, Pearl LeVeque; Scenery Chairman, Mary Steen; Music Chairman, Mabel Havens; Stage Manager, Fanny Hazen; Advisory Member, Helen Bates. The play was given the first time as senior dramatics by the class of 1899.

The Baccalaureate service will be held in the auditorium of the new chapel, and for the first time no hats will be worn by the seniors. A movement has also arisen in favor of simpler gowns for Commencement week.

Boyden's Restaurant has been moved to the opposite side of Main Street, on the corner of Crafts Avenue, across from the City Hall. The salesroom and a small dining-room occupy the first floor, the main dining-room the second floor, and a banqueting-room the third floor. A large illuminated electric "Boyden's" on the building flashes its welcome up Main Street to the campus.

Lucia B. Johnson 1906, of Taunton, Mass., has been appointed secretary of the Faculty Committee on Recommendations, to take up her work January 1. Emma P. Hirth 1905, who held the position last year, resigned during the summer.

The public discussions which are being held this year at college are the outgrowth of a long-felt need of having some form of meeting in which the entire college, faculty and students alike, might participate for the dissemination of information and the development of interest in topics of current importance. These discussions are based on no definite organization. At each meeting a temporary chairman is elected for the succeeding meeting and a subject is decided upon. The subjects of the two meetings which have so far been held are "Amusement a National Necessity" and "Cultural vs. Vocational Education in Colleges." So far the discussions have been of general interest and have elicited a cordial and ready response from faculty and students.

The new scheme for the Students' Building plays, inaugurated with so much success last year, has been continued. It will be remembered that the old arrangement, according to which four campus houses a year gave the plays, had obvious disadvantages in that the opportunity of trying for parts was limited to a small number, the burden of the work of production fell on a few, and only the campus house girls were concerned in the privileges of taking part and inviting guests.

By the new method the three upper classes are divided alphabetically into four groups of 250 girls each: (A) "Cap and Bells," (B) "Soc and Buskin," (C) "The Players," (D) "The Mummers." Each division presents a play during the year, in the order of presentation decided on by lot. The first meeting of a group is presided over by a senior councillor. A preliminary

chairman is elected, who, with the aid of a committee appointed by her, chooses a play. The division then elects a president, a secretary and a treasurer. The president appoints four seniors as a committee for the trials, she herself serving on this committee. The secretary acts as business manager and appoints the committees under her. The treasurer has charge of the finances, the money being received in dues. Each girl has one ticket beside her own for the play given by her division and she may also attend the dress rehearsal. This year the members of the first class are admitted to the dress rehearsal of their alphabetic division. One-fourth of the total number of the faculty is invited to each play. Last year three plays, *A Royal Family*, *Quality Street*, *The Lady of Lyons*, and an original comic opera, *O My Land*, were presented. *Captain Jinks* and *Our Mutual Friend* have been given this year. The joint Alpha-Phi Kappa Psi play is now omitted, and more members of the societies with their experience from the small plays given at the regular meetings take part in the division plays.

The initiation of the scheme was attended with amused interest. Skeptics prophesied that it would be impossible to secure "team work," that a Johnson would not necessarily have any unity of spirit with a Jones. To quote from a verse in the *Monthly*:

"A Rose by any other name
Might do a lot of things,
But she couldn't help Division C
In dances, plays or sings!"

The dramatic ability has been found to be spread very evenly over the alphabet, however, and the results have proved most successful. The work of presentation has been lessened, the social privileges have been extended to all the college, and the quality of acting has been much improved, since opportunity for displaying ability has been given to every person with dramatic talent.

Once in every student generation, that is to say, once in every four years, the Student Volunteer Movement holds a convention to which delegates are sent from the principal institutions of learning in the United States and Canada. Although this convention is held under the auspices of the Student Volunteer Movement, a large majority of the delegates are not volunteers. The purpose of this great missionary convention may be summed up under two heads: first, to increase the interest in "the missionary enterprise" among the students of this country and Canada; and, second, to bring home to them the realization that they are all working together to accomplish a single great object.

This convention is to be held this year in Rochester, N. Y. More than seven hundred institutions are expected to send delegates. On the basis of representation adopted, Smith is allowed ten student delegates besides a member of the faculty. These delegates are Professor Wood; Ruth Perkins, Gladys Inglehart, Henrietta Sperry, and Florence Ward from the class of 1910; Elizabeth Wilber and Mabel Ward from the class of 1911; Esther Cook, Gifford Clark, and Elsa Will from the class of 1912; and Nellie Oiesen from the class of 1913. Some of these delegates are to stay with their friends in Rochester, the others are to be entertained at the homes of members of the Rochester Smith Club.

The Christmas sale of the Students' Exchange was held on Wednesday afternoon, December 8, in the Students' Building. This year the whole lower floor of the Students' Building was used, and thus the large crowd that always attends the sale was more easily handled than when only two rooms were used, as heretofore, for all the articles exhibited. All the agencies were to be found in the reading rooms, and an interesting collection of various kinds of workmanship was presented

there. As usual, the "lost and found" articles, presided over by cool-headed members of the Exchange Committee, were the great center of attraction, and more than half an hour before the doors were open the girls had lined up, waiting impatiently for a chance to buy for a song the things which had been unclaimed the past year. The Exchange netted about \$40 from the lost and found articles, and this money is used during the year in various ways to assist the girls who are working their way through college. Fifty-eight girls put either candy or fancy articles into the fair or had agencies, and they took in altogether over \$400. Those who had the fair in charge feel that it was a most successful one, and that a great part of the success is due to the efficient work of the committee and their assistants.

Delia Dickson Leavens 1901 sailed October 20 from San Francisco to take up her work in Tung Chou, China, as the Smith College Missionary. Prior to her commission, Delia Leavens spent a week at the College, meeting the girls, getting in touch with the life there, and explaining the work she was planning to do. In consequence of her visit, the students feel a much keener interest in missions, as has been shown in the large numbers in the mission study classes, and in the generous way in which they gave money for her support on the foreign field. Letters have already been received from her, posted en route, and it is expected that she will reach her destination about Christmas time, and be ready to begin her work with the new year.

The musical clubs gave their annual Christmas concert in Assembly Hall Saturday afternoon, December 18. The instrumental clubs were combined last year under the name of the Mandolin-Banjo Club. The banjos have a separate leader and manager, rehearse by

themselves, play at concerts alone and with the mandolins, and are under the general direction of the leader of the combined clubs. The leader of the Glee Club for 1909-10 is Carrie Della Wright, of Colchester, Vt.; of the Mandolin-Banjo Club, Portia Mansfield Swett, of Ashland, O.; of the banjos, Ida Bourne Andrus, of Yonkers, N. Y.

Robert Woods

Last June those of us who are familiar with the Commencement processions of Smith College noticed the absence of Mr. Robert Woods. This was so unusual that many inquiries were made and we were told he was not well. Ten days later came the word that the world held one less friend for us.

Mr. Woods lived his life in almost the same community in which he was born. This had compensations in the fact that the ties with those about him were strong, yet it intensified the traits of older New England men—their shyness and their reserve.

Of his life as minister in Hatfield there is much that is helpful to remember. His long service of thirty-two years came at a time when this old New England town was invaded by the foreign element. To Mr. Woods's kindly personality and broad interest are due the high standards which Hatfield still maintains, while she assimilates the new people, and many tears were shed for him by these aliens, whose children he knew by name. He rejoiced when the Roman Catholics were able to build a church for their followers and welcomed every means for the upbuilding of his home town.

A graduate of Amherst, he was an overseer of the charitable fund of the college and in recognition of this work the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him. His life of untiring activity for others found expression through local town offices—in the library, the academy, the village improvement society, and Dickinson hos-

pital; his broader, national interests made him a presidential elector in 1904.

The alumnae of Smith knew Mr. Woods as a trustee of their college. His appointment in 1877 was a tactful recognition that the college was indebted to the community in which Sophia Smith lived and where she accumulated her fortune. Failure to locate the college in Hatfield caused great bitterness towards its founders; to Mr. Woods's genial and appreciative spirit must have come many opportunities to make for peace. As trustee he was on various committees, one of which—that of the Art Gallery—he encouraged by a gift of a valuable painting in the days when women's colleges had hardly justified their existence. At one time he was secretary of the Board of Trustees and he served on the committees for the Students' Building and the Assembly Hall. Perhaps his last effort for

the college was to act as chairman of the committee to select our new president.

His was a happy life of constant and efficient labor for others. As a friend said of him: "He never willingly said a word that could hurt any one." We cannot better close this brief appreciation of his open-mindedness and hopefulness than by quoting his own words: "I have no fears about the future, notwithstanding all the changes. The new will transcend the old in sign and token manifold, and my heart doesn't sigh for olden time and holier store, for God's love and God's blessing are now and here and everywhere. So we will go courageously into the future, taking with us faith and hope and charity."

So rest you, gentle Friend, while the alumnae of Smith College honor your name and your memory.

JUSTINA ROBINSON HILL

THE ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION

JANUARY MEETINGS

The Committee of Five of the Alumnae Council will meet at Northampton January 12-14, and the Executive Committee of the Alumnae Association will meet on the evening of the 14th and on the 15th. The Council Committee this year is made up of the three regularly on the council by virtue of their offices under the association, Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence Clark 1883, the president, Miss Ellen Tucker Emerson 1901, the secretary, and Mrs. Ruth Bowles Baldwin 1887, alumna trustee, and two delegates at large, chosen by the president of the Alumnae Association, Mrs. Mabel Walton Wanamaker 1894, of Philadelphia, and Miss Leona M. Peirce, 1886, of Springfield, repre-

senting the Western Massachusetts branch. The Executive Committee this year is made up of the president of the association, Mrs. Clarke, the first and second vice-presidents, Mrs. Silas R. Mills 1882, and Miss Anne Safford 1892, the secretary, Miss Emerson, and the treasurer, Miss Ethel Hale Freeman 1902.

THE LOCAL CLUBS

The journey of Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke 1883, the president of the Alumnae Association, to Cincinnati in October was the occasion of a number of Smith meetings in the Middle West. Mrs. Clarke went to Cincinnati in the capacity of secretary-treasurer of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, to

which office she was re-elected at the annual meeting in October. Miss Laura Drake Gill 1881, was re-elected president of the A. C. A. at the same meeting. Mrs. Clarke spoke at a meeting of the Smith Club of Cleveland, held at the home of Jean Backus 1904, on October 21, about thirty alumnae being present. Two days later, in Columbus, she met the eleven alumnae of that city, who hoped to organize a Smith Club during the Christmas vacation. At a large meeting of the Cincinnati Smith Club on November 1, Mrs. Clarke and Miss Gill were present, Miss Gill speaking on the trustee side of college matters and Mrs. Clarke on the alumnae side. In Indianapolis the next day there was given a Smith luncheon attended by seventeen of the local alumnae. A club was organized and these officers were elected: President, Mrs. Frederick Murray Ayres (Alma Hoegh 1900); secretary, Miss Dora Bosart 1908; treasurer, Miss Grace Christian 1908. At the luncheon Mrs. Clarke spoke. An adjourned meeting was held in the evening to complete the business side of organizing. A Smith luncheon in Buffalo, planned for November 4, was given up, but the thirty alumnae in the city, like those in Columbus, plan to organize during the Christmas vacation. Mrs. Donald Dey, of Syracuse, president of the Central New York Smith Club, on November 5 gave an informal reception for Mrs. Clarke, which was attended by many of the Smith women of the city.

The annual luncheon of the Worcester Smith Club on November 20 was presided over by Mrs. Anne Barrows Seelye. President Seelye spoke about the new buildings at the college and general financial matters. Mrs. Clarke spoke on the ways in which a local club can help the college by keeping in touch with it and being able to inform prospective students as to cost of living in campus houses and off-campus, possibilities of scholarships, students' aid, and so

forth. Later, Miss Witherspoon, who is at the head of the Associated Charities of Worcester, spoke of her work.

At a meeting of the New York Smith Club, held on October 30, Mrs. Vera Scott Cushman reported on the June meeting of the Alumnae Council; Mrs. Florence Lord King on the Alumnae Association meeting, and Miss Ruth Phelps on Commencement in general. Mrs. Ruth Bowles Baldwin spoke on the new social regulations at college. At the meeting held December 4, Dr. Luther Halsey Gulick spoke on "The Recreation of the City."

The Washington Smith Club has held no meetings this fall.

The Smith College Club of Rhode Island held its annual meeting in October, at which time the following officers were elected: President, Miss Ruth B. Franklin 1885, of Newport; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Laura Sawin Tilley 1891; chairman of Executive Committee, Miss Marjorie Comstock 1907.

The club combined business and pleasure at the November meeting, which was held at the home of Miss Fairchild 1898. The nominations for alumnae trustee were voted, and then plans for the winter were discussed "over the teacups."

The annual meeting of the Western Massachusetts Alumnae Association was held October 30, 1909, with luncheon at Boyden's. President Seelye and Mrs. Seelye were guests at luncheon and the Glee Club sang. To the roll call by classes nearly every class could respond. At the business meeting the association voted to present a charging desk to the new library.

The Franklin County Smith College Club will hold its first meeting of the winter on New Year's Day. President Seelye and some of the faculty are to be present and the club is looking forward to a most enjoyable and interesting meeting. The officers of the club for this year are: President, Dr. Clara Greenough 1894; vice-president, Mrs.

Julia Merriman 1897; treasurer and recording secretary, Miss Caroline Hamilton 1895; corresponding secretary, Miss Ethel Felton 1907.

The officers of the Rochester Smith College Club for the current year are: President, Mrs. Rush Rees (Harriet Seelye 1887); vice-president, Miss Lois Hollister 1905; secretary and treasurer, Miss Fannie Furman 1906. On November 4 the club presented Miss Beatrice Herford in her monologues and realized \$126. It has not yet been decided for what purpose this money will be used. On Tuesday, December 28, the club will hold a social meeting, at which President Seelye will be the guest of honor.

The Officers of the Smith Club of Southern California for 1909-10 are as follows: President, Miss Louise Barber 1899; vice-president, Mrs. Anna Wyman Beardsley ex-1900; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Jessamine Rockwell Norton, art student.

The Boston Association of Smith College Alumnae has held two meetings during the fall of 1909. The October meeting took the form of a reception to the class of 1909. Mrs. Matilda Wilder Brooks 1891, the president, and Miss Pamela Adams 1900, vice-president, received. At the business meeting preceding the reception, Miss Mary B. Lewis 1901, and Mrs. Katherine Haven Upton 1892, were elected councillors. Eighteen new members joined the club. For the November meeting the association was fortunate enough to secure Dr. Burton as lecturer. His subject was "The Relation of Education and Religion." He spoke of the existing chasm between the two and the means of bridging it. After the address the members of the association had the pleasure of meeting Dr. and Mrs. Burton.

The Colorado Smith Club is holding bi-monthly meetings this year. Miss Edna Collins 1901 is the president, and Miss Mary Rathvon 1907 the secretary-treasurer.

C. S. A. JOINT FELLOWSHIP 1908-9

It has become more and more evident that settlement work demands a definite training, that a college graduate is not fitted merely because she has a college education to enter the field of settlement work—or other social work—and hold a position of responsibility. Also it is true that there are a great many girls who would like to enter it and who would be very valuable as social workers, but for financial reasons are not able to volunteer their services while they acquire the necessary training and experience. Last year, therefore, it was voted that the joint fellowships of the College Settlements Association and the collegiate alumnae, which have been devoted in years before to purposes of social investigation, should be used for the training of their holders in general settlement work.

My year's work was done at Denison House, the Boston College Settlement, under the supervision of the headworker, Miss Dudley, with monthly reports to Miss Eleanor Johnson, chairman of the Committee on Fellowships. The general scheme of work as planned by Miss Dudley was to divide my time between club work and neighborhood visiting on the one hand, supplemented by some academic instruction in social problems and methods on the other.

My special work was with the boys. Charge of three boys' clubs was my point of attack, one club of metal workers, made up of ten boys from twelve to seventeen years of age; another a dancing class of twenty-six boys sixteen and seventeen years old, and the third a group of little seven- and eight-year-olds who did some animal study and drawing, but principally played games. My work with girls consisted in taking charge of a group of girls eighteen and nineteen years old. The club exists chiefly for social purposes and makes dramatics a side issue. I assisted at the regular meetings of the Syrian

Women's Club, taking charge of the babies who came with their mothers, and developing a miniature kindergarten for them.

In connection with these clubs there was home visiting—an endeavor to know the home and the parents of each boy and girl who attended a club, to make friends with them and get their support and coöperation. In connection with the stamp savings activities of the house, I visited about fifty families a week in the neighborhood, many of whom I knew through my club members.

During the first half of the year I attended a course of lectures at Simmons College, given by Dr. Brackett, head of the School for Social Workers. The course, two hours a week, was on "Social and Philanthropic Problems and Methods." The second part of the course did not seem to fit in so well with my work, so I devoted the time to a course of reading and to visiting various institutions in and about the city.

There is always danger of becoming so wrapped up in settlement routine that one loses sight of the fact that clubs and classes are only a means to an end, valuable in themselves, to be sure, yet not to monopolize all of one's field of view. This is particularly true of those to whom the life is new. And so it seems to me that too much care to guard against this cannot be taken in planning a scheme for training. The earlier one really experiences what the settlement movement stands for, in itself and in connection with other movements, the more valuable one proves as a worker and as a leader. Time and energy must be had to give to outside things, to lectures and conferences, to reading and hearing what men and women are doing in this field and in others akin to it. To be able to do this is as important as the training in the thousand and one points of technique which is, of course, essential.

CLARA MAY WELSH

ALUMNÆ NOTES

1881

Helen Sleeper Pearson's address is 17 Elliott Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa.

1885

Caroline F. Hamilton's address until August 1 will be Lock Box 523, West Hartford, Conn.

1886

Mrs. William B. Closson (Grace Worden Gallaudet) is living at Magnolia, Mass.

1887

The address of Mrs. W. H. Pierce (Antoinette Louise Bancroft) is Columbia Boulevard, Meriden, Conn.

1890

Caroline Louise Dodge's street address has been changed to 244 Fifth Ave., Council Bluffs, Ia.

The address of Mrs. Thomas D. Healy (Mary Lucy Huffman) is 923 First Ave., S., Fort Dodge, Ia.

Mrs. Oswald Speir (Maud Phillips) is at 2731 Dwight Way, Berkeley, Calif.

1891

Cornelia Rogers Trowbridge should be addressed Care James R. Trowbridge, 389 Fifth Ave., New York City.

1892

Mrs. Frederick Bedell (Mary Louise

Crehore) has moved to Cornell Heights, Ithaca, N. Y.

Clara Culver Gilbert's new number is 1243 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

1893

Virginia Leyman expects to spend the winter in Southern California, going by boat to New Orleans and thence by the Southern Pacific. Her sister and aunt accompany her.

1894

Married: Una McMahon to Frank H. Harkness. Address, Stony Island Ave., Chicago, Ill.

1895

Mrs. L. H. Beals (Rose Fairbank) is at Wai, Satora District, India.

The address of Mrs. Bradley M. Davis (Anna Elizabeth Paret) is 1611 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.

Caroline Macomber Fuller's address is care John Crosby, Esq., Security Bank Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. W. M. Golden, Jr. (Elizabeth Lathrop) is at 70 State Street, East Orange, N. J.

Ruth Annette Warren's address is 234 Longmeadow Street, Longmeadow, Mass.

Martha Wilson's new address is 1450 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

1896

Alice Louise Rose is at 615 West 144th Street, New York City.

1897

Catherine Priest Crane's address is 523 West 121st Street, New York City.

Julia Irene Goodrich is Secretary of the Station for Experimental Evolution of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, at Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y. The station is coöperating with the Committee on Eugenics of the American Breeders' Association for the purpose of obtaining records of family characteristics. To facilitate the inquiry, blanks have been prepared calling for data on some thirty-five characteristics in three generations. Volunteers who will undertake to fill out such records are desired. Two copies will be sent to each such collaborator,

one of which may be retained for her own use. A post card application will receive immediate response if addressed to C. B. Davenport, Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, N. Y.

Born to Mrs. C. S. Macfarland (Mary Perley Merrill), on October 8, 1909, a son, James Merrill Macfarland.

Mabel A. Harris was married June 28, 1906, to Mr. Stanwood Merton Rose. Children: Alison Rose, born September 15, 1908; Herbert Harris Rose, born September 28, 1909. Address, Machias, Maine.

Mrs. J. Ross Stevenson (Florence Day) has moved to Baltimore, where Dr. Stevenson is now pastor of the Brown Memorial Presbyterian Church. Her address is 1316 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

Helen B. Kuhn was married on July 31, 1909, to Mr. William Newberry Palmer. Her address is The Arborway, Forest Hills, Mass.

A son, Edward McClung Fleming, was born to Mrs. Daniel J. Fleming (J. Elizabeth Cole) on May 31, 1909, at Lahore, India.

A son, Henry W. Erving, was born to Mrs. William G. Erving (Emma Lootz) on August 29, 1909.

A daughter, Katherine Kelsey, was born to Mrs. Harlan P. Kelsey (Florence Low) on September 12, 1909.

A son, James Kent, was born to Mrs. William W. Cameron, Jr. (Cora M. Kent), on November 3, 1909.

1898

Grace E. Blanchard, who was a Fellow at Smith last year, is now teaching English in the New Rochelle, N. Y., high school.

Ethel Craighead is in Dresden for the winter. Her mail is in care of Martin Dennis, 29 James Street, Newark, N. J.

The new address of Mrs. E. B. Hyde (Catherine A. Farwell) is 47 Main Street, Middletown, Conn.

Susan Haslett Mackay is at 289 Tappan Street, Brookline, Mass.

1899

Miriam Foster Choate's address is 18 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gertrude H. Churchill was married on December 23, 1909, to William A. Whitney, secretary and treasurer of the Lawrence Coöperative Bank of Lawrence, Mass.

Mary Fairbank is returning to America for a stay of some months, after six years of missionary work in India. She will speak at the annual meeting of the Women's Union Missionary Society in New York, January 19. She has announced her engagement to Thomas Aneurin Evans, an engineer living in India.

Eva S. Forté has announced her engagement to Atherton Howe Tucker of New York.

Mary Greenman was married October 12, 1909, to Edward Strong Worcester. Her address is 27 Lincoln Avenue, Norwich, Conn.

Edith Hall receives a semester's leave of absence from Mount Holyoke College in February, and expects to go to Crete to conduct explorations.

Mrs. Nelson K. Moody (Mary Hoag) returns to America permanently with her husband, after three years in Bucharest, Roumania. Address, Titusville, Pa.

Rex Keller has a position this year in the catalogue department of Columbia University Library.

Alice Knox has a private school for little girls in Upper Montclair, N. J.

Born in June, 1909, to Mrs. **Oliver S. Picher** (Emily Stanton) a daughter, Charlotte.

Rita Creighton Smith is spending the winter in New York. Address, 110 Madison Avenue.

Married: Alice Symmes Russell to Alfred Hildreth. Address, 12 Chestnut Street, Winchester, Mass.

Edith E. Rand's new address is 700 West End Avenue, New York City.

Born, November 17, 1909, to Mrs. Guy Monroe Winslow (Clara M. Austin) a daughter, Marjorie.

Elizabeth Steele was married in June, 1909, to Dr. William F. Koelker, Professor of Organic Chemistry at the University of Wisconsin. Address, 625 Mendota Court, Madison, Wis.

Born to Mrs. Maulsby Kimball (Harriet Stockton), a daughter, Emily Nelson, on February 2, 1909. For some months afterward Mrs. Kimball was seriously ill with typhoid fever, but she is now entirely recovered.

1900

Will all those in the class of 1900 who wish rooms (with board) for Commencement please notify A. G. Newell, Morris House, Northampton? Will they also please state their preferences as to campus or "off campus" rooms?

Mina Kerr's address is Bowman Hall, Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa, where she is a member of the faculty. Cornell is a Methodist College. Dr. Kerr was given her Ph.D. degree by the University of Pennsylvania last June.

Born, on November 4, 1909, to Mrs. Joel Foster Selleck, Jr. (Jane Goodsell), a son, Joel Foster Selleck, 3d.

1901

Alice L. Batchelder is Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. at Lowell, Mass., this year. Address, 50 John Street.

Dolly Louise Whittelsey has moved to Mishawaka, Ind. Address care of Rubber Regenerating Company.

A son, Martin Cooper, was born on November 4 to Mrs. Ray S. Hubbard (Anna Herbert Bradford). Address 2106 Washington Street, South Braintree, Mass.

Elizabeth Scribner Brown was married to Hiram Austin Stearns, April 20, 1909. Address, 681 Union Street, Manchester, N. H.

Rebecca Robins Mack has gone to El Paso to live, and "dares anybody to go through or near there without letting her know." Address, The Lucerne, El Paso, Texas.

1902

Margery Ferriss was married on November 6, 1909, to Nathaniel Semple. Address, Normandy, Mo.

Catherine Elizabeth Fogarty's address is 194 Canner Street, New Haven, Conn.

Margaret Holman is teaching in Carleton College, Westfield, Minn.

Born July 23, 1909, to Mrs. Roy Newton Pierson (Margaret Welles) a son, Newton Welles Pierson. Address, 1801 James Avenue, S., Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. T. F. Walsh (Grace Loretta Hurley) is at 466 Colorado Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.

1903

Helen Eva Allen was married on October 30, 1909, to Harry Edward Barlow. Address, Amherst, Mass.

Gertrude Roxana Beecher was married on October 22, 1909, to Charles Francis Park, Jr. Address, Englewood, N. J.

Clara Louise Bradford was married in November to Binnie Morrison. Address, Montclair, N. J.

Alice G. Fessenden is spending the winter with her mother at Fitzwilliam Tavern, Fitzwilliam, N. H.

Born, September 20, 1909, to Mrs. Walter L. Hyde (Edith Allen Drake) a son, George Allen Hyde.

Bertha L. Johnson's address is 2257 Murray Hill Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

Sarah Thorndike Keniston was married on October 20, 1909, to Walter Mack Clark of Peoria, Ill.

Mrs. Frederick Lynch (Maude Barrows Dutton) is at 13 East 124th Street, New York City.

Clara McDowell was married on August 19, 1909, to Glenn Carley, Harvard, 1902. Address, 539 State Street, Sharon, Pa.

Born, November 9, 1909, to Mrs. William J. Newcomb (Maybelle Packard), a daughter, Elizabeth.

Edla Sperry Steele was married on November 24, 1909, to James Graham Chalfant. Address, 5722 Kentucky Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

Isabel Caldwell Wight was married on October 18, 1909, to Frank Kollock Mitchell. Address, 7 Woodlawn Avenue, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

The address of Mrs. Arthur Allen Ward (Alice Bookwalter) has changed to Tellipalai, Ceylon. For two and a half years after their marriage in October, 1906, Mr. Ward was engaged in Y. M. C. A. work in Bangalore, India. For the past six months Mr. and Mrs. Ward have been missionaries under the American Board, and are temporarily stationed at Tellipalai, one of the stations of the Jaffna Mission. A son, Lewis Bookwalter Ward, was born January 5, 1909.

Born, on April 28, 1909, to Mrs. Jesse T. Vineyard (Alta Zens) a son, James Gibson Vineyard.

1904

On November 5, 1909, Mary E. Bent announced her engagement to Robert Smith Conklin of New York City.

Married, December 23, 1909, Emilie Creighton to Albert Trowbridge Gould. Address, The Avon, Avon Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Carolyn M. Goodwin was married on the 28th of September to Lawrence Gibbell Brubaker of Hemet, California. Her permanent address is Eugene, Oregon.

Born, October 20, 1909, a daughter, to Mrs. Lewis Prouty (Olive Higgins).

Mrs. James McCluney (Mabel McKeighan) has changed her address to 179 East Chestnut Street, Chicago, Ill.

Born, September 13, 1909, Virginia Armstrong Oakes, daughter of Mrs. Herbert Oakes (Emma Armstrong).

Born, November 18, 1909, William Hotchkiss Street, son of Mrs. R. E. Street (Margaret Hotchkiss).

Edith vom Baur has announced her engagement to LaRue Van Hook.

1905

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Barnett (Lucy Kurtz) and daughter Nancy are in New York for the winter, at 125 West Ninety-seventh Street.

Mary Paddock Clark has announced her engagement to Samuel Bass Elbert. The engagement of Mary Hastings to

Herbert Edwin Bradley of Chicago has been announced.

Dagmar Louise Megie was married on October 23, 1909, to George William Ross. Address, Boonton, N. J.

Married—Bertha Benson Page to Carl W. Smith. Address, 217 Vaughan Street, Portland, Me.

Edith Roberta Smith's new address is 11603 Kinsman Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. George B. Williams (Lora Wright) is at The Washington Terrace Apartments, 535 Clara Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

1906

Mrs. F. W. Baldwin, Jr. (Louise Ellis), is at Brandon Hall, Beacon Street, Brookline, Mass.

Ella Mosher Dunham was married to Lawrence L. Moore of Redlands, Cal., on December 1, 1909. Address, "The Peppers," Redlands, Cal.

Married—Ethel Maria Gleason to Robert R. McGeorge. Address, 797 Potomac Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

Harriet E. Leitch's home address is 265 Maple Avenue, Edgewood Park, Pa. She is studying at the Albany Library School.

Mrs. J. A. Newlands (Alice Cary) has moved to 80 Pearl Street, Middletown, Conn.

1907

Born, on June 7, 1909, at Seattle, Wash., a daughter, Elisabeth Roberts Colby, to Mrs. William R. Colby, Jr. (Alice Ward Roberts).

Mary Louise Rathvon's address is 1333 Pine Street, Boulder, Col.

1908

Reunion Notice—According to the vote of the Alumnæ Association, all are earnestly requested to be present at Commencement this year. Reunion notices later. You are advised to secure rooms as early as possible; applications may be made through the class secre-

tary, Helen M. Hills, 715 St. Mark's Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Anna Brooks Adams was married on November 6, 1909, to E. Clement Taylor. Address, The Chateau, 9 Temple Street, Springfield, Mass.

Mrs. H. C. Bonney (Harriet Jackson Lytle) is at 28 May Street, Worcester, Mass.

Married—Annie Gertrude Brown to Hazen S. Simpson. Address, The Knoll, Peekskill, N. Y.

Mrs. Elliott R. Corbett (Alta Smith) is at 293 Sixth Street, Portland, Ore.

Mrs. O. F. Cutts (Eugenia Ayer) is at 1421 Thirty-eighth Avenue, Seattle, Wash.

Gladys Locke's address is 49 Garden Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Florence Helen Pattison's new number is 1425 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Eva Alfrieda Price's new address is 536 West 113th Street, New York City.

Helen Gwendolyn Ribbel was married October 20, 1909, to Lieut. John Pullman, Second U. S. Cavalry.

Alice L. Ricker has announced her engagement to Philip L. Thompson of New York City, Dartmouth, 1908.

Vesta Raven Foster was married in October to Harold E. Board. Address, 817 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Ill.

Orlena A. Zabriskie was married on October 23 to Herbert Scoville. Address, care of Mrs. C. Zabriskie, 846 Carroll Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gwendolen R. Wight has announced her engagement to Harold Pierrepont Newton, Yale 1908.

Violet Fraser, ex-1908, has announced her engagement to Daniel R. Scholes of Chicago.

1909

The engagement of Ethel Updike to Joseph Nicholas Magna of Holyoke, Mass., has been announced.

Alumnæ Who Have Visited the College

1907 Marian B. Smith.....Oct. 11-14	1905 Helen B. Dill.....Nov. 11-16
1907 Helen M. Barber.....Oct. 11-14	1907 Sophie E. Wilds.....Nov. 11-13
1906 Marian E. Dodd.....Oct. 9-12	1907 Mason Montgomery....Nov. 11-17
1908 Mary Byers Smith.....Oct. 9-13	Ex-1911 Katharine Keeler.....Nov. 18
1905 Edith deF. Sperry.....Oct. 11-14	1909 Rosamond Underwood....Nov. 16
1909 Elizabeth C. Beardsley.....Oct. 11	1909 Ruth Henley.....Nov. 17
1907 May Irene Miller.....Oct. 11-15	1908 Dorothy Hale Camp.....Nov. 17
1908 Laura H. Pomeroy.....Oct. 13	1887 Ruth S. Baldwin.....Nov. 16-20
1909 Carol Anderson.....Oct. 12-15	1881 Lucia Clapp Noyes.....Nov. 18-20
1909 Mabel Fillmore.....Oct. 12-15	1908 Myrtle Smith.....Nov. 18-20
1909 Edna Stoughton.....Oct. 5-15	1883 Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke, Nov. 18-20
1909 Marion R. Smith.....Oct. 13-18	1908 Elsie Shaw Riker.....Nov. 13-20
1909 Laura K. Darling.....Oct. 13-18	1908 Eleanor H. Riker.....Nov. 13-20
1909 Marjorie Leigh Carr....Oct. 14-18	1904 Katherine McKelvey Owsley, Nov. 19-22
1909 Eloise F. Simons.....Oct. 8-15	1909 Mary P. Parsons.....Nov. 20-22
1905 Helen Abbot Lapham...Oct. 13-15	1909 Elizabeth Wright Murdock, Nov. 20-23
1908 Sadie D. Allen.....Oct. 12-16	1909 Edith Scott.....Nov. 23
1909 Frances M. Wintringham..Oct. 15	1908 Grace M. Butler.....Nov. 20-27
1908 Amy Gallagher.....Oct. 15	1887 Ruth S. Baldwin.....Nov. 26-27
1909 Mabel Eleanor Stone.....Oct. 16	1906 Harriet E. Leitch.....Nov. 24-29
1901 Anne Martin.....Oct. 19	1908 Carrie E. Wiggins.....Nov. 24-28
1908 Helen M. Hills.....Oct. 22	1909 Leah B. Dempsey.....Nov. 25-28
1908 Mabel E. Jones.....Oct. 22	1907 Elizabeth B. Ballard, Nov. 28-Dec. 1
1907 Leonora Bates.....Oct. 22	1907 Virginia Jaffrey Smith..Nov. 29-30
1908 Annie M. Sumner.....Oct. 25-26	1909 Edith Lloyd Honigan....Dec. 2
1905 Helen C. Gross.....Oct. 26	1909 Winifred Kaltenbach....Dec. 4
1909 Mary B. Stevens.....Oct. 28	1909 Idella L. Gribbel.....Dec. 4
1909 Frances O. Stevens.....Oct. 28	1901 Anne L. Forsyth.....Dec. 4
1909 Henrietta Corson Harris..Oct. 30	1909 Pearl Parsons Stevens....Dec. 9
1909 Margaret Jean Alexander..Oct. 30	1883 Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke..Dec. 9
Ex-1911 Doris Duffee.....Oct. 28-31	1886 Mary Adele Allen.....Dec. 11
1900 Bertha S. Stamford..Oct. 29-Nov. 3	1909 Elaine Croston.....Dec. 6
1908 Gretchen Moore.....Nov. 1	1907 Anna Quincy Churchill..Dec. 11-14
1909 Maude E. Jacobs.....Nov. 1	1909 Louise Hewitt French....Dec. 14
1895 Derfla Howes Collins....Nov. 1	1908 Harriet E. Childs.....Dec. 20
1895 Bertha Smith Taylor....Nov. 1	1901 Martha Howey.....Dec. 15
1907 Alice McElroy.....Nov. 1-3	1900 Frances LynchDec. 15
1909 Harriet Webber.....Nov. 1-3	1909 Eleanor S. Upton.....Dec. 15-19
1909 Olive Northrop Fobes....Nov. 1-3	1909 Mary E. Gleason.....Dec. 20
1901 Nellie Fosdick.....Nov. 3-5	1909 Alice F. Merrill.....Dec. 20
1909 Josephine Hill.....Nov. 6	1908 Harriette F. Abbott.....Dec. 20
1907 Edna Lindsay.....Nov. 6	1909 Frances H. Bickford....Dec. 19-21
1898 Elisabeth B. Thacher....Nov. 3-8	1909 Vera L. Bull.....Dec. 13-20
1909 Marcia Reed.....Nov. 6-10	1909 Margaret Hatfield.....Dec. 13
1908 Edna S. Schell.....Nov. 11-12	
1903 Bertha K. Whipple.....Nov. 10-11	
1909 Katharine M. Sewall....Nov. 11-12	
1909 Edith Jarvis.....Nov. 13-15	

NOTICES

Rooms for Commencement, 1910

Campus rooms will, as usual, be assigned only to the classes holding regular five-year reunions, in the order of their graduations: 1880, 1885, 1890, 1895, etc. Applications should be made to the class secretaries.

As a special arrangement for this Commencement a local committee has been formed to assist the general secretary in asking persons who do not usually open their houses to do so this year as a favor to the alumnae. Applications giving full details of accommodations desired should be made at once to the class secretaries.

Senior Dramatics, 1910

Applications should be placed on file at the General Secretary's Office, 184 Elm Street, Northampton. Each Alumna is allowed one ticket, which is non-transferable. Saturday evening is not open to alumnae, and the applications for Friday have overrun the capacity for that evening, so Thursday evening, June 9, is now the only performance for which applications may be entered.

A charge of ten cents for filing applications is made to all non-members of the Alumnae Association. It will be a convenience to the general secretary if this charge is paid on receipt of the notice. The tickets need not be paid for until claimed in Commencement week, from the business manager in Northampton.

A Smith College Calendar

A Smith calendar for 1910, with a white kid cover decorated with the college seal in gold, containing photogravures of President Seelye and views of the campus, has been published by two of the undergraduates. A few of the calendars at \$1.25 each may still be had by addressing Miss Ethel Scaife, 75 West Street, Northampton.

BOOK NOTES

THE QUARTERLY does not publish book reviews, but it acknowledges with appreciation the volumes presented by the authors or publishers. The books thus received during the past quarter are:

THE PROBLEM OF EVIL, a criticism of the Augustinian Point of View, by Marion Le Roy Burton, B. D., Ph. D. (Yale). A detailed and technical criticism of the Augustinian treatment of the doctrine of sin. Includes a bibliography and index. 234 pages, 8vo. Cloth, \$1.25. The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, 1909.

HEAVENLY HERETICS, by Lyman P. Powell, rector of St. John's Church, Northampton. Presentation of Jonathan Edwards, John Wesley, Horace Bushnell, Phillips Brooks, William Ellery Channing, "as they probably appeared in the pulpit to the more discriminating among their own hearers at the time," in the light of contemporary testimony. 139 pages, 8vo, cloth. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1909.

THE COLLEGE CALENDAR

January 8—Meeting of the Alpha Society; Meeting of the Phi Kappa Psi Society.

January 12—The Olive Mead Quartet.

January 15—Open Meeting of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies; Lecture by Professor Burton of the University of Minnesota.

January 17—Mid-Year Examinations begin.

January 25—Mid-Year Examinations end.

January 26—Holiday. Open Meeting of the Clef Club.

January 27—Beginning of the Second Semester.

January 29—Clark House Group Dance; Lawrence House Reception.

February 2—Open Meeting of Current Events Club and the Spectator Lecture by Professor John Spencer Bassett.

February 5—Meeting of the Alpha Society; Meeting of the Phi Kappa Psi Society; Dewey House Reception; Washburn House Reception.

February 7-12—Special Religious Services.

February 13—Day of Prayer for Colleges.

February 16—Vocal Recital by Herr Wüllner.

February 19—French Play given by the French Club.

February 23—Open Meeting of the German Club.

February 26—Meeting of the Alpha Society; meeting of the Phi Kappa Psi Society.

March 5—Junior Frolic.

March 9—Glee Club Concert.

March 12—Dramatics by "The Mummers."

March 16—Concert by the Smith College Orchestra.

March 19—Meeting of the Alpha Society; Meeting of the Phi Kappa Psi Society.

March 23—Spring Vacation begins.

April 7—Spring Term begins.

April 13—Open Meeting of the Biological Society.

April 16—Group Dance; Tyler House Reception.

April 23—Meeting of the Alpha Society; Meeting of the Phi Kappa Psi Society.

April 30—Dramatics by "The Sock and Buskin."

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THE
SMITH ALUMNAE
QUARTERLY

PUBLISHED BY
THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION OF SMITH COLLEGE
APRIL, 1910

CONTENTS

THE SMITH ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

April, 1910

	PAGE
Sophia Smith (<i>Portrait</i>)	Frontispiece
The Beginnings of Smith College.....Dr. John M. Greene.....	100
Nursing as a Profession for College Women.Edna L. Foley, 1901.....	106
Wanderer (<i>Poem</i>)	Mary Almée Goodman, 1896..... 109
The Far Away Princess (<i>Poem</i>).....Alice Morgan Wright, 1904.....	111
BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS—	
Two Weeks in the Night Court.....Maude E. Miner, 1901.....	112
Sidney: Her Senior Year (<i>Extract</i>)....Anna Chapin Ray, 1885.....	120
Bibliography of the Published Works of Smith Alumnae and Non-Gradu- ates	Nina E. Browne, 1882 (<i>Compiler</i>)..... 123
LET US TALK OF MANY THINGS—	
Not to be Lost Sight of.....Anne Barrows Seelye, 1897.....	126
An Old Dutch Town.....Gertrude Dyarter Meulen, 1897.....	127
Another Door	C. T. 129
The Advertisements	Fannie Stearns Davis, 1904..... 130
Ten Years Later	—, 1900 132
The Smith Campus (<i>Map</i>)	
Northampton News	F. H. S., 1904 (<i>Compiler</i>)
Winter Term	135
Dr. Marion Le Roy Burton.....	Dr. John M. Greene..... 140
Faculty Notes	141
Library Notes	141
Press Board	Alice F. Day, 1910..... 142
Departmental Clubs	143
THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION—	
Report of the Committee of Five.....	Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke, <i>Chairman</i> .. 145
Association of Class Secretaries.....	Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke, 1883..... 147
The Local Clubs	148
ALUMNAE NOTES	149
BOOK NOTES	156
NOTICES	156
THE COLLEGE CALENDAR	158

BOARD OF EDITORS

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SOPHIA SMITH

The Smith Alumnae Quarterly

VOL. I.

APRIL, 1910.

No. 3

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THE BEGINNINGS OF SMITH COLLEGE

JOHN M. GREENE

This subject was given to me by the Literary Editor of this magazine. I accept it as a challenge, or perhaps a mandate, to tell the inmost facts about the origin of the largest woman's college in the world. First I would say that Sophia Smith of Hatfield, Massachusetts, founded this college. She was a lineal descendant, in the fifth generation, of Lieut. Samuel Smith, who, with his wife Elizabeth, sailed from England to New England in 1634. He settled in Wethersfield, Connecticut. From that town he removed to Hadley, Massachusetts, in 1659, and there held important offices in the church and state. He was a devoutly religious man and a zealous friend of education. Sophia Smith descended in direct line from a son of that Lieut. Samuel Smith, and Mary Lyon, the founder of Mt. Holyoke College, descended in a direct line from a daughter. Therefore Sophia Smith and Mary Lyon descended from the same stock, and were near relatives, though there is no evidence that they ever saw each other, or knew of their relationship.

Hatfield is a beautiful town on the banks of the Connecticut River, and is just north of Northampton. Sophia Smith was born in Hatfield, and there she lived all her life. Three generations of her ancestors had lived and died there, honored and respected.

Oliver Smith, the founder of the Smith Charities in Northampton, was an uncle of Sophia Smith. He was born, and lived, and died, in Hatfield.

Sophia Smith's brother Austin accumulated the money with which she founded the college. He was unmarried, and resided in Hatfield with his two unmarried sisters, Sophia and Harriet. Those three persons constituted the Smith family when I, at the age of twenty-seven, became the pastor of the church in Hatfield, in 1857. Austin was then sixty-seven years old. He had been deputy-sheriff in Hampshire county. He was a financier, knowing how to use money and make it yield good returns. He died in 1861 and left his large estate, estimated at nearly half a million of dollars, to his sister Sophia. Harriet had died in 1859,

and left her property, amounting to about thirty thousand dollars, to Sophia. Sophia had as much in her own right, and did not desire any more. She was troubled, exceedingly troubled, when she learned that her brother had left his estate to her and she would have the responsibility of its wise use.

He died away from his home, and after only a short illness. He had no opportunity, on his dying bed, to tell his sister how he wanted to have his property used. During his years of health he never had told her of any plans he had in mind for the disposition of it. He had often said he expected to live ten years more, as his uncle Oliver had, and double his fortune, and then he would have some plans for its use.

But death keeps no calendar. It waits for no one to mature his plans. On March 8, 1861, in a New York hotel, Austin Smith's heart stopped beating, and his entire property, saving a small legacy to his brother Joseph, came into Sophia Smith's hands. She spent nearly two months in thinking the problem over. I think she asked no one's advice on the matter, except that of her cousin and near neighbor, Mrs. Morris Billings. The decision in her own mind was that she should go to her pastor and impress him into her service.

So on the afternoon of May 1, 1861, seven weeks after the death of her brother, she came to the parsonage, which was only a few rods from her own house, and rang the door-bell. Being deaf, she could not tell whether or not the bell rang when she pulled the knob. Therefore, to make sure it rang, she did not give a gentle pull, but a furious jerk. My wife answered the bell, and found it was Miss Smith, who wanted to see Mr. Greene alone in his study. Mrs. Greene led her to my study door, and ushered her in. Then she told me how sorry she was that her brother had left his property to her: she did not know what to do with it, and I must help her. But I cannot tell the whole,—how, when I pleaded to be excused, she leaned over and covered her face with her right hand and cried, saying, "I did not want this property, and you must tell me what to do with it"; nor how she urged me to write her will and execute it for her; and with what difficulty I persuaded her to employ Judge Forbes and Deacon Hubbard to do all her legal work. This story would be too long if I told all these things. The result of two or three interviews was that, during the next two months, I drew up two plans for the disposition of her property: one, for a Woman's College in which young women should have an education equal to that given our young men in their colleges; the other, for a Deaf-Mute Institution. Both of these plans were studied up, matured, and written out during the months of May and June, 1861. They were talked over with Miss Smith and explained to her. She inclined strongly to the Woman's College plan, and so did the writer of this article.

But during the two months just past, while I was studying and writing out my plans, I wrote to the presidents of four of our New England colleges,—Harvard, Yale, Amherst and Williams, and to several other prominent educators in New England the following question: Would you at this time advise a friend to give a large sum of money to found in Massachusetts a Woman's College, in which young women would receive an education equal to what is given to our young men in their best colleges?

The answer to that question was not only a positive NO, but those learned and leading men in the educational world uttered a plain word of warning to me, a callow youth, telling me that I was venturing on "dangerous" ground, attempting a "hazardous" thing, "wasting" money which could be put to useful service; and they advised me to go no further with my "wild scheme." Even ex-President Hitchcock, of Amherst College, whom I considered a progressive man, did not favor my plan. He said, "The higher education of women is still an experiment." In 1861, I think, I could not have found in New England, among our prominent educators, fifteen men to serve as trustees in such a Woman's College.

After we had talked the matter over carefully, Miss Smith left it with me to decide which of the two plans, the Woman's College and the Deaf-Mute Institution, she should accept.

A young man does not like to be branded as visionary. I had not found in New England one prominent educator who looked with favor on my plan of a Woman's College. Yet if Miss Smith's funds, in 1861, had been adequate, her will, made at that time, would have founded such a college. But her funds, after extracting what she had decided to give in other directions, were not equal to the needs of launching such an institution. Therefore I advised her, in consideration of both the opposition of educators and the smallness of her estate, to found a Deaf-Mute Institution. We had eight hundred deaf-mutes in our state, but no institution for them. There would be no doubt, in any one's mind, that such a use of her money was wise. The will, giving this endowment, was dated July 2, 1861. And so this will remained, as far as the Deaf-Mute Institution and the Woman's College were concerned, until January, 1868.

During those years (1861-1868) great changes in public sentiment were wrought. The Civil War occurred. Many old notions were outgrown, and many new ones took their places. With the high rates of interest during those years, invested funds increased rapidly. Conditions were very different in 1868 from what they were in 1861.

During the year 1867 John Clark, Esq., of Northampton, offered the state of Massachusetts fifty thousand dollars with which to found

a Deaf-Mute Institution in his town. He came to Hatfield and invited Miss Smith to unite her funds with his in that work. She asked my advice as to what she should do. I advised her not to enter into Mr. Clark's work. The state would espouse that cause, and it would lack nothing. The thing for her to do was to wait with patience. And she did wait.

When the Massachusetts Legislature convened in January, 1868, the Governor, in his message, advised that the state accept Mr. Clark's offer, and add what was needed to make a Deaf-Mute Institution in our commonwealth a reality. As soon as I had read the Governor's message, I made a clipping from it of the part referring to Mr. Clark, and, inclosing with it the following letter, sent it to Miss Smith. Professor William S. Tyler called this letter "the germ of Smith College." The very letter came back to me after Miss Smith's death. It was found in her desk drawer, with her journal and about thirty other letters which I had written her concerning her affairs. The letter is as follows:

"MISS SOPHIA SMITH:

"Hatfield, Mass., January 7, 1868.

"DEAR MADAM:—I am sure you will not attribute to me any but the best of motives in calling your attention to a section in the Governor's message given to our Massachusetts Legislature a few days since. You will find the whole message in your *Hampshire Gazette* of yesterday. I cut out and send you the part to which I refer. It seems to me very plain that the State has adopted and will foster Mr. Clark's Institution for Deaf-Mutes. That is beyond all doubt to be a success. Now it seems to me that posterity will not commend your course if you, in the face of these facts, leave an endowment for a similar institution. On the other hand, one of the finest opportunities ever offered to a person in this world is now offered to you in another enterprise. You may become during all time a benefactress to the race. I refer to the endowment of a Woman's College. The subject of woman's education, of woman's rights and privileges, is to be the next great stage of progress in our State. You can now, by a codicil to your will, appropriate the sum designed for a Deaf-Mute Institution to this object, and have your name attached to the first Woman's College in New England. I remember that such an idea was pleasing to you some years ago. But it then seemed to be an experiment. It is no longer to be so regarded. Somebody will very soon endow in this State a Woman's College. I wish that honor might be yours. It seems to me that I can see the hand of God in prompting Mr. Clark to endow the Institution for Deaf-Mutes, that you might do this nobler and wider-reaching work for the women of New England.

"I will add that I have been urged from two or three sources of late to leave Hatfield and enter into other fields of labor. But if your will make arrangements for the carrying out of such an enterprise, I will engage to remain here, if God spares my life, so long as you live, and do all in my power to give the completest success to your plans. I have given no little time to the study of this subject, and I am sure that God now offers you a golden prize. Hatfield is the place for the college. This beautiful valley is unsurpassed for richness and beauty in the whole world.

"Please allow me to state again that, if I know my own heart, I am looking in this thing to your interest and to the welfare of the church and the race, not to my own gain. I do not want that posterity should say you did an unwise thing, as they most assuredly will, if you now leave an endowment for deaf-mutes in Massachusetts. On the other hand, your name may stand by the side of Harvard, Yale, Dartmouth, Mary Lyon, etc., as conferring upon woman what has so long been denied her: equal opportunities with men for a higher education.

"With great respect, I am very cordially yours,

"JOHN M. GREENE."

About one month after Miss Smith received the above letter she

came to my study, and said that she was persuaded she ought to change her will and give the bulk of her property to found a Woman's College. She requested me to prepare for her a plan for such a college. In compliance with that request, I took the paper which I drew for her in May, 1861, and made a few small changes and additions to it, and, having read and explained it to her, put it into her hands. The identical paper, of eight manuscript pages, I now have. Miss Smith read and re-read it. It bears the marks of much use. It furnished the material, and much of the language, of her will dated July 11, 1868, which founded Smith College. The above letter, as well as the plan mentioned, speaks of locating the college "in Hatfield." My idea was that the site of the college should be the elevated ground a little west of the railroad station in that town. Three hundred acres of land, all of it high and healthful, and a part of it virgin forest, could have been secured for the college. The landscape view, from that point, is extensive and beautiful. A campus to be proud of would have been gained. The college houses would have been near enough the Connecticut River for the purposes of boating and swimming.

Miss Smith's will should have fixed the location simply "in the town of Hatfield," leaving it for the Trustees to determine the particular spot. My plan, from which Deacon Hubbard copied, did so fix it. But when he wrote the will, Deacon Hubbard, instead of quoting my language exactly at that point, made it read, that "the college shall be located on or near the Main Street in Hatfield." That was virtually fixing the site on King's Hill at the upper end of Main Street. So it was then, and is now, understood.

As soon as it was known where the college had been located, immediately work was begun to effect a change of location. A strong effort was made to carry the college across the river, and make it an "annex" to Amherst College. Some desired to "merge" it in Mt. Holyoke Seminary. Some would leave the location wholly with the Trustees, give them full power to decide the town, and the place in the town, where the college should be located.

It was finally decided to fix the location in Northampton. The writer of this article first suggested Northampton as the site for the college; not because he thought that town the best place,—the elevated ground in the western part of Hatfield was that,—but because it was the place upon which, at that juncture of events, the persons responsible for the location could most easily unite.

The will, locating the college in Northampton, was signed by Miss Smith, March 8, 1870, the ninth anniversary of the death of her brother Austin. It was executed April 17, 1870, less than two months before her own death.

Winter Hill, Massachusetts, February 24, 1910.

NURSING AS A PROFESSION FOR COLLEGE WOMEN

EDNA L. FOLEY,

Supervising Nurse in the Chicago Tuberculosis Institute.

After college, what? So many and such various employments are opening their doors to a woman now, that her choice is a large one. She may be anything from a strike-breaker to a learned don, though the first takes a socialistic temperament, and the last many years of study. She may teach or go into a library school, take up domestic science, or enter a settlement. There is no lack of things to do; perhaps that is the reason why nursing as a profession for college graduates has heretofore been overlooked. Not overlooked, but rather looked at askance, as if the work of healing sick bodies and preventing more ill ones was "interesting, oh, very," and endlessly self-sacrificing, but "hardly the work for a college woman."

Why not? A certain Training School Superintendent, a woman of international experience, says that college women are too unwilling to work, too anxious for long vacations, too dreamy and self-centered to be trusted in matters of life and death. Another says that they are "not strong enough." The college girl replies that the work is not interesting, that it is all drudgery, leading to nothing but reddened hands and aching feet. Now who is to be believed? There is a little truth in all of these statements but one, and that is the college girl's mistaken idea that nursing is not interesting. It is the most live, fascinating, complex and vitally interesting work that the world offers to women, and it is a field open only to women. Male nurses are misnomers, save in rare instances, and these serve only as exceptions to prove the rule. It is a work, too, so full of the joy of service that only those who have entered it realize what it means to them. To help save a human life, to assist at the birth of a new-born soul, to make the going out of a tired life easier, to get into close touch with the realities, the mysteries of life, to be able to help rather than to hinder at times like these, is more than sufficient recompense for hours of study and hard work.

And other opportunities in the work of nursing are unlimited. In the last few years, so many different lines have opened to nurses that the supply does not begin to equal the demand. School nursing,

tuberculosis visiting nursing, social service and welfare work, children's nursing, and last, but not least, institutional nursing, all offer excellent positions with generous compensation to nurses. The desire for the "right woman in the right place" is sometimes so great that the nurse may usually arrange her own terms. Especially is this true in children's institutions. The medical profession and the public at large have been slow in recognizing the fact that nurses, as well as teachers, must receive special training, if they are going to care for little children; but now children's institutions and hospital wards are clamoring for supervisors and head nurses who have had this preparation. Every summer floating hospitals, baby tents, municipal milk stations seek nurses who have had special work in infant feeding, to supervise their staffs of paid and volunteer workers, and the work offers wide opportunity for research and social investigation. In fact, so appalling have been the statistics collected by these workers in some of our large cities, that a conference of physicians, nurses and social workers was called at New Haven last November, and delegates came even from Europe to discuss infant mortality, its cause and its prevention. Not a little light was shed on these problems by the nurses who had done much of this investigating during their district work.

All hospitals now offer a broad three years' training to their pupil nurses, and it has been found best for both nurse and patient to give the first six months of this training to preliminary study and practice. Instructors and lecturers for this course are needed, but they must be nurses, for it has been demonstrated very often that nurses must teach nurses. And if these instructors have, besides their general training, a college education, they will be all the better prepared to give this teaching the important place which, in the past, it has sometimes lacked.

Last, but not least to be considered, is the office of the superintendent of a training school. Her position is a peculiar one, and one of great responsibility. She directs personally, or through her assistants, the work of the nurses. She must see that they pass in turn through the various branches of the training,—medical, surgical, orthopædic, etc.; that while they are receiving all that is due them, the patients are getting their share of her attention; that the nurses' home is not neglected, nor the home life of the pupils overlooked. The nurses receive their theoretical and practical training, and sometimes their ethical as well, under her supervision. They spend three busy years in an atmosphere created largely by her influence, and this means everything to a young nurse who enters her work filled with zeal and enthusiasm and high ideals. If the superintendent is

a woman of sound education, broad culture and lofty purpose, nursing ethics is not overlooked, and these three years bear excellent fruit. But if she is a small-minded woman with little previous training other than her hospital experience, the ethics of nursing receives scant consideration from her. The college trained superintendent would not so easily overlook this important instruction, and here again the public would gain, for the superintendent's influence and teaching extend far beyond the hospital walls, and the work of her graduates is her best encomium.

The three years' training required is a wise discipline, for nursing is an exacting and jealous science, not to be learned in a correspondence school, nor by listening to "first aid to the injured" lectures. All of the routine is as necessary to the patient's comfort and welfare as the engineer's vigilance is to the passenger's safety. A woman who undertakes to care for the sick, who accepts the trust imposed upon her by doctors and the public, must be willing to receive orders, to do some difficult things, and other unpleasant ones. But the goal is reached when an apparently hopeless case is "discharged cured," and the joy of the conqueror over an invincible foe is tasted for the first time. The drudgery of nursing is more of a myth than an actuality. Of course there are beds to be made, wards to be dusted and bath-rooms to be cleaned, but a well-made bed is a thing of beauty, and as long as the dust of the hospital-ward and bath-room prove such fertile soil for bacteria of all descriptions, anything so important as dusting and disinfecting cannot be trusted to the ward-maid. There is no royal road to any work that really counts. Teaching, journalism, music, medicine, the arts and the crafts all demand close application if success is to be won. A teacher in a school for delinquent boys, a woman who stands foremost in that work in the Middle West, once told me that she had got up early for a week and cleaned the floor of her school room, because, by some oversight, no one had been provided to do it. The room was a large one, and the floor was white pine, but as she laughingly said, "The superintendent was away, the char-woman fell ill, and all the other servants were much too grand to be asked to do it. But I could not let the boys see that dirty floor daily, and then talk to them about personal cleanliness." Floor-scrubbing was not included in that teacher's training, but the willingness to do it when the emergency arose is one reason why that particular instructor had such marked success in her chosen field.

Besides, just as the child leaves the kindergarten and enters the primary grades, so the nurse leaves this sort of work in her probation and advances to other; but she must realize its importance, and not con-

sider it "infra dig." if she is to be entrusted with the care of human life and the training of younger nurses. The whole secret of the training lies in learning when, how, and why to do things; to do things in a given time, to keep her head in an emergency, to be, in short, a tower of strength in time of trouble. We consider nothing too good for the sick. We call in the best physicians, the most expensive specialists,—and the nurse. The doctors consult, advise, prescribe and leave the house. On the nurse rests a tremendous responsibility; a life, very near and dear to us, is in her hands. Thanks to that very discipline and drudgery, which suddenly seems to have grown so small and petty, she is able to accept the responsibility; to keep the atmosphere of the sick room cool and unruffled; to reassure the family; to placate the cook; and to wheedle the children into playing less noisily. We cease to worry, we forget the bad symptoms of the day before, the nurse has come and all will be well. That is as it should be with our ideal of a nurse. Unfortunately, we sometimes get a different stamp of woman, but who is to blame,—the hospital who accepted her for want of more promising applicants, the superintendent who trained her, or the indifference to the profession of the better educated women, who refuse to enter the work themselves, and so make it necessary to recruit many of our nurses from a certain class of unsocialized women, earnest and sincere, doubtless, but handicapped by their previous training, as well as by their inability to grasp essentials in their hospital course? Our work is what we make it, and to any college woman who enters nursing with the desire to forget herself in ministering to others, the training itself will be full of pleasant surprises, and the possibilities for big constructive work in the future, boundless.

WANDERER

MARY ALMÉE GOODMAN

*A song to-day, to-morrow a deed,
As along my roads I roam,
And perhaps the third, the far third day
At last will lead me home.*

Green to the north and south, and some
With waving mustard fair,
The many little foothills glad
Are round me everywhere.

Cities they say there are beyond,
 But none I ever see;
 Built they must be of misty dreams,
 With splendors not for me.

Inland the heavy mountains rise
 With cañons cool and deep.
 Within those rifts the night winds hush
 A myriad trees to sleep.

At gathering dusk I saw the road
 That leads down to the place
 Where dead dreams go that have no souls;
 I turned away my face.

*A song to-day, to-morrow a deed,
 As I fare with willing feet;
 But beyond, the day of mystery
 Has songs and deeds more sweet.*

Green to the north and south, and some
 With waving mustard bright,
 The many little foothills glad
 Make earthly life delight.

I do not climb their sunlit sides,
 But in the valley low,
 Swift to fulfill my journeying time,
 From hill to hill I go.

Whoever passes on my road
 May walk my ways with me,
 And seek my coming, perfect day,
 I still believe to be.

*A song to-day, to-morrow a deed,
 As along my roads I roam;
 And the third day, the far third day,
 At last shall lead me home.*

THE FAR AWAY PRINCESS

ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT

Gold-haired, amid a land of gold and light
She, only, shineth. Elsewhere sombrely
Bide earth and sky, save where in minstrelsy
Her fame hath touched far shores and song flames bright
From France, kindling the sea to malachite
And the dull sky to lapis lazuli—
The songs that bear the wings of life from me
Faring in plumage of heart's crimson dight.

And when all these have crossed her sunset sea,
Shall I sail after them to her bright strand,
I, Rudel, come at last to Tripoli,
One day, and die in that far Eastern land,
Touching her gold hair and her gracious hand
And, being dead, feel her tears fall on me.

BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS

TWO WEEKS IN THE NIGHT COURT

MAUDE E. MINER*

(Reprinted from *The Survey* for May 8, 1909.)

"No, Judge, yer honor, I didn't speak to no man. I was just coming from moving pictures—me and my lady friend when this officer grabbed me."

The officer has sworn that his testimony given in the case is true and the evidence against the woman standing at the bar of justice is complete. The prisoner casts a hasty glance at the black gowned magistrate sitting behind the bench, another at the probation officer and then she proceeds to explain. Sometimes there is variation in the story. It is not always the "moving pictures" from which she was coming; often it is a restaurant, a theatre and in the cases of some of the colored women a "parlor social."

Rosa is far more worried to-night than usual and is willing to tell her story. She has heard that a "bad" judge is on, and she fears the sentence he may impose. When a "good" judge, who fines, is sitting, an arrest is not so serious; but now when girls are being sent to the Workhouse and even to Bedford for three years, it is perilous to come into the court. Somehow the word goes around and fewer venture on the street and fewer come into the court. Occasionally, in the hope that another magistrate may be more lenient, a woman asks for trial in the day court; or if it be the last night of the magistrate's two-week term, she asks for examination the following night.

"I admit the truth; I told the probation lady about it," says another small, pale-faced girl, as she stands before the judge. She drops her head and tears come into her eyes. "I did it to support my little baby and me." It is easy to see she is not accustomed to the ways of the court and at once she excites our interest and sympathy. She is a girl whom we can help.

Each night there come into the Night Court—some new, some old offenders, most of them guilty of soliciting on the streets, or of prostitution in tenement houses. Of the 262 women of the street arrested from March 16 to 31, and arraigned in the Night Court before

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Judge Cornell, 104 were sent to the Workhouse, seven to Bedford Reformatory, thirty-four were fined, sixty-four discharged with a reprimand, thirty-seven discharged for lack of evidence, and sixteen placed on probation.

Careful inquiry was made about every girl by the judge or probation officer, and when the woman showed any real desire to leave the wretched life and go to work, the opportunity was offered to her. Sixty-eight women were held for examination to learn if their stories were true before sentence was imposed.

Investigation is absolutely essential if these girls are to be helped. When they are arraigned in court they give false names, false addresses and do not tell the truth about family and friends. They have not sufficient confidence at first to entrust their stories to anyone—they are afraid they will be disgraced at home, or if they are under the spell of a wretched man who is living on their earnings of prostitution, that their lives will be endangered.

When a woman is held for examination for one or two days, she remains in the prison unless bail is furnished, or, with the consent of the magistrate, she may be paroled in the custody of the probation officer. During the two weeks which this article covers, thirty of the younger and less hardened offenders were thus paroled to go voluntarily to the home of the New York Probation Association at 165 West Tenth Street, known as Waverley House.

One girl who did not accept the offer tells me how she regrets it now. She was sick after leaving the prison and her sister wrote to me: "Every time she goes to sleep, she sees the cell and the iron bars, and is almost afraid to open her eyes for fear she is still there." Why should girls, not vicious, but erring, have the awful picture of the cell and the bars forever before them, causing them to become more embittered at times, when in a different environment they may be helped and encouraged to lead honest, useful lives?

Waverley House was opened February, 1908, as a temporary home, owing to the fact that there was no suitable place near the Night Court where women could be taken at any hour of night when they were willing to escape from the wretched surroundings, or while the probation officer had opportunity to learn if their stories were true. Twenty-five women can be accommodated at one time at the home. During the time spent there, the girls are kept busy, and enter classes in sewing, cooking, basket-weaving and gymnastics. Every effort is made to have the atmosphere as homelike as possible, and many welcome the privilege of staying a few days or weeks after they are released from the court until suitable employment is found for them, arrangements made to send them to their homes in

other cities, to hospitals for medical treatment, or while cases in which they are to appear as witnesses are pending in higher courts. They realize that our interest is only a kindly one, that we want to help them, and if they wish that help, they tell the truth.

When we have visited the place where the girl has been living, have learned when and where she last worked at honest employment, and have seen the relatives or friends who are most interested to help her, we are in better position to know what is best for her, and the report of the probation officer aids the judge in imposing sentence.

It neither helps nor punishes a woman to impose a fine upon her for prostitution. If it is a small sum, two or three dollars, she pays it and often laughs as she leaves the court room. If it is five dollars or ten dollars, she is sometimes obliged to send to the disorderly hotel she frequents to get the money, but it is always forthcoming if she is a regular patron of any Raines-Law hotel.

"We're waiting for our fines," said two of the girls one night as they sat on the bench outside of the cells in the prison. "They'll have to send it; they always look after their girls," said another, naming the hotel to which they belonged.

Imposing fines brings into the city coffers money it should not be willing to accept, causes the girl to go to the streets to make more money because of what she has paid out, makes the bond between disorderly hotel and prostitute stronger, as she pays for her service by increased patronage, and renders it easier for others to enter a life of prostitution because there is little to fear.

Although it is commonly recognized that the Workhouse does not in the least aid in reforming a girl, the Workhouse sentence does act as a deterrent in keeping the women from the streets. "They know what they can do when they want the streets clean," said one girl who had just served her term at the Workhouse. "Commit us all for six months every time they catch us." Under the cumulative sentence a girl remains at the Workhouse five days the first time, twenty days the next, forty the third and so on; the fifth time it is six months. If a woman wishes to continue her immoral life, many times she prefers to serve the five or twenty days' sentence and then be free to return to the streets rather than have a probation officer supervising her conduct for six months.

When a woman needs a longer period of training and the discipline of an institution, as many do, the magistrate is justified in committing to the State Reformatory for Women at Bedford. Although the commitment is for three years many are paroled before that term is completed and are supervised by the parole officer of the institution for the balance of the period.

Even though found guilty, the magistrate sometimes discharges a woman when she promises to return to her home, to leave the city, or to take up honest work, warning her that if she comes before him again he will commit her to Bedford Reformatory or to the Workhouse. The probation officer is willing to help her and occasionally she accepts an opportunity to go to work, or is anxious to go home, if a ticket is provided.

One girl who returned to her home in Boston writes: "I am so glad to be home with my mother. You was so good to me, you was certainly my friend. My mother sends her best wishes to you. She would like to see you sometime. I have got a job, and expect to go to work and be a lady forever. I have learnt a lesson."

Another girl whose mother is sick at her home in Philadelphia writes, "I am going to be a good girl now and do all I can for my mother."

Probation is of help to the younger girls and those who have been leading an immoral life but a short time. It means that a chance is given to them outside of a reformatory institution and that while at liberty they have every opportunity to lead honest, upright lives. At the same time they are under supervision; they must report to the probation officer, she finds work for them, visits them in their homes and seeks in every way to encourage and help them and inspire them to better living.

Those who have been at Waverley House feel free to return to it at any time they are out of work, or in need of help. Some ask to be allowed to report there instead of reporting at the court, which is the Central Bureau of Probation, before all the probation officers, both men and women. This request is granted by the magistrate in the cases of some of the younger girls, and of others who because of work cannot come to the court at the appointed time. Apart from the environment of the court, there is better opportunity to talk with them and the report, while less formal, is often more helpful.

The sixteen women placed on probation during this period are of various nationalities. Eight were born in the United States and eight were born in the following countries: Sweden, Spain, Austria, Germany, Ireland, England, Russia. Five of these women have had children, two are caring for them at the present time, and two are pregnant. The reasons assigned by them for entering a life of prostitution, while they may not always be accurate, are indicative of the true causes. Among the reasons given are: desertion by men who had promised to marry them, influence of older prostitutes, influence of "cadets," lack of money to pay for food and lodging, lack of work, low wage, dangerous work and desire for good clothes. Their own

words express the causes more accurately. A Spanish girl tells me in sweet, rhythmical accents: "I run away with my sweetheart from my father when I was that way. From Spain he took me to England and then we sailed for America. What could I do when he left me! I got no money to live and they told me about the life, but I didn't think it would be like this. But then I didn't care what came."

An Irish girl had been working in a boarding house in the city until three weeks before her arrest: "I met her one night and didn't think she meant bad for me when I promised to go with her. We got to drinking and then I lost myself. I know it was awful wrong." She had been working a week when she came to report. "Oh, I'm so thankful to you," she said. "I'm glad I ever come to the Probation Home. My lady is so nice to me and is thankful, too. It's eighteen dollars a month I am making."

"I was broke and had no work to get money to live," said one girl as she told her story. "I had nobody here and I didn't know what to do. He offered a room and I took it."

"I was out with a show," said another, "and that's what started me in the life. The girls told me there's more good in it than there really is. All the girls really hate it."

"I thought I'd get style like the other girls do," said a girl, who did not look at all like a prostitute. "I saw them dress swell and make nice money."

Two girls, seventeen and nineteen years of age, came from their home in Pennsylvania three weeks before their arrest. They had worked in the mills until they came away and had intended to come to Newark, where the brother of one of them lived, and to go to work. A man whom they met on the train told them it was easier to get work in New York and directed them to a furnished room house in Harlem. They did not have much money and he offered to pay the rent. The woman who occupied the basement was friendly to them, invited them to eat with her, and introduced her friends who came to drink and to play cards at night. Another seventeen-year-old girl had run away from her good home in the Bronx and had also sought refuge with this dangerous woman. The charge against the woman for keeping a disorderly house was dismissed when the case came up in the Court of Special Sessions, and the girls were allowed to remain at Waverley House as witnesses against the man who was charged with abduction of the seventeen-year-old girl.

Officers were informed that a man of notoriously bad character had brought a young woman to the city. They had seen her enter a bad furnished room house with him and they judged her to be a country girl. In the court she told how she had been sold into a

disorderly house in Albany for twenty-five dollars and how she had tried to get away from it. She had written to this man whom she had known in Jersey City and he had told her he was working and offered her a home, if she came to live with him. She had brought with her ten dollars and he had taken that from her. He admitted that he was "bluffing" and that he had no work. He expected her to earn the money and suggested that she go on the streets. There was not sufficient evidence to convict the man, even though the ten dollars had been earned by prostitution. The girl was discharged and as soon as we were able to communicate with her relatives in New Jersey, she returned to them.

The "cadets" who live on the proceeds of prostitution are responsible for much of the tremendous wreckage of human life that we learn of in the courts. These are the men whom we must convict if we are to help the girls and prevent others from entering a life of shame. Three were sentenced during this two-week period to six months in the Workhouse, three others were discharged for lack of corroborative evidence and two against whom girls were willing to testify, were not arrested.

A girl, nineteen years of age, told me her story: "My father beat my mother and I was sent to a home. I heard mother was dead, but I never knew. They left me out to work from the home when I was fifteen and I never seen her since. There was ten in the family and the work was hard. Then I took care of two children and helped the lady with the janitress work. They gave me four dollars a month. I thought I'd rather go to a factory and went to packing cigarettes. Yes, he married me. I ran away with him when I was sixteen and I've been on the streets for him ever since. I didn't know nothing about that life till he showed me. He beat me so I used to leave him, and go to my aunt. Then he'd beg me and promise to do the right thing by me if I'd try him again. The last night I was out for him I gave him twenty-five dollars and even then he's not satisfied. I don't care what happens now. I'm glad I told you the truth."

We learned where the man was living, had him arrested, and the girl made the statement against him. Her uncle and aunt were summoned and they testified that the Italian husband had admitted to them that he had sent the girl to the streets. It only remained for the judge to commit the man for six months to the Workhouse.

When Bertha was arraigned in court she claimed she was twenty-one years of age, had never been arrested before or in any institution, that her parents were dead and she had no relatives or friends. Later when she decided to tell the truth, and her story was investigated, I learned she was eighteen years of age, had a father, mother, four

sisters and a brother in New York; that she had been arrested before and sent to an institution. After leaving the institution, a "cadet" had sent her to the streets and for six weeks before her arrest she had been soliciting. She told how he had followed her in the streets and refused to admit her to the room unless she slipped ten dollars under the door each night. "Even us girls in the restaurant said how mean he treated Bertha, and felt sorry for her," said another girl who had taken pity on her. "I couldn't see her go that way and I gave her some of my clothes to wear. The coat and skirt she has on now belong to me."

"He threatened to put a bullet through me or to cut my face if I told and I didn't dare to tell," said Bertha, as she confided in me. Salvatore heard I had been to the house where they lived and the girls had told him I was anxious to see him. He did not want to venture into the court room, but sent a messenger to tell me he wished to speak with me at the side entrance of the court. I listened to his story and invited him to come into the office while we talked it over. While he was assuring me he was a steady worker and never took a cent from any girl, I led the way to the court room, and before he realized what was happening he was a prisoner before the bar. The evidence was sufficient to convict and he too is serving a six months' sentence.

It is most difficult to induce a girl to make the statement against the man, and not until she feels that we are willing to stand by her and protect her will she do this. She fears also the consequences if the man is discharged and declares that her life will not be safe if he learns where she is working. Even when the girl is willing to make the statement it is often impossible to find the man, for sometimes he has learned that she is "going against" him and he keeps in hiding. Then there must be the corroborative evidence which it is difficult to obtain, and if a conviction is had, it is only for six months at the Workhouse. The crime should be punishable by a more severe sentence and a greater effort should be made to bring this class of offenders to justice.

Much is being done to help the unfortunate girls and women of the city who offend against the law, but not nearly enough.

The prison at Jefferson Market is not adequate or suitable for caring for all women held for examination, and for commitment to institutions. The opening of Waverley House has been a step in the right direction. It has shown that girls and women may be helped the more if held for one or two days in a different environment while careful investigation is being made to learn if their stories are true. It has shown the need of a detention home in close proximity to the

Night Court, where a larger number of women may be received under commitment for the short period of investigation.

To make the necessary and most useful investigations, as well as to care for probationers, later, a corps of probation officers would be essential, organized so as to secure the highest degree of efficiency.

The finger print system of identification used in one station house last year for a period of six months with most excellent results, should be installed in this house of detention in order that the judge may have definite knowledge of previous arrests and convictions of prisoners when he imposes sentence, also so that if length of sentence depends in any way on the number of convictions, justice may be done.

Were it possible to secure medical examination of prisoners and for the judge to have a doctor's certificate before him, his decision could be all the more wise and merciful.

Then there should be more uniformity in the sentences imposed by different magistrates. It should not be a mere matter of chance, dependent on what magistrate is sitting, that a girl is fined two dollars instead of being committed to an institution.

If it is the first offence of a girl and she is willing and able to go to work, we should give her the benefit of probation. She may go to Waverley House if she has no home or wishes to escape from her wretched companions, and may remain until a good position is found and suitable clothing provided for her to go to work.

If a girl fails on probation or if she needs more moral and industrial training or medical care and treatment, she should enter a hospital training school which should be established by the city to meet the needs of these women.

The coming of the Night Court in New York City, through the efforts of Judge Charles S. Whitman, has practically done away with the professional bondsman evil in the station house, has granted the prisoner speedy justice and has cut off some of the avenues of graft. It has at the same time, by bringing together in one court nearly all the women arrested for prostitution in Manhattan and the Bronx, caused us to realize the necessity of working out a more rational method of dealing with offenders, has given us a new conception of the enormity of the social evil in our community, and has shown us that more must be done to cut off the sources of supply whence come recruits to the ranks of vice.

From **SIDNEY: HER SENIOR YEAR**

ANNA CHAPIN RAY

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And so it came to pass that, the next morning, Sidney Stayre, leading the ivy procession of her class, seemed to herself to be walking forward in a beautiful dream in which the happenings of a joyous girlhood were inextricably tangled into one well-nigh perfect whole, a whole whose absolute perfection found itself in the one great consummating fact of the day before. Above her head, the June sun came slanting down, to turn the air to shimmering gold, to gild great patches of the open lawns about her, to cast upon her glowing face its softer beams, sifted of their gaudiness by the fluttering elm leaves overhead. Behind her came the great line of girls, two and two, two and two, all white-gowned, each one carrying by way of staff a single long-stemmed rose, type of the true American beauty, not alone of face and form, but of sweetness as well, and strength, and of perfect, symmetrical maturity: a long, long line of loyal, enthusiastic girls whose wish it had been that she should walk before them, all that year, their chosen chief and leader. And beside her, on the little hill which overlooked their starting, stood a tall, yellow-haired young giant whose honest, happy blue eyes, sweeping up the long, long line, were blind to every face but one, and that one hers. And so it was that, smiling a little, a little dreamy-eyed, yet very tall and quiet, with the long line winding away behind her, guarded on either side by the trailing ropes of laurel borne on the shoulders of the junior ushers: so it was that Sidney Stayre moved slowly forward along the canvas-covered pathway leading out across the campus, leading, too, out of her merry college girlhood, out and out to the still greater happiness of the womanhood awaiting her.

That night, a spirit of revelry appeared to have broken out upon the campus. From end to end of the great enclosure, each walk was bordered with its double row of swinging paper lanterns; trees were converted into blazing bunches of lights, while, from the windows of the houses dotted here and there amid the lawns, electric lamps shone down in long, slanting beams across the softer lights below.

Out from the open windows of the Students' Building, far at the rear of the campus, there came the lazy lilt of an orchestra and the soft hum of voices, showing that a few staid souls were inside the building, dutifully paying court to president and faculty, after the

time-honoured custom of parents and the sedater sort of friends. All the rest of the world seemed gathered on the campus, which was dotted thickly over with swirling, rushing bits of crowd that fell apart into separate groups, then packed themselves together into a solid mass, only to fall apart again and go drifting aimlessly about until, often at the remotest corner of the campus, some sudden burst of singing, some new formation of the wavering lights and vivid gowns, sent the whole mass swarming thither in all haste. Seniors, locked arm in arm, pranced and sang and marched and ran. Staid members of returning classes, clad in fantastic costumes, green and yellow, violet or brilliant scarlet, marched and counter-marched about the campus, swinging their lanterns and singing to whatever class they chanced to meet; then, years and dignity alike forgotten, joined hands in a long line and went dashing away among the buildings in a mad chase for other worlds to conquer. Scarlet gowns and mortarboards rubbed against huge violet hats with little electric lamps by way of trimming. Green opera capes fluttered in the night breeze, turning their wearers to the likeness of a bevy of lunar moths; and, amid all the vivid costumes, the pale summer frocks of the unclothed seniors stood out in strong relief. Meanwhile, lurking in the shadows of shrubbery and trees, the more formal evening costumes of the guests furnished the note of vigorous contrast which merely set off the brilliancy of all the rest of this academic carnival. For carnival it was, its actors all more or less beside themselves with the real Smith spirit which seizes on one, now and then, potent to make one quite forget the years and changes, and revel in the sheer consciousness of being at least one little, little part of the great college whole, loyal to all the past, trustful for all the future.

The fun was at its height when Day Argyle, dropping from her place in the front rank of singing, dancing, seniors, fell in with Jack Blanchard.

"Where now?" he asked her, with a smile, for, all that evening, at Rob's side, he had been watching the senior antics from afar; all that evening, quite as Rob had done, watching, he had seen but the one eager, girlish face in all the throng before him.

"Trying to get just one little bit of breath, before I go at it again," she gasped. "I think I must be growing fat and lazy. Where are you bound?"

"I was just trying to see if I could find Janet anywhere," he answered. "I—"

But, without waiting for the finish of his phrase, Day caught him by the arm.

"Quick!" she said. "This way, and as fast as you can. Run!"

Laughing, flushed, breathless, her pale hair loosened about her face, and her elaborate frock, fit for a duchess, kilted about her like any washerwoman, Day led the way up the main drive which cuts the campus, with Jack, dutiful, but somewhat mystified, following at her heels. Once she turned her head to look back at him gayly, mockingly.

"The front lawn, by the President's steps," she said. "Can you keep up?"

From far across the campus, there still came random bits of song.

"Just *the* college.
Just the college we sing to,
Just *the* college,
You're just *the* college for us."

And again,—

"And gladly singing to you always,
Our loyal hearts with joy shall fill.
Oh, fairest, fairest Alma Mater,
You hold and claim us still."

Then, all at once, the bits of song had died away, and the hundreds of moving lights had rushed forward from all directions to converge upon the central walk which runs straight from the president's house down to the Students' Building in the rear. There, crowded and huddled together as they best might be, scarlet gown and green cape and uncostumed senior, they bordered the long straight path in two thick lines, a loyal, loving guard of honour, awaiting the slim, venerable figure they all loved so well. Smiling and bowing, pleased as a boy by this sudden, impromptu ovation in his honour, he came slowly forward, escorted by a squad of violet-hatted alumnae, while the waiting crowd greeted him with cheers and songs and swaying lanterns, stood to greet him as he passed onward, then fell in behind him, while the quiet of the summer night was torn across and across with the couplet so dear to the heart of every loyal graduate who has known the one wise ruler who has made the college what it is.

At the little cross-walk, leading up to the presidential steps, the throng halted and packed itself more closely for a final repetition of their song. It died away to silence.

"Good night," the President said; and then, in a hush more loyal even than the singing, his escort stepped aside, to leave him to pass on alone up through an arch of swaying paper lanterns held on high by scores of girlish hands.

At the foot of the steps, he turned.

"Good night," he said again, and, this time, the deep voice broke a very little.

There came the answering cry, but not too clearly,—

"Good night! Good night!"

And then the silence dropped and lasted, until the shutting behind him of the heavy door.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE PUBLISHED WORKS OF SMITH ALUMNÆ AND NON-GRADUATES

In the thirty years since Smith College graduated its first class, the *alumnæ* have been giving expression to their thought in many forms. When compiling the Smith Catalog an attempt was made to get a first-hand report of the published work of *alumnæ* and non-graduates. The record thus obtained, however, was so incomplete that it was not deemed advisable at the time to include that information in the Catalog.

The *Alumnæ Association* realizing the desirability of such a record, appointed a committee to officially continue the work begun many years ago as a personal interest. The *QUARTERLY* offers a place in its columns for the list to be made known and here is the first installment. Will each one watch the record especially to see that work done by any member of her class is recorded, and report all omissions.

The *Alumnæ Association* also desires to collect as many of the publications as possible and Miss Clark has provided a special place for the collection in the new library. Look for it when you are there. If each one will help, we may in time make it fairly complete. Send everything to the Committee so that a record may be made before sending to Northampton.

NINA E. BROWNE, '82,
Committee.

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LET US TALK OF MANY THINGS

NOT TO BE LOST SIGHT OF

If there is to be free speech in this department of many things, may I speak as a representative of a growing class, the mothers, and suggest that an important omission has been evident hitherto? The topic that I feel moved to introduce is the children.

Everyone expects a mother to talk about her children and other people's, and why not fulfill expectations? Not one word has been said so far about the dear lambs, except the dry announcement in the columns of the *alumnæ* news, now and then, of the arrival in this world of a son or daughter in the families of our fellow *alumnæ*. As if that ended the matter! Far from it! If we are looking for problems, let us stop here before going out beyond. Woman's suffrage and our moral obligations towards class secretaries and treasurers, even the overwhelming immigration troubles, and the servant question grow insignificant before these animated and audible Problems that insist on some kind of solution every day in general and in particular.

The probable explanation of the silence of the *alumnæ* on this matter is the matter itself—"so many little things to attend to." That was the inscription on a postal card sent to me, which represented a harassed father surrounded by his progeny of various and many ages including twin babies on his knees. I should like, however, to open a sort of maternal symposium in which we may hear numerous opinions, and where we can compare notes as to the little domestic difficulties that arise in every nur-

sery worthy the name; find out how to oil the machinery and where to shut off or advance the spark. Is there anyone who thinks that it is easy to engineer three or four active and high-spirited youngsters through a single day? So much can happen in the hours between sunrise and sunset in such a community! Great questions, in the concrete and the diminutive, arise and demand immediate settlement; wars and the rumors of wars are there; exhibitions of tremendous heroism, and love in its tender depths; passion and petty quarrels and rivalries; and through all a philosophy, or a feeling and searching after it, most real and sincere.

The educational value of it all to the parent is tremendous, and these little teachers think all the time that they alone are the pupils. Who of us have not heard peculiar phrases in our children's conversation and wondered whence they came, only to discover that they are pet words of our own which we were using all unconsciously? It is almost as valuable a corrective as were the pet phrases which we used to sing to the faculty as his or her "last words."

Then think of the wonderful and delightful realms of imagination into which the children lead us! How easy it would be to drop into prosy, matter-of-fact ways and thoughts without their leadership. Don't you remember Stevenson's verse:

"At evening, when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home, and talk and sing
And do not play at anything."

Poor benighted grown-ups!

I heard of a mother not long ago

who, instead of being satisfied with giving all her care and thought to their clothes, gave her children particularly of her intellectual life. She entered heartily into their games and plays, letting outside matters, such as women's clubs, go for the time, and for that period of their childhood when they most needed her, devoted her time and her brains to them and to their friends. She wrote little plays especially for the children to present and helped them carry out their dramatic schemes.

There must be all sorts of better ways of doing things than the conventional ones. Can't the college-bred women invent and suggest in these columns some helpful plans for solving old nursery problems? We mothers must have help, but which duties can the nurse best fulfill and which, the mother? It is my opinion that if you do not begin very, very early, almost as soon as the announcement of the baby's birth appears in *THE ALUMNAE QUARTERLY*, you lose your best opportunity for influence toward right habits of life and thought of those quickly developing and sensitive little souls.

ANNE BARROWS SEELYE, 1897.

AN OLD DUTCH TOWN The cries of Paris!
One may well think of Charpentier's opera in

comparison with the few but characteristic sounds which pervade the sleepy, old town of Utrecht.

In the morning one is awakened by the quaint chimes in the belfry of the old Dom Tower—silvery notes that seem to gather and fall in a gentle shower of fragments of tone over the entire city. Since the twelfth century, the chimes have struck the hour from the Dom Tower. The tower itself has long been parted from the body of the cathedral, in fact a main thor-

oughfare separates it from the crumbling remains of the former edifice. Dignified and aloof, the tower marks the centre of the city, and if one has the courage to mount the four hundred and fifty stone steps of the dark stairway, one is rewarded by a view of miles of green meadows, crossed and intercrossed by the sluggish canals which crawl to the sea. In Utrecht the day opens with no rumble and roar of traffic. At precisely half-past eight, one hears in the distance the faint, quavering call of the old vegetable woman, as she pushes her heavy cart before her, and cries in a curious monotonous chant, varied by a Tetrassini note at the end, what sounds to the uninitiated foreigner like "*Awful hard to eat an ap-pel-l-l!*" She is as regular as a Dutch clock, this woman of nearly seventy, neatly attired in her black peasant gown, white cap, and clean wooden shoes, but I have never found anyone, not even a Dutchman, who could understand her words.

After the vegetable woman, as might be expected, comes the sound of the "klumpers," or wooden shoes. How they ring on the stone pavings of the narrow, little streets, as the small boys emerge from back alleys and low doorways to hoot, I fear, at the poor old woman, and to snatch if possible something of her crisp, green merchandise!

The vegetable cart in Holland is a work of art. None of your soiled, unkempt and shamefaced vegetables, straggling out of a rickety wagon, but fresh and blooming, they are arranged on the neat and polished oak cart, as carefully as a bouquet of flowers, and crowned very often by a rosy-cheeked and buxom *juffrouw*, who calls out her succulent wares. Between ten and eleven o'clock, the vegetable and fruit carts come up to your doors. The housemaids, neatly attired in pretty blue gingham and white caps, go to the sidewalk and

bargain for the freshest specimens and record their purchases in the house-keeping book, which is to be presented to the mistress of the house at night and carefully examined by her.

The meats and game are ordered by telephone, and the rest of the dinner,—but to begin a Dutch dinner is to start a chapter on the wonders of digestion! While these thrifty people will carpet their marble halls with a strip so narrow that one cannot comfortably walk on it and so steps aside, thus saving it from wear, they are lavish in the matter of food. Our ordinary home dinner of soup, meat, vegetables and dessert, would be considered an insult to one's family. There must be dainty *hors d'œuvres*, a hearty soup, a roast or a delicious Dutch steak with a succulent sauce, an *entrée* of fish, cooked with truffles and mushrooms, a real Dutch hare, or small birds, endives, capucinas, purslane, any of the delicious vegetables quite unknown here, potatoes the size of butter balls, then a sweet for dessert, with coffee and fruit,—the meal flanked by an abundant supply of wines, of course,—no one ever drinks water in Holland, although the supply is really good and does not come from the canals, as one might fear.

Dinner is the only meal of the day when tea is not served. The tea-kettle boils merrily on the breakfast table, vies with the coffee at luncheon, reigns supreme at five o'clock, and finishes the digestive day at nine in the evening, when, although one has just finished the somewhat lengthy dinner before mentioned, one is expected to sit around the family table in the living room and partake of a generous cup or two, which, by the way, is exceedingly strong and apparently incapable of dilution.

The mistress of the house washes her china and silver at the breakfast table and polishes her tea cups the last thing at night. In every well-

regulated Dutch family, the maids come to the living room before retiring, and with curious bobs and courtesies, bid good-night to the master and mistress of the house, to each member of the family in proper order, and to the guests. It is a strain upon one's dignity to sit calmly through this litany of "*Nacht, Mynheer! 'Nacht, Mevrouw!*"

Utrecht is not a tourist-haunted town. Except for the old church, the remains of the city wall, and the shops which border the canals below the level of the streets, there is not much to tempt the traveller who has money, but not time, to spend. But if you are making a trip to Holland and not *through* Holland, you may like to rest your eyes and nerves in this quiet place where everything sleeps but custom. You will walk or drive in the Maliebaan, the shaded avenue where the world of Utrecht is seen at the fashionable hour. You may find unending diversion in the markets which are held weekly,—the flower market, with its profusion of roses twice the size of ours; the horse market; the cow market; and most interesting of all, the general market on Saturday mornings, where you can pick up an old Delft plate for a *stuiver* or pay thirty cents for a perfectly good hat trimmed in the latest Dutch style. Here come the peasants, pretty, rosy-cheeked *juffrouws* and *vrouws*, who sing their wares all day, while the dull-faced farmers sit calmly beside them, drowsily smoking their pipes. Competition is sometimes quite lively in sections of the market and disputes are not settled by arbitration. I have seen two buxom young women, who were quarreling as to the number of yards of blue flannel each had sold, decide the question by a hand and fist encounter, their husbands sitting stolidly by and a crowd of grinning spectators enjoying the scrap. When it was over, the defeated one retired sulkily to

her booth, while the victor augmented her success by a speedy sale of her remaining wares.

Maarten Maartens says that in Holland it rains three hundred days out of the year, but he is a Dutchman and of course prejudiced. After a month in Utrecht, I began to count the rainy days, but they proved too numerous. I gave it up and tried to count the pleasant ones, but there again I gave it up, for there weren't any! Once in a great while, let us say, the sun appears, and then you must take your bicycle or automobile and see the real country of Holland, not the monotonous, flat meadows, with their sluggish canals and slow-turning wind-mills, but the forest of pine and the sand dunes and purple heather, which make Holland not only picturesque, but beautiful. You can drive for miles through avenues of trees, where the sunlight barely flickers through the dense branches, or you can spin along the white, curving roads over the dunes, where the queer, little, twisted pines grow and the heather is thicker and lovelier than in Scotland. Every few miles you run into a little village so perfect with its low thatched roofs and neat, flower-trimmed houses that it seems as though it must be an animated post-card or at least just put in order for your arrival.

The country is of two distinct kinds, the high and the low. In the low country are the canals and the meadows. Here one finds the old country houses, surrounded by canals and gnarled trees of many years' growth, silent and steeped in the melancholy which seems always to tinge the beauty of Holland. But on a bright, sunny day, when the real Hobbema sky comes out, you must go to the high country, the sweet-smelling dunes and the woods and treat your soul to a succession of Mauve and Ruysdael landscapes which meet you at every turn. Perhaps you will venture into one of

the picturesque cottages and then you will feel that Israels must have been there just before you.

Above all, forsake the very much overdone and Cook-ed-up delights of Marken! A short drive through the villages near the Zuyder Zee will show you a great variety of the peasant customs. Find the real Holland,—and see it, if possible, with a Hollander.

GERTRUDE DYAR RÜHLE VON LILIEN-
STERN TER MEULEN, 1897.

ANOTHER DOOR

Have you ever been to a teachers' agency? If so, you may remember a dark hall, a flight of stairs tipped with brass to keep the carpet from wearing out, a room where six typewriters click discords on the nerves of the people waiting in stiff, uncomfortable chairs for their interview with the Power behind the closed door. The Power comes out. "No experience? That's bad!" you overhear. "Will you go out of the city, and take a salary of \$500?" The graduate just emerged from college where, even to her senior year, her comfort has been watched over with a solicitude not unlike that of a mother hen, echoes the statement of the Power, "That is bad." She decides that she is looking life between the eyes, and that life is a rather grim, middle-aged lady, with a foreground of dark room and typewriters, and a background of school desks stretching into limitless space. The graduate is not sure that she wants to teach, but does not know how to set about doing anything else. She has vague dreams that if she could only get at the right thing,—but her ideas are as vague as the end of the sentence.

Mrs. Alice Duer Miller has made a beginning in changing this state of affairs among Barnard graduates.

First, she sent out circulars to the alumnae asking whether they had positions, and whether they were satisfied with them. Next she bought a card catalogue, and set apart one afternoon a week for office hours. Out of four hundred graduates she has had seventy-five applicants, most of whom she has been able to place. She accepts no fee for her work, as that would bring her under the laws governing teachers' agencies, and she wishes to have a free hand. She gives her time, her house, and her personal charm and influence to the work of helping girls not to become "misfits." She undertakes to fill any position which calls for educated women, whether as readers for magazines, secretaries, travelling companions, settlement workers, or teachers, although she tries to discourage the latter in view of the overcrowded market.

There is a great deal of food for discussion and thought in this newly started enterprise. I do not purpose to discuss it, but to try to formulate a few of the questions which rise to the surface.

First, is it a good plan to try to soften the fact that it is a commercial world the graduate has fallen on? Had she not better realize at once that she is worth precisely what she will work for, and that the sympathetic interest in her personal welfare, or an interest in the five per cent. of her first year's salary cannot alter the fact?

Then comes the thought, can an office run on the free-gratis-for-nothing principle compete with an office which charges five per cent. of the first year's salary, payable in advance? Those six typewriters and endless files, those baskets of letters which are going to be mailed to all parts of the United States stand for a network of influence and information that no one person or group of persons who are giving fragments of

their time can amass. They stand for the systematic, efficient work of the paid worker who submits to system because it is bread and butter. Can the college girl who is dependent on getting a position afford to entrust her chances to women who are not paid, who have other obligations that they are bound to meet first? On the other hand, is there not something that the unpaid woman has to offer which the woman of the five per cent. has not? I am inclined to think that there is.

Would it be possible to form an all-college agency in New York to find positions for graduates of all women's colleges? I am informed that Mrs. Miller is hospitable to this idea.

The working details of such a scheme are matters for experiment. The question is, does it seem to Smith graduates that there is a need for such a bureau? I hope that there will be discussion of the project at Commencement.

C. T.

THE ADVERTISEMENTS

Whenever I am sure that the Universe is hurrying to speedy ruin, that Religion is a withering weed and Sanity a rag of the long-rent garments of a dead Golden Age,—when I know that nobody loves me and that I am suffering from a mortal disease,—then, instead of fleeing to the Poets and the Holy Ancients and laying upon them the burden of solving my problems, I betake myself with all possible speed to the Advertisements.

The Advertisements never attempt to deny the existence of evil, glossing it over with an illogical and interminable smile, ignoring what men were evidently intended to taste to the bitterest dregs. No! The Advertisements cry the reality of evil upon the housetops. Not only do they recognize it, but they glory in it, somewhat as an orthodox clergy-

man used to glory in the sufferings of the damned.

Yea, verily! There are deadly germs stalking under your nose. Your clothes will surely wear out, nay, drop to pieces in the next wash. Your house paint will peel like a blister. Your roses will perish of blight. Your complexion will be as the scarred face of the desert, your nose, shiny, your hair, sparse. You are most likely to cut your throat with the razor. Your husband will find fault with the soup. You will pass an old age of dyspeptic leanness or dropsical obesity. Your wages will never be advanced. Water-bugs will throng up your pipes, mosquitoes will give you yellow fever, your children will die of the whooping-cough, you shall not even be able to get your face clean or to eat a meal of honest food.

Truly it is a terrible world wherein we live! Terrible with the dragon's teeth of death sprouting in our very bed-chambers, on any April morning when the robins sing and we think we are glad of the sun.

But the Advertisements are not of those that ride a hobby of theoretical condemnation, and leave the hopeless victim to struggle. "We shall not all die" they seem eternally announcing; and pop!—over against every ailment and vexation under heaven, they set in flaming splendor a Remedy, The Remedy, The Only, The Latest, The Infallible, The Beautiful!

Your lamp chimneys shall not break. You shall not lose your husband's affection by growing too fat or your wife's by forgetting to bring home a box of candy Saturday night. You cannot die of any disease, even if you desire death above rubies. The cut of your clothes will be the envy of Paris and Helen. Your tires will never burst and your toast will never burn—if—if—if you will lend you ear, cock your eye, be instructed, learn wisdom, and buy, buy, buy!

Don't wait! Another night of wooing sleep on that unresilient, unsympathetic

mattress may make you a hypochondriac for life. Another day of darning those worthless stockings may be the final calamity to your nerves; and if you put off taking out that accident policy, you will surely be thrown between the wheels of your train in town to-morrow morning.

But if you do what the Advertisements bid, (and it is so easy, so cheap, so altogether reasonable and beautiful to obey them) you will be blessed in your basket and in your store, and even your tomb-stone will be so artistic that to lie beneath it may thrill your dust.

When I have had a season with the Advertisements, I cannot feel that Evil shall long prevail, or that the Golden Age is really so far behind. The Advertisements are an army that does not know defeat, though acknowledging with pride the power of the enemy. They are as imperturbable in self-assurance as the sun. They are as imperious, compelling, and all-pervading as the Weather. They do not cringe or conciliate. They simply offer The Best. If they recognize any other alleged Best, it is with a superb gesture that relegates it to the Limbo of Pretension and Inferiority.

If the Advertisements had their way, there would be no more cold and hungry and dirty people, no more starving for love or intellectual attainment, no more need for the pity of the rich or the envy of the poor. The Advertisements are almost socialistic in their confident inclusion of Everybody. They do not set people in classes and smile upon them accordingly. The only castes known to them are the high caste of the Wise who obey them, and the no-caste of the Foolish who disregard them. With that most democratic of pronouns, —You,—they address the world; they reason, they play upon the emotions, they tickle every sense from vain ambition to parental affection and religious devotion;—but all this without one hint of knuckling under, of time-serving compliance. Everything that they do is

done in Your interest. Motives of the most intense and self-forgetful philanthropy actuate them. They cannot sleep o' nights until you have heard their gospel, have learned of the Best Garters, the Best Soap, the Best Iron Lawn Furniture, the Best Edition of the Greatest Novel, the Best Whiskey. And if you will not listen, if you do not want to save your soul, with a sigh of infinite compassion they resign you to your Philistinism and your speedy-footed end.

Who could arise from such a symposium without a sense of malice to none and charity to all? Sometimes when a frail vision of the success which I desire for my life floats before me, I realize that the inner core of that success is nothing more or less than becoming like a good Advertisement. To see your enemy, to glory in the fight, and to know that you are coming out on top,—really that is no such base ideal!

But in the sky of the Advertisements, as in the sky of life, there is one cloud, no bigger than a man's hand. Even from my expansively charitable mood comes the querulous, small-minded, earthy voice of the Doubter.

"The Ethiopian cannot change his skin or the leopard his spots. Who yet has gotten something for nothing? Hair once fallen the sweetest Eau de Quinine cannot make grow again. Whose children ever yet escaped the croup? What man of double weight grew lithe as youth? What gold mine yielded much but toil and tin? Oh, brave front! oh, pitiable truth! Behold, our pocket-books are very lean, our clothes were old last spring; and you may smile, and smile, and smile, and be sheer villains still!"

But to this doubting voice I give unwilling heed. For it is assurance that my melancholy demands, and assurance, glorious, unconquerable, is what the proud Advertisements afford.

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS, 1904.

TEN YEARS LATER

There are, I suppose, a favored and faithful few among the Alumnae who go back to Northampton frequently, and at other than Commencement times; and these fortunate ones have not been obliged to formulate out of vague rumors a new and unfamiliar college world. But those of us who have for ten years more or less been considering ourselves products of the Most Desirable College Period, and who have been back once at Commencement time,—we, in our Western isolation, have been afflicted by dire rumors of change in the college world appalling to our souls. There is now such "dressiness,"—oh, most appalling dressiness! And the campus houses have been whisked around into unexpected corners where you might stumble over them in the dark. The bewildered alumna meditates feelingly upon the old gentleman whose wife so loved to rearrange the furniture that he, poor man, never dared retire in the dark for fear of going to bed in the washstand! With the campus altered beyond possible recognition, a change, mysterious and undefined, was reported in the "spirit" of the college. Nobody seemed able to define it and who knew whether it was for better or for worse? It was a state of affairs vastly disturbing to any self-respecting alumna! So it was with great interest that this special alumna went back this winter to Northampton to attend to some committee work and observe for herself the damage wrought by the devastating hand of time.

Across the Northampton meadows, as the train neared the town, little pools of smooth ice caught an exquisite, pale green light from the sunset sky, and the stretches of snow between grew brightly lavender. Beyond Hospital Hill a sunset was taking place that made me realize as I walked slowly up Main Street that in the matter of sunsets there had been no falling away from the standard. An errand or two which

stopped me at Bridgman's and McCalum's made me feel acclimated, as it were, and permitted me to recover from the slight shock of seeing the old Norwood Inn moving bodily away. I also made a note for future reference of the new and commanding position of Boyden's, facing squarely up Main Street toward College Hall with a certain air of having at last "arrived." The old Swiss-châlet house that in our time was crumbling out its existence behind the Forbes Library has finally disappeared; but as I looked for it, thinking of the Sunday mornings in our Freshman spring which were spent exploring it, my Rip Van Winkle feeling was suddenly interfered with by a cheery greeting from my landlady of Freshman year who hadn't apparently changed an atom and who promptly restored my lost youth.

My destination was Plymouth Hall, now transformed into a much better hotel than it ever was a dormitory. Here at least was one sure landmark. From my windows I could not observe any changes, save that Forbes Library looked sadly deserted, and that the spindly little oak sprouts along its front sidewalk had developed into middle-aged respectable shade trees. But I knew that there were changes lurking around the corner somewhere; so I walked over to the front of College Hall determined to face them squarely and without delay.

As I struggled up the slippery driveway between bordering piles of snow I was prepared for any degree of shock. As a matter of fact I could have clapped my hands with delight over the effect of the campus as it spread out into a sort of great quadrangle, with Seelye Hall on the south and the new Library edging it on the west beyond the old site of the Hatfield House. To the right of the Library stretched a vista of Paradise and its farther pines, giving an impression of spaciousness really quite out of proportion with the actual space involved. In the last sunset light the

snow was glowing with faint azalea colors as it swept away along the undulating line of the campus into the deepening shadows of Paradise and up to the tree-fringed skyline beyond. Five years before, in June, with the azaleas on their farther slopes a riotous mass of gold and crimson, I had thought it was their crowning moment. But standing there in the still, crisp January twilight I revised my judgment.

"You're a sentimental goose of an alumna," I said to myself. I started briskly toward the new Library and shattered any possible claims to dignity by sitting down with speed and decision upon the slippery drive. As I picked myself up with all due haste, I recognized with delight the familiar form of John, the night watchman, coming toward me with his sceptre of office, the lamplighter. If he had been my long-lost brother I could not have fallen upon him with greater enthusiasm. John, the diplomat, "knew" me at once, and we purred together over our memories of early Alpha days and the unchanging necessity of watchfulness in lights and kindred topics; and John explained his feeling that Mr. Carnegie could surely have no objection to pensioning him "in time," as an "officer" of the institution. "Of course, I needn't explain that it's *police* officer, you know," chuckled John as he moved off.

By the clear light of day I examined the other "changes." The new Library came in for unqualified approval. I had heard it accused of over plainness and severity; I found it a thing of joy to my personal taste,—beautifully situated, well-proportioned, restful,—and oh, so inviting in its great, quiet, uncrowded interior, with its dark woodwork and splendid lighting. The Hatfield House, agleam with interior white paint and electric lights, has surely in many respects profited by its change; it has executed a crab-like sidewise movement, until it stands beyond and behind the Wallace House, its veranda

opening out upon the remains of the old orchard.

From the Hatfield House it is only a stone's throw (feminine) to the new Assembly Hall, whose handsome red stone pillars close to Elm Street stand opposite the curving vista of Prospect Street. The impressive colonial exterior is somewhat marred from the rear by a very tall chimney, which is admittedly necessary, and which it is hoped can be dispensed with in the near future if a central heating plant is installed. Inside the hall was a bewildering mass of scaffolding, with many workmen scrambling about; but in spite of that it was so big and light and airy that it made one long for Commencement time with the scaffolding away, the chairs in place and the new organ installed above the triple arches of the stage. The frame buildings, which at present elbow the Assembly Hall rather closely, are all owned by the College and will in the course of time be removed, adding vastly to the effect of the campus. As I wandered about the campus I felt, as I never had before, the existence of an underlying plan and the possibilities of coming expansion.

But I did not mean to leave the rest of the "changes" unchallenged. I prowled about the College buildings and I haunted chapel and observed the effects from all available angles. This much was evident at once. The day of the golf cape, which was unfortunately ours, had given place to the long, loose, becoming coats and well-cut tailor-made suits of the present day. As a result the College, individually and collectively, looked to my critical eye not one whit dressier, but about fifty per cent. better groomed than in "our" day. I hated to admit it to myself, but it was so. I looked carefully to see signs of a slavish adherence to some fashion in hairdressing. How could I tell but that since "we" left, the qualities of the boarding school had crept in? Never have I observed greater independence

and variety in styles of hairdressing. There wasn't a suggestion of a predominating fad, and as the present College wardrobe doesn't include any visible headgear there was ample opportunity to observe. You may call it trivial, and I suppose it was, but it rejoiced my soul, which has long been in revolt over unbecoming hairdressing fads.

In the course of all this extensive watching and listening,—for I eavesdropped unconscionably wherever I went,—two other pet convictions met their fate. I had fully expected to find the present upper-class girls lamentably young in appearance, and their intercourse sadly lacking in a certain crisp cleverness which had unquestionably marked even the most casual utterance in our day. And do you know what I found myself wishing as I watched those clear-eyed, well-poised, mature-looking girls and listened to bits of their merry, incisive, entertaining chatter? Well, simply that I could in some mysterious way become a ten years younger twin of myself, so that I might work and play with those attractive girls and have them meaning as much in my life as my own college friends still mean. I'm no unquenchable optimist, but my "inspection" left me glowing with pleasure to think that so many likeable and attractive young women were in existence. Never have I felt so strongly the desire to put my shoulder to the wheel and help evolve the College that is making that existence more worth while, partly for the sake of all those attractive girls who had surprised my admiration, and partly as an expression of my own pride in being related to an institution which, in the cold and critical light of "ten years later," had succeeded in arousing so tremendous an enthusiasm. No one could have been more surprised over my kindled pride and enthusiasm than I was myself. I went to criticise,—I came away to praise. Behold the record of my change of heart!

—, 1900.

LIST OF FAMILIES OF TREES AND SHRUBS
REPRESENTED IN THIS GARDEN

[illegible]

NOTE: In which is a Figure refers to the Synthesis in which representation of the family



The Botanic Garden

SMITH COLLEGE

—NORTHAMPTON MASS.—

Compiled and Drawn by E. J. Canning

— DECEMBER 1909 —
:SCALE 1 IN = 40 FEET

NORTHAMPTON NEWS

GATHERED BY F. H. S.

WINTER TERM

The cast for *The Winter's Tale* has been announced by the senior class as follows: Leontes, Ida R. Holliday; Hermione, Louise Van Wagenen; Polixenes, Ednah Whitney; Camillo, Francesca Bartlett; Paulina, Portia Swett; Antigonus, Marion Webster; Mamillius, Florence Coleman; Archidamus, Estelle Valentine; Florizel, Annette Hoyt; Perdita, Louise Marden; Autolycus, Elizabeth Wilds; Clown, Margaret Dauchy; Shepherd, Elsie Briley; Mopsa, Esther Ann Smith; Dorcas, Caroline Burne; Neatherd, Gladys Van Deventer; Mariner, Laurel Sullivan; Time, Ethel Dugan.

The topics under consideration at the monthly open discussions have been the following: "Paternalism vs. Laissez Faire in Trade," "Pro and Con of Student Government in Colleges," "Judge Lindsey's System."

"The Mummers" presented the play of *Mice and Men* in the Students' Building, Saturday evening, March 12.

On the last Saturday in February and the Saturdays in March the faculty have invited the members of the senior class to attend the faculty teas. The seniors were asked when convenient to observe the alphabetical divisions of the dramatics arrangement.

The following lectures have been given at the college during the winter term:

Mr. Richard Burton, of the Univer-

sity of Minnesota, on "The Modern Drama," January 15, at the open meeting of Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi.

M. Charles Le Verrier, on "La Question d'argent au théâtre et le rôle de l'argent dans la société française contemporaine," February 2.

Prof. John Spencer Bassett, on "The Anglo-Saxon Attitude Toward the Negro," February 2, at the open meeting of Current Events and Spectator Clubs.

Miss Olcott, of Mt. Holyoke College, February 3, at a meeting of the College Settlements Association.

Dr. Charles R. Stockard, of Cornell Medical College, on "The Influence of Environment upon the Development of Organisms," February 9, at the open meeting of the Biological Society.

Prof. W. E. McElfresch, of Williams College, on "Color Photography," February 14, at the open meeting of the Physics Club.

Miss Mary Van Kleeck, 1904, on "The Shirt Waist Factory Strike," March 4.

Miss Geraldine Gordon, Organizing Secretary, March 7, at a meeting of the College Settlements Association.

Mrs. Mary Whitcomb Clark, 1900, of India, March 13, at a meeting of the Missionary Union.

At noon on February 3 all classes were dismissed to meet Baron Dairoku Kikuchi, President of the Imperial University of Kyoto, who spoke to the college for the few moments of his stay on the education of girls in Japan.

The fourth concert of the season's series was given January 12 by the Olive Mead Quartet, assisted by Mme. David,

harpist. Professor Vieh accompanied the quartet in one of its numbers, and the quartet played one movement by Jennie Peers, 1905, and one by Marion Niles, 1907. Dr. Ludwig Wüllner, baritone, accompanied by C. V. Bos, gave the fifth concert of the series February 16.

Katharine Seward de Hart, 1899, sang at the Wednesday recital, February 9. An organ recital was given March 9 by Sumner Salter, professor of music at Williams College. Miss Anna G. Westcott, violinist, of Hartford, played at the recital March 4.

Professor Sleeper is trying voices for a Commencement chorus of 100 to sing at the various exercises in the new auditorium.

Rally Day began with the usual exercises in Assembly Hall. Mr. Walter Page, editor of *World's Work*, delivered an address on the Roosevelt Administration. The Washington Ode was given by Katharine Buell, of the junior class, and was framed as a compliment to President Seelye on his last Rally Day. After the exercises the classes gathered in the gymnasium for the rally. A new ruling of the State fire inspectors this year limited the total attendance in the gymnasium to 1,200. None were admitted except by ticket, and preference was given to the first and second classes. President Seelye requested at a faculty meeting that only those of the faculty who had not before seen a rally or those who were expecting guests apply for tickets, as the demand was so great for the limited number of tickets. The customary class songs were sung in rotation, the senior topical song being especially well done and amusing. All the classes then joined in the old college songs.

The Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi Societies have started card catalogs of all the former members with their present

names and addresses. The societies would be grateful if returning alumnæ would consult the catalogs and correct any errors there may be.

An exhibit of articles made under the regulations of the Consumers' League was held in the Students' Building January 11 and 12.

The class in horticulture displayed and explained the spring flowering bulbs and shrubs in the Plant House during the week of February 21.

Entrance applications for the class of 1914 to the number of 850 have been received at the Registrar's Office. The list was closed about February 1, when the number had reached 800. All later applications after the regular list is closed are placed upon a waiting list. It is hoped that the class will not enter with more than 450.

On Friday afternoon, February 4, a fire started in the basement of the Clark House (formerly Miss Cable's house, next to the Episcopal Church). It is supposed that it started through the carelessness of some plumbers who had been working over the connections of a gas stove. The flames spread almost instantly to the upper floors, but the girls were assembled in the lower halls waiting for the dinner signal, and all escaped without danger. The fire was confined to the corner of the house toward the Dewey House, and damaged only four rooms and the bathrooms. The damage was fully covered by the insurance. The girls were located in vacancies in the other college houses and at the expense of the college in rooms in town, until the house could be put in order again. Within three weeks the house was finished and fully occupied with the usual quota of girls.

The Junior Frolic of the class of 1911 was held in the Alumnæ Gymnasium, Saturday evening, February 26. The plan was "The House Boat on the

Styx," different houses representing scenes which passengers over that river might be supposed to encounter. First came the inhabitants of the Lower Regions, Charon, Cerberus and different fiends. Then, the river safely crossed, one came upon the Evolution of Man, Noah's Ark and its inhabitants, Egyptian History with vivid local coloring, Greek History, Greek Mythology, the Arabian Nights, the Court of King Arthur, Canterbury Pilgrims, the Age of Queen Anne, Elizabethan England, the Court of Louis XIV, Pilgrim Fathers, Civil War times, Mother Goose Rhymes, Rip Van Winkle and his Merry Men, and Captain Kidd with his Pirate Crew. When pirate and protoplasm, Mr. Noah and Mother Goose, had circulated frantically for some time, inspecting the various queer habitations of different dwellers across the Styx, a vaudeville was given. Albright House depicted the Evolution of Man; Haven House contributed an illustrated lecture on Egypt in an art instructor's best style: *Socrates Abridged*, a comic opera, was Hubbard's donation; and the vaudeville ended with a many-act play, *A Modern Utopia, or College Ruleless*, by Tyler House.

The Week of Prayer for Colleges was observed at Smith from February 7 to 13. An afternoon service, to be held in the Students' Building, was arranged for every day, and morning watch cards were prepared with reference to the subject of each day's address, and were distributed through the entire college. The speakers on the different days were: Mr. F. P. Turner, Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement; the Rev. Dr. Ambrose Vernon, of the Harvard Church in Brookline; Dr. H. H. Tweedy, of Yale Divinity School; Dr. J. P. Jones, who has been for thirty years a missionary under the American Board in Madjura, India.

The service on Friday was devoted to the memory of Alice Jackson, 1898. Mary Van Kleeck, 1904, spoke for the

committee which has started and established the Alice Jackson Memorial Fund. She was followed by Professor Wood, who told the main facts of Alice Jackson's life and gave many incidents which showed her happy and loving nature and her catholic sympathies.

On Saturday President Seelye answered questions handed to him by the students, a service interesting both because the President was the speaker and because it showed that the variety of questions which arise to different minds are on the whole much the same from year to year.

On Sunday evening Professor Sleeper gave the organ recital which customarily closes the Week of Prayer.

The Glee, Mandolin and Banjo Clubs gave their annual spring concert Wednesday, March 9, in the Academy of Music. The program began as usual with the singing of "Fair Smith." The distinction of the program was its large number of original compositions. The Mandolin Club played a musical setting to "Just One College," written by Marion Greenhood, 1910. The topical song, adapted from *The Belle of Brittany*, and full of local hits, was sung by Hazel Gleason, 1911. The competition song, for which the Glee Club had offered a prize, was composed by Bertha Bodine, 1910. The Glee Club also sang "When Love is Kind," by Elsie Sweeney, 1910, and an octette, "Drop o' Dew," by Marion Greenhood, 1910. The Glee Club's medley of popular songs was written by Carrie Wright, 1910, the leader of the club. The most ambitious number of the program was a cantata, "The Chambered Nautilus," by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach. The numerous solos showed the unusual richness of the Glee Club this year in fine voices. The musical clubs repeated the concert program on Saturday evening, March 19, in Assembly Hall. The proceeds were for the benefit of the Students' Exchange, to be used as a free bed fund for Sunnyside, the Infirmary and the Dickinson Hos-

pital. This is a separate fund from the free bed fund of the Students' Aid Society, the interest of which is to be used when the fund is sufficiently large.

The Smith College Orchestra, led by Miss Rebecca W. Holmes, gave its annual concert in Assembly Hall, Wednesday, March 16. The orchestra consists of 27 violins, 2 violas, 2 'cellos, 2 flutes, tympani, and a piano, and was augmented by a violin, 2 'cellos, an oboe and a bass. Professor Sleeper played the accompaniment to Händel's "Largo" on the organ. The program included Mozart's "Overture to the Magic Flute," Mendelssohn's "Scotch Symphony," and two selections from the "Peer Gynt Suite." Miss Van Wagenen and Miss Wells, of the senior class, rendered violin solos.

Commencement plans of the senior class include a recital by the students of the department of music in Assembly Hall, Friday afternoon, June 10. Baccalaureate Service will be held in the new auditorium. Sunday evening there will be a musical service to dedicate the new organ given by the class of 1900 in memory of Cornelia Gould Murphy. Josephine Keizer has been selected as the ivy orator. The Commencement Day orator is to be Hugh Black.

The present board of *The Smith College Monthly* announces the following editors for 1910-1911: Editor-in-chief, Marjorie Wesson; Literary Editors, Margaret Cook and Rebecca Smith; "Sketches" Editors, Dorothy Weber and Louise Weems; "About College" Editors, Isabel Guilbert and Mary Rice; "After College" Editor, Jane Swenarton; "Editor's Table" Editor, Marjorie Kilpatrick; "College Notes" Editors, Lesley Church and Helen Lord; Business Manager and Treasurer, Sally McEwan.

The old system of basketball games, which allowed two games on Rally Day and the Big Game in March, has been changed this year. It has been found necessary, because of the fire regulations, to limit the number of spectators at the games to 1,200, and in order to keep within limits "blanks" are mixed in with the numbers which the girls draw for admittance to the gymnasium. In place of having games on two days, three separate games are played on three different days. The first game this year was played February 16 by the Seniors and Juniors. The score was 40 to 18 in favor of the Seniors. The game was remarkable for the splendid team work of the Seniors and for the absence of the rough play that so often is seen at junior-senior games. The second game of the season was played February 22 between the Sophomores and Freshmen, and for the first time within the memory of the oldest inhabitant the Freshmen won. One former Freshman team won a Big Game, but this is the first time a Rally Day game was ever won by the Freshmen. The score was 21 to 20. On March 5 the big sophomore-freshman game was played. This time the Sophomores won, the score being 19 to 12. After this game the Sophomore team gave a dinner to the Freshman team at the Allen Field Clubhouse. Each Sophomore entertains her Freshman opponent, and the most sincere feeling of good-fellowship prevails.

The annual competitive gymnastic drill was held in the alumnae gymnasium March 19. The drill consisted of the usual Swedish floor work, apparatus work, and æsthetic dancing. The Freshman class won the banner that is given for the best floor work, and the Sophomores won the silver cup given by Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke, 1883, for the best apparatus work. The judges were: Miss McKinstrie and Miss Pettingill, from the Springfield schools, Miss Crosby, from the Northampton

schools, and Miss Babson, from the Clarke School.

The Freshmen did remarkably good work and won general applause. In watching the perfect accuracy of movement and the shortness of the time reactions, one is led to think of the bearing this work of physical training has on the regular academic work. Minds as well as muscles are developed by the constant alertness that is required to obey the instructor's commands instantaneously.

Zeta Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa elected to its membership the following thirty members of the senior class:

Helen Gertrude Allen, Louise Morse Bailey, Alice Wardell Baker, Bernice Barber, Agnes Ruth Carter, Edith Coleman, Louise Hadley Curtis, Margaret Adams Cushman, Helen Charlotte Denman, Margaret Albertina Dieter, Rachel Eleanor Donnell, Grace Lillian Filer, Elizabeth Woodworth Jameson, Kate Keith, Mary Frank Kimball, Margaret Elizabeth Miller, Mabel Lainhart Parmelee, Jane Holmes Perkins, Laura Keziah Pettingell, Esther Frances Porter, Bessie Knight Roberts, Janet Simon, Elizabeth Allen Smart, Mary Anne Staples, Katherine Stevens, Elsie Irwin Sweeney, Mabel Van Deusen, Anna Loraine Washburn, Marion Cecile Webster, Elaine Sheffield Whitman.

The announcements were made at chapel on the last day of the term. President Seelye announced also an anonymous gift of \$25,000, to be devoted to increasing the facilities for instruction in the art department. Plans will be drawn immediately for additions to the present building.

Since the establishment of the Students' Exchange, about ten years ago, its purpose has been to act as a medium between those students desiring work done and those wishing to lessen their college expenses by doing various kinds of work. Last year, in order to make the Exchange more effective, it was

decided that beside the student chairman, the general secretary of the Association should supervise the work, and a new system of registration by card catalogue was instituted. The registration has grown to a marked degree in the two years. Now there are about 150 girls in the Exchange and they are doing many kinds of work. About fifty are waiting on table or washing dishes for their board, one is leading an orchestra in a boarding school and playing for æsthetic dancing. A great many are doing mending and clerical work. Some are expert stenographers, some gain a large profit from agencies, etc.

The growth of interest in the Exchange has been great. This is due in large measure to the work of a committee composed of one girl in each campus house. It is her business to see that work which can be done by the students shall be given to the Exchange. This committee held at Christmas time a fair which was spoken of in the January number of the *QUARTERLY*. At Easter the Glee Club repeated its concert, the proceeds of which are to be used for a free bed at "Sunnyside" or the Infirmary.

With each successive year it is hoped that the Exchange will become a factor of ever increasing importance, as it aids more and more substantially students who are working their way through college.

The three lectures by Professor Royce, of Harvard, which were given in Assembly Hall on the afternoons of February 25, March 4, and March 11, were the first of the four lectures in the second series for which Professor Gardiner arranged in connection with Philosophy 4. In this series Professor Royce has developed the outlines of his system of ethics under the title "The Philosophy of Life." A final lecture is still to come on April 18.

The chief points on which he has laid emphasis have been that, in the first place, the perplexities of the modern

complex world are solved, and best solved as each person finds some cause to which to devote himself, and, in the second place, that the one essential of a good cause is that it shall not interfere, as do for instance the activities of a robber band, with the chances that other people have for serving their own causes. The last statement might be qualified further by saying that when one is deliberately choosing a cause, for instance a profession, one should be careful that it offer promise of lasting out one's life. In childhood, though, causes that are essentially temporary, such as the good of a ball team, give the training in losing individual personal interest in larger interests which prepares the boy for loyal service later on.

Professor Royce uses the term "loyalty" in preference to other phrases because it has the call for action, beyond a mere emotion, and because it has, too, the coloring of warmth like the warmth of personal feeling, both of which characteristics he believes the thoroughly good life should have. Loyalty, furthermore, is something in which people co-operate and so are bound together by strong ties, but not something which one can really feel for a person as person. His soldiers' loyalty to Napoleon, in so far as it dignified them, seems to have been loyalty to the glory of France which their leader personified. Napoleon, on his part, was apparently loyal to nothing.

The greatest difficulty in the system, as Professor Royce recognized, comes at the point where various loyalties conflict, when, for instance, the loyalties that develop naturally out of family affection run counter to the call of a life interest. Every such case must be studied for itself. Often apparent conflict can be harmonized by discovering a deeper interpretation of the cause in the two cases. When the conflict still holds, two guiding principles were suggested: the first, that definitely accepted compacts have an especial binding power because the very presence of unfaithful-

ness to compact hurts the general cause of loyalty in the world at large by bad example and by weakening human confidence; and the second, that the need that its servants be people of faithful service everywhere, not only within its own ranks, is a genuine need of every worthy cause.

The first of the lectures was devoted to pointing out the poignancy of this problem of life at the present day, the reason for this and the place of the problem in the history of philosophy. The second and third, and a conference which Professor Royce kindly gave after the third lecture, outlined the system itself.

By the courtesy of Dr. John M. Greene, of the Board of Trustees, we are able to present the article which follows:

DR. MARION LEROY BURTON

Dr. Burton is making good use of his time this year in preparing himself for the work which he will take up next September as President of Smith College in Northampton. Letters have been received from him which enable us to state the following facts: Before he left America he made a careful study and record of the details of the organization and administration of the University of Chicago, Bryn Mawr, Columbia and Barnard, Mt. Holyoke, Radcliffe, Wellesley, and Vassar.

In England, after a short stay in London, he went to Oxford for five weeks. Here he made many pleasant acquaintances, studied quite carefully the English university system, gathered many ideas and impressions by way of comparison and contrast with American educational systems, and touched rather intimately the Women's Colleges at Oxford, including Somerville, St. Margaret's and St. Hugh's. Then they (for Mrs. Burton is with her husband fitting herself for work as well as he) went to Cambridge and studied carefully Newnham and Girton Colleges.

From England they went to Holland and spent a week there. Then they visited several of the university cities of Germany. From there they go to Constantinople, where Dr. Burton was to deliver the Charter Day address on March 20 before the American College for Girls. From Constantinople they go to Athens, and then to Italy, Switzerland, and to Paris for the study of the university there. By June 12 they will be back at Oxford, England, for on that day Dr. Burton is to preach at Mansfield College. When he was in Cambridge Dr. Burton preached at Cheshunt College. Dr. Burton and Mrs. Burton expect to be back at Northampton by the middle of August.

FACULTY NOTES

The *Educational Review* for March, 1910, publishes the address given last fall at the annual meeting of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae on "Psychological Gains and Losses of the College Woman," by Associate Professor Elizabeth K. Adams. Miss Adams has been appointed chairman of the new committee of the A. C. A. on Vocational Opportunities for College Women.

Prof. Harry N. Gardiner has been studying at Trinity College, Cambridge, and is now in Germany. His work is preparatory to the publication of a book on Emotion.

Dr. Frances H. Rousmaniere was one of the speakers at the joint meeting of the Mathematical and Philosophical Societies of Amherst, Mt. Holyoke, and Smith at Mt. Holyoke College, March 19. Her subject was "The Influence of the Concept of Infinity in Modern Philosophy."

Prof. John S. Bassett, of the Department of History, delivered an address on "Lincoln and Jefferson Davis" on February 16 before the student body of the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst. He has been appointed a member of the honorary general com-

mittee of the Universal Races Congress, London, and Professor of American History at the Summer School of Columbia University.

Science for March 4 published an address by Professor Ganong, delivered during the Christmas vacation as retiring president of the Botanical Society of America.

Prof. Frank A. Waterman has been appointed chief examiner in physics for the College Entrance Examination Board, and is also serving on a committee of the Eastern Association of Physics Teachers to consider the work done in physics in New England high schools.

Associate Professor Harriet Bigelow has published "Observations of Comet E 1909," (Daniel's comet) for five dates in December, in the *Astronomical Journal*. Halley's comet was first seen at the Smith College Observatory in the 11-inch telescope on November 15, 1909; in the 3-inch telescope on December 4, and with opera glasses on February 7, 1910. Miss Mary M. Hopkins gave a talk on Halley's comet in Florence (Mass.) on January 13.

Elizabeth Gregory and Evelyn Canning, 1910, are engaged in the construction of models of dog-fish embryos, based upon microscopical measurements. This work is being done in connection with the research course, Zoology 6.

Professor Emerson has been engaged in conducting a geological survey of Monadnock.

Miss Aida Agnes Heine is preparing a raised geological map of Northampton and the vicinity.

LIBRARY NOTES

The reading rooms of the library were opened for Sunday use for the first time on January 30, when the "browsing room," or standard author room, was first opened. The reading rooms are now open on Sunday afternoon from 2.15 to 4.45.

The browsing room, very handsomely furnished as a memorial to Edith Gallagher, 1907, is open on week days at the same hours as the rest of the library, with the exception of the hour from 9 to 10 in the morning. The Sunday attendance averages between 40 and 50. The room contains many handsome sets and single volumes. For the opening of the room Mrs. Gallagher sent a fine edition of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland," "Through the Looking Glass," and "The Hunting of the Snark," illustrated by Peter Newell. The various campus houses have agreed to supply the room with flowering plants. The class of 1908 has given a set of Dickens, *The Spectator*, and a copy of the "Oxford Book of Verse." John Hay's "Castilian Days" was presented by the Spanish Club. Miss Jordan has generously loaned to the browsing room many miscellaneous volumes in fine editions, and many other books for the general collection. Miss Nina Browne has loaned and given a number of volumes, largely technical, on library economy, of great value to the library staff.

A heavy oak bench, the gift of the Hartford Club, has been placed in the hall beneath the dedication panel. This club has given also a set of Japanese tubular chimes for the closing hours of the library.

Helen Mabie, 1904, has given a clock in memory of her sister, Lorraine Mabie, 1900, which has been placed on the south wall of the periodical room. The clock, made after a design by F. Walter Lawrence, of New York, is of green and white cipollino marble, 42x24 inches in size. The dial is of green bronze, with polished brass figures and hands. Beneath the dial is the following verse:

Tempora praetereunt nunc sol
Nunc umbra vicissim
Praetereunt; super est ecce
Perennis amor.

The furnishing of the philosophical room on the second floor is the gift of

the class of 1903. On the oak table are the letters: "The Quinquennial Gift of the Class of MDCCCCIII." Each of the twelve chairs bears the numerals 1903. Nine volumes of essays and biography in the best editions and fine bindings have also been given by 1903.

Miss Jordan has placed her private library on the shelves of the seminar room of the English Department and has furnished the room for the use of the faculty of the department.

A large photograph of the exterior of Lincoln Cathedral has been given to the library by Mrs. Cushman, of Monson, Mass., the mother of Margaret Cushman, of the senior class. The photograph when framed will be hung in the entrance hall.

PRESS BOARD

The Press Board during the season 1909-10 has been made up of fifteen members, including the seven student reporters (who by action of the Board a year ago became active members of the Board). These reporters represent the following papers: *The Northampton Gazette and Herald*, the *Springfield Republican and Union*, the *Boston Transcript and Herald*, and the *New York Evening Post*.

The object of the Board has been to regulate the relations of Smith College and the press by assisting the student reporters to obtain accurate college news and to prevent the publishing of accounts which in any way misrepresent the college. Under the supervision of the chairman of the Information Bureau the means whereby the news should be supplied to the reporters was adopted. There was a slight change from the previous year, in that certain members of the Board, instead of having certain items to report, were given a special day on which they were to be responsible for official proceedings. Those members not responsible for a special day had the following work allotted to them: One was responsible for faculty news, an-

other for musical news, and another for athletic news. In the case of special lectures which have had to be reported within twenty-four hours, each reporter has been responsible for her own account, but a brief summary has been afterward left in the book of the Board, to which the reporters go for information.

Meetings of the Board have been held every three weeks, and at these suggestions and methods of reporting have been discussed. At a meeting of the Board with their faculty representatives the following suggestions were approved; one on the part of the students, the other on the part of the faculty: First, That special articles be written up by those who are not regular reporters and sent from time to time to weekly or semi-weekly editions; Second, That the faculty send direct to the president of the Board items which should enlarge the fund of academic news.

ALICE F. DAY, 1910,
President of the Press Board.

DEPARTMENTAL CLUBS

As a well-established feature of the college life, the departmental clubs are carrying on advanced and special work supplementing that of the class room, securing for their open meetings lecturers from outside the college, and stimulating an interest in the wider aspects of the work of the departments. Membership in these clubs is by election, to which students of approved standing are eligible. No student may belong to more than three clubs, including the department clubs, the musical clubs, the literary societies, and the current events clubs. Next year membership on the Press Board and the *Monthly* staff will be considered equivalent to membership in a club. The meetings are arranged by the faculty to occur only on Monday and Thursday evenings. There are at present fifteen department clubs and the Current Events and Spectator Clubs. The following notes

on the activities of the clubs will be of interest to the former members:

The topic under discussion at the first meeting of the Philosophical Society this semester was "The Practical Value of Ethical Systems." Papers were read on "Hedonism," "Kant's Theory of Duty," "Self Realization," and "Royce's Philosophy of Loyalty." After the papers Professor Royce, of Harvard, spoke on the subject of ethics, especially his own theory of the Philosophy of Loyalty. "The Psychology of Personal Influence and Leadership" was the subject for the second meeting, subdivided into Leadership Among Adults, Leadership Among Boys, and Leadership as Manifested in College.

The Oriental Society has been making a special study of Persia this semester. The first meeting was devoted to Persian Miracle Plays; the topic of the March meeting was "Persian Mohammedanism." "Modern Political Movements in Persia" will be the subject for the April meeting and the special phases to be studied are its royal family and government, important events which have lately occurred there, and Russia and England in Persia.

At the first meeting of the Mathematical Club, in October, 1909, it was decided to choose such subjects for discussion in the club year as seemed valuable in supplementing the regular class work, as well as those of general interest. For example, there has been a talk on the "Mono-Treatment of the Theory of Limits"; another on "Gaus's construction of the five- and of the seventeen-sided figure"; another on the "Possibilities of inscribing a heptagon within, or circumscribing it without, a circle." This latter paper was of special interest in proving impossible that problem, so absorbing to the ancients, the squaring of the circle.

The membership of the club has been increased this year to thirty-five. The proportion of senior members is still two-thirds.

A pleasant intercourse has been held with the new club at Mount Holyoke College, through delegates from that club to one of the regular meetings here, and more especially through a joint meeting of the Holyoke, Amherst and Smith Mathematical and Philosophical Clubs, held at South Hadley.

The German Club has been rather more dramatic than usual this semester, having already given two plays, *Versalzen* and Mark Twain's *Meisterschaft System*. A social evening with progressive conversation as its special feature was particularly enjoyable.

At the regular meetings of the French Club during the year the usual program of occasional papers and short plays has been followed, with the exception of a musical evening given over to songs and piano pieces by French composers. The chief work of the club thus far this year has been the presentation of Molière's *Le Malade Imaginaire*, on February 19.

The work of the Greek Club for the first semester sketched the outlines of the Greek religion, with special attention to the worship of the greater deities; in the second semester a study has been made of the various popular forms which the religion took. This has included a discussion of the votive offerings used in wars and in games, the memorial services for the dead, the belief in divination and in omens, as revealing the will of the gods, the popular superstitions which arose from these beliefs, and the customs and sayings which sprang up as a result. At one of the coming meetings it is planned to give an informal presentation of the *Alcestis* of Euripides.

The activities of the Spanish Club are naturally conditioned by the degree of advancement of its members, and as this year the club comprises only students in their second year of Spanish study, the work has been somewhat simpler and less consecutive than usual. On January 10 Dr. Gray, of the departments of Greek and History, gave an informal talk upon "Roman Remains in Spain,"

and since then the club has been reading at the meetings a play by Moratín. At each session the students are required to give without notes and in Spanish some item of news concerning Spain. As the college subscribes to a Spanish daily paper, this can be done in a very satisfactory manner. The meetings are conducted entirely in Spanish.

The Biological Society continues to meet in Lilly Hall under the watchful eyes of the owl and the fox. During the year papers have been presented by the members on subjects connected with points of particular interest in their work, or occasionally a review of some recent book or article of special value has been given. In February an open meeting was held, at which Dr. Charles R. Stockard, of Cornell Medical College, spoke on the "Influence of Environment Upon the Development of Organisms."

For each regular meeting of the Physics Club papers are prepared by members of the club. Following the presentation of these papers, matters of current interest in the realm of physics are reported and discussed. The following are the subjects assigned for papers this semester: "Radio-Active Transformations," "Magnetic Alloys," "Determination of the Poles of the Earth," "Nucleation." The club is indebted to Prof. W. E. McElfresch, of Williams College, for an illustrated lecture on "Color Photography," delivered to the members of the club and their guests on February 14.

This year the Colloquium chose as its subject the History of Chemistry. This has been presented in a series of papers,—two or three an evening,—each dealing with a prominent chemist and his work or with the growth of the science along some particular line. The next program will include some of the most important of the chemists now living.

Telescopium has considered this winter the life and work of famous women astronomers. Two papers on assigned subjects, a current events topic, and a

report on observations have constituted the typical program for the meetings. At the meeting of March 16 the papers discussed present-day women astronomers in America and abroad and the lines of astronomical work in which women are engaged. An informal open meeting of the club is planned for April 20, when Prof. Anne Sewall Young of Mt. Holyoke College will give a talk on work she is doing at the observatory at South Hadley in connection with some researches on photometric measurements by Professor Parkhurst, of Yerkes Observatory.

The meetings of the Voice Club during the second semester, 1909-10, have been devoted to the reading of the Greek tragedies, Æschylus's *Prometheus Bound* and Sophocles's *Electra*, by members of the club, and to the reading of Fiona McLeod's *House of Usna*, by Miss Peck.

The Studio Club is studying this year the rise and development of landscape painting. Landscape without figures scarcely exists before the seventeenth century and can then claim but a few artists, while in our own day it probably counts as many devotees as figure painting. The topics have been thus divided: "Pure Landscape in Literature," "Landscape Backgrounds in Early Painting," "Feeling for Landscape in (a) Claude Lorraine, and (b) the Dutch Painters"; "English Landscape Painters"; "Feeling for Landscape Shown by the French Romanticists, Géricault and Delacroix"; "Barbizon School."

The work of the Clef Club is being carried on this year under the direction of Professor Sleeper and the president, Mabel Parmelee, 1910. The senior members are writing the music for "The Winter's Tale."

One open meeting was given in January in Music Hall, the program being wholly made up of original compositions well executed by members of the club. In co-operation with the Glee Club the club is trying to upbuild college singing. It has offered a prize of \$15 for the best music and \$10 for the best words for a college song, to be submitted to a contest this spring.

Current Events Club was formed about ten years ago in order to encourage a more general and systematic knowledge of contemporary history. The membership was limited in order to maintain informality, as free discussion would be impossible in a large organization. Therefore last year it was thought desirable to form a similar club in order to interest more persons, and the Spectator Club was organized. The two clubs hold independent meetings, although the programs are practically identical. Each year the two clubs join in giving an open meeting, at which a lecture is given on some topic of vital interest. This year Prof. John Spencer Bassett presented "The Anglo-Saxon Attitude Towards the Negro."

THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF FIVE.

The Council Committee of Five met in Northampton in January. The committee were Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke, 1883; Mrs. Ruth Bowles Baldwin, 1887; Mrs. Mary Clark Mitchell,

1883; Mrs. Mabel Walton Wanamaker, 1894; Miss Ellen T. Emerson, 1901.

In response to letters from Mrs. Clarke, appointments were made by President Seelye, a committee of the faculty, a committee of the ladies in charge of the campus houses, and the

Students' Council to meet with the Committee of Five.

On Wednesday, January 12, 1910, the first meeting was held for organization and to arrange a program for the next two days. It was voted to recommend to the Council that all recommendations to the Council made by individuals not members of the Council shall be presented in writing, but if the Council so desires such persons may be called in and asked for further information and explanation.

Later in the day the committee met President Seelye at his house and heard from him of the various needs of the college, the chief ones being a larger endowment fund, a biological laboratory and a larger gymnasium. He told us of the building of the new assembly hall—or auditorium—which is well under way, and of the gift from the class of 1900 of a \$20,000 organ for this new hall. The building is being erected on Elm Street beyond the Clark House (formerly Miss Cable's), and it is hoped that the Commencement exercises can be held in it this year.

On January 13 the committee met some of the heads of campus houses and heard a most interesting account of their new organization. The fourteen ladies meet regularly each month and have various sub-committees which meet more frequently, their endeavor being to co-operate in every possible way, not only for economy and the maintenance of a high quality in house-keeping, but for the reorganization and betterment of the social life of the students. To these ends a committee on supplies has done much to secure better quality and lower prices on articles which all the houses use and which can therefore be bought in bulk, while a committee on social regulations, on which some of the members of the faculty also serve, has adopted a new method of arranging the dances and plays given by the girls. Seven dances are given each year by campus houses or groups of off-campus houses, while

four plays are given by four groups of students, including all members of the three upper classes divided alphabetically.

The Social Regulations have been codified and a copy is issued to each student. More responsibility is now put upon the Students' Council and the house-presidents.

In the afternoon the Council Committee met with the Faculty Committee on Conference with the Alumnae. This is now a standing committee of four, appointed by the faculty, one member changing each year. The committee for 1909-10 are Professors Tyler, Stoddard, Cushing and Benton.

It was their opinion that it would be beneficial if the alumnae could know more of the college as it is to-day, that they might understand the changes that have come with its growth and be able to meet the criticism that sometimes comes to them from outsiders. After a careful consideration it was decided that a series of articles on various aspects of the college life would help bring this information before the alumnae, and it is hoped that these may appear in the QUARTERLY.

The Faculty Committee brought up the matter of press representation, and it seemed that it might well be investigated in the hope that the press board at college could be helped to give college news of real worth to the public through the newspapers. To this end local clubs are asked to appoint press committees, who shall make it their business to see that reports of the academic activities of the college appear from time to time in their local papers. At present the papers seem to present largely the social life of the college.

In the evening a meeting with the Students' Council gave the committee an opportunity to talk informally with representatives of the student body and to learn a little of their activities and problems.

January 14 a final meeting of the committee was held and the various

meetings were discussed before the adjournment. Individually the committee visited various classes and accepted invitations to various campus and off-campus houses, so that they felt that they had each come into direct touch with various sides of the college life.

The Council will meet at Northampton on Friday, June 10, 1910, at 2 p. m. A later notice giving the place of meeting will be sent to each councillor.

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE CLARKE,
Chairman,
RUTH BOWLES BALDWIN,
MARY CLARK MITCHELL,
MABEL WALTON WANAMAKER,
ELLEN T. EMERSON, Secretary.

The Executive Committee of the Alumnæ Association held their semi-annual meeting at Northampton, January 14, 1910. All the officers of the Association were present.

ASSOCIATION OF CLASS SECRETARIES

A letter from the editor asks me if I cannot let her have a little "something to do with organized alumnæ" for the next number of the *QUARTERLY*. This same editor has done so much for us, in making the *QUARTERLY* an actuality and in making us feel, in a way that we have never felt before, that we really all belong together that I cannot say her nay.

With the words of "the secretary," who made her plaint in the last number of the *QUARTERLY*, still very fresh in my mind, for they were so apt and so true, I am inclined to make my few words follow out the secretary line. She asks, "What does a class secretary have to do, anyway?" and assures herself, if not the rest of us, that such a person has but the haziest of ideas on the subject or she would never accept the office. Now I should like to ask each class secretary, if only by chance she reads this (even if no one else does), if it would seem to her that an Association of Class Sec-

retaries would have any reason for existence.

Yale has long had such an organization, Williams has just started a similar one, Wellesley, I am told, is "thinking about it." I should like to ask the Smith alumnæ to "*think* about it," especially the various class secretaries, and to find out what other colleges accomplish by the organization. I have not secured a copy of the by-laws of the organization of either Yale or Williams, and only know in general what it is hoped such an organization will set before it as its purpose. With the long list of classes at Yale such a body is quite a large one, the classes dating from 1841 down to 1909 giving opportunity for nearly seventy members. The association has its president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and executive committee, and regular meetings at which the possibilities before it are discussed. At Williams the organization is but one year old, scarcely that yet, as it was voted only at Commencement 1909 to establish the organization and a committee chosen to inaugurate the system. The work which they set before themselves this first year was the printing, distributing, and later the *collecting* of blanks for securing data with regard to every alumnus for the coming quinquennial catalog. At Smith we have voted to publish another quinquennial catalog in the fall of 1910, or as soon after that date as possible. The blanks for this are even now being considered and will be distributed to the alumnæ by the general secretary of the Alumnæ Association about the time that this number of the *QUARTERLY* goes to press. The Class Secretary Association could not then help us just at this time and just in this way, but are there not other possibilities?

Are our thirty-one class secretaries so scattered over the country that a meeting of them once a year would be an impossibility? Would not the stray secretary have a bit more respect for her duties and know better what those

duties might be with such comradeship? Might there not even be the support from such a body that would justify an action that a lone secretary would not venture on, that of turning down some of the postal card requests for statistics if they were not statistics carrying out some vote of the Alumnæ Association?

In the report of the Committee of Five of the Alumnæ Council you will see that one of the questions brought before the committee by the Faculty Committee on Conference with the Alumnæ was a question of securing better reports of the college in the daily papers. Would not some uniform action on the part of an Association of Secretaries help us there?

I am but asking questions, or throwing out a few hints in this first airing of the matter. I should be glad if this should bring replies to the editor, or to the councillors or to members of the Executive Committee of the Alumnæ Association that we might see if it were a question worth bringing before the Alumnæ Association at its meeting next June.

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE CLARKE, 1883.

THE LOCAL CLUBS

The New York Smith Club held a meeting at the Women's University Club on Saturday, January 22. The program consisted of original contributions from Smith College women. Groups of songs were sung by Elizabeth King, 1896, and Mrs. deHart, 1899. A chapter from her latest book, *The Biography of a Boy*, was read by Mrs. Josephine Daskam Bacon. Other numbers on the program were: Harriet Chalmers Bliss, 1899; Emma Loomis, 1906, Katharine Dauchy, 1908, Geneva Gubbins, 1909, Elsie Kearns, 1906, and Mrs. Leonard, 1905. At the meeting on Saturday, February 26, the speaker of the day was Mrs. Ethel Puffer Howes, 1891, who addressed the club most acceptably on the theme, "Æsthetics and Life." Mrs. Howes offered her reflections as the products of her personal ex-

perience, the result of ten years' study in the problems of psychology which throw light upon other problems.

It has been decided to make the club recently formed in Indianapolis into a state organization, the Indiana Smith College Club, and to hold one big meeting each year, when all members are expected to be present. This year's meeting took the form of a luncheon in Indianapolis in December.

The Boston Association of Smith College Alumnæ held its third meeting of the season on January 25, 1910. The guest of the afternoon was Miss Florence H. Snow, General Secretary of the Alumnæ Association, who gave an informal and exceedingly interesting talk on college affairs. A play entitled *Rose of the Wind*, by Anna Hempstead Branch, 1897, is in course of preparation for the next meeting.

The Syracuse Smith College Club has been unusually favored this winter. At the October meeting Miss Adams, of the faculty, spoke on her return from the A. C. A. meeting in Cincinnati on "College Publicity," a subject rather new to the older alumnæ but familiar to recent graduates. Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke during her visit in Syracuse in November gave the club members much news of the college and spoke of the relationship of the local Smith clubs to the general Association. At the February meeting the club had a ten-minute talk by Miss Condé, who was in town in behalf of the Y. W. C. A. and speaking at the University. To the Smith Club she told of her most interesting and far-reaching work, just opening, among the nurses of New York City. On the 17th of February Dr. Irving F. Wood was in Syracuse for a lecture under the auspices of the Biblical Department of the University. The club members, some parents, and a few guests gathered to greet him at an informal tea at the home of Mrs. J. F. Daniel, where they heard a charming talk about the college.

The Rochester Smith College Club has

met on the first Monday of each month since October. With the proceeds of the recital given by Miss Beatrice Herford under the club's auspices last November, the club will furnish the rest room for the library staff in the basement of the new library at Smith. On March 7 the club presented *From the West*, by Olive Higgins Prouty, 1904.

Mrs. Margaret Deland spoke at the college on March 3, on "The Change in the Feminine Ideal," under the auspices of the Western Massachusetts Association.

The Worcester Smith College Club held the second meeting of the winter on January 3, with the Worcester Smith undergraduates as guests. A recital was given, after which the undergraduates and alumnae talked over Smith news.

The Smith College Club of Rhode Island on January 15 gave a tea at the home of Miss Grace Chapin in honor of Miss Laura D. Gill, president of the A. C. A. It was a great pleasure to the club to meet Miss Gill and hear her speak on the past and the outlook for the future of Smith.

The Fitchburg Smith College Club is this year interested in a fund which they donate from the club's treasury to be used as an aid to a worthy graduate of the Fitchburg High School during her course at Smith. Early in Novem-

ber the club tendered a reception to its members to meet Dr. and Mrs. Burton on the occasion of Dr. Burton's lecture at the State Normal School in Fitchburg.

The Cleveland Smith Club held its annual luncheon on Wednesday, December 29, thirty members being present. Miss Bernardy was the guest of honor and after luncheon gave a most interesting talk on her work as a member of the Royal Italian Immigration Commission. She was in Cleveland for three weeks investigating the condition of the Italian women and children in that city.

The Twin City (Minneapolis-St. Paul) Smith Club has held three meetings this year. Beside the regular October meeting the club had the pleasure of entertaining President-elect and Mrs. Burton on October 15. The annual holiday meeting was held as a luncheon, with Mrs. Alice Norton, former alumnae trustee, as honor guest.

The Hartford Smith College Club has held four meetings this year. At the first one Miss Caverno told many interesting facts about The Students' Aid Society. The second meeting took the form of a luncheon, with President Seelye, Miss Hanscom, and Mr. Sleeper as guests from college. The third meeting was purely social, and at the fourth, Tei Ninomiya, Smith, 1910, in her native Japanese costume, told about the women of Japan.

ALUMNAE NOTES

The General Secretary of the Alumnae Association is very desirous of locating the following graduates. Will anyone possessing information about their present addresses kindly send it to the General Secretary, at 184 Elm street, Northampton:

1882 King, Fanny.
1885 Hutchins, Mrs. W. D. (Emma Jane Dean).
Nye, Caroline Huckins.

1891 Davis, Mrs. C. V. (Mary Lydia Aikens).
Franklin, Charlotte G.
1892 Burritt, Marion.
Pratt, Grace T.
1893 Nickerson, Mrs. W. S. (Margaret Lewis).
Dickson, Mrs. James (Mary Tewksbury).
1894 Williams, Sarah H.
1896 Smith, Frances C.

- 1897 Fleming, Mrs. Daniel J. (Julia Cole).
 1898 Hoy, M. Elizabeth.
 Marples, Mrs. Herbert (Mary Banks).
 1899 Craven, Gertrude.
 Fairbank, Mary D.
 1900 Brem, Mrs. Walter V. (Marion W. Winkler).
 Brown, Henrietta T.
 Eynard, Mrs. Camille (Sylvia S. Hyde).
 Holt, Mrs. M. C. (Edith G. Pope).
 Morrison, Annie S.
 Russell, Grace Louise.
 Stanford, Mrs. Welton, Jr. (Bertha Sanford).
 Winchester, Emma Jane.
 1901 Bamberger, Mrs. Ernest (Eleanor Dooley).
 Sanborn, Anne L.
 1902 Woolley, Edith S.
 1904 Lincoln, Mrs. F. F. (Alice Lothrop).
 1905 Leet, Mrs. Percy (Susea Tower).
 Lockwood, Margery.
 1906 Bookwalter, Grace.
 Flint, G. Elizabeth.
 1907 Britton, Jasmine Marie.
 Hayden, Ruth S.
 Pratt, Ruth E.

1882

Members and ex-members of the class of 1882 who think it possible that they may attend Commencement this coming June will please communicate at once with Miss Annie E. Allen, 263 Harvard Street, Cambridge, Mass., if they have not already done so. She is chairman of the committee having all matters in charge which are connected with 1882's reunion.

Ex-1882: Mrs. David B. Gamble (Mary A. Huggins) is now, with her family, living at 4 Westmoreland Place, Pasadena, Cal., though letters to the Cincinnati address will still reach her, since her married son remains there.

Mrs. Alice Peloubet Norton has recently removed to 5737 Monroe Avenue, Chicago, from her former home in Washington Avenue.

1883

1883 will have its headquarters in one of the houses of Miss Capen's School during the June reunion. About twenty members of the class are expected to be present.

Mrs. Morgan Brooks is traveling around the world westward with her husband and daughter during Mr. Brooks's "Sabbatical year" of absence from Illinois State University. They have reached Italy, and after some weeks of study and research they will return home in the early summer.

Dr. Evelina Dickinson has left the State Hospital at Norristown, Penn.

Miss M. C. Welles, Ph.D., secretary of the Consumers' League of Connecticut, has recently returned from several months' study of Industrial Training for Children in Europe.

Mrs. E. C. Tracy has moved to White Plains, N. Y.

Miss S. E. Daniels is traveling around the world eastward. She wrote from India at Christmas time. The date of her return is not fixed.

1884

Mrs. Charles P. Frey (Grace Rogers) died of pneumonia on January 20. Mrs. Frey leaves a husband and two sons, ten and twelve years old.

1885

The twenty-fifth reunion of the class of 1885 will be held in Northampton, June 11-14, 1910, and a full attendance is hoped for. The class headquarters will be in Room 7, Seelye Hall. The reunion luncheon will be held on Monday, June 13, at the Copper Kettle, at a quarter past one o'clock, and a final gathering on Tuesday evening. Applications for rooms on the campus should be sent to K. S. Woodward, Wallace House, before May 1, for rooms in town before June 1. Applications for dramatics tickets for Friday evening may be sent to Florence Snow, Alumnae Secretary.

Anna A. Cutler, Katharine S. Woodward, Georgiana S. Woodbury, Ruth B. Franklin, Committee.

1886

Room 9, on the first floor of Seelye Hall, has been assigned for the reunion headquarters of 1886. The reunion luncheon will be on Tuesday, June 14, at Mrs. Dana Pearson's, Henshaw Avenue. About thirty are expected.

Adèle Allen, Sec'y of 1886.

1888

The class of 1888 is planning no formal reunion at the coming Commencement, but hopes that some of its members will be in Northampton at that time. No. 11, Seelye Hall, has been assigned to the class for its reunion headquarters.

Helen Harriet P. Doty is married to Mr. Walter Wray and is living at Santa Ana, Cal. Address, Box 284.

The present address of Annah D. Haake is Colorado Springs.

1889

The headquarters for 1889 at Commencement will be the Capen School.

1890

It is now expected that between forty and fifty of the fifty-seven members of 1890 will attend the official reunion. A number of graduates from the Art and Music Schools and several non-graduates are to join in the reunion and will be present at the class supper. The Council Room and the Missionary Room in the Students' Building are reserved as class headquarters. The class supper will be served in Plymouth Inn at 7.30 on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Victor N. Lucia (Virginia Forrest) is secretary at Miss Capen's School.

Minna B. Phelps is doing graduate work at New York University.

Mrs. Charles Foster Kent (Elizabeth M. Sherrill) and Ruth D. Sherrill, with their father and Master Billie, sail late in April for England, where they will meet Mr. Kent and Master Sherrill, who have been spending the winter in Egypt and Palestine.

Caroline L. Sumner spent the winter

of 1908-09 in classical study in Italy and Greece, and is now one of the principals of the Elmhurst School for Girls, a private country school recently opened near Connersville, Ind.

1892

Fifteen classmates have already signified that they hope to be at Commencement. 1892 headquarters will be in Room 19, on the second floor of Seelye Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. E. Woodbridge (Belle Adams), of Montrose, N. Y., sail soon for Europe.

Abby N. Arnold is having a year's leave of absence from teaching and sailed for Europe in February.

E. W. M. Bridges has her law office at 906 Tremont Building, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. W. G. Anthony's (Ruth Cushman) new address is 103 South Angell Street, Providence, R. I.

Vida H. Francis has been in Egypt the past winter and will not return home until August.

Mrs. I. H. Upton's (Katherine L. Haven) new address is 20 Park View Street, Grove Hall, Mass.

Blanche L. Morse has recently opened a business office at 4 Joy Street, Boston, Mass.

Helen A. Rowley is principal of the Mount Ida School for Girls at Newton, Mass.

Laura H. Wild's new address is care of Prof. H. D. Wild, Williamstown, Mass.

1893

The class of 1893 will hold a reunion in June, 1910. Class meeting and class supper will be held on Monday, June 13. A second notice to the class is about to be issued. Further details may be obtained from the secretary, Harriet Holden Oldham, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Changes of address since last *Alumnæ Register* was published:

Ella M. Adams (Mrs. L. J. Tuck), 35 Lyon Street, Pawtucket, R. I.

Jennie Howe (Mrs. W. E. Shoemaker), Box 234, Bridgeton, N. J.

Etta L. Jacobs, 3 Brown Avenue, St. Albans, Vt.

Charlotte M. Murkland, 117 Bowers Street, Lowell, Mass.

Edith M. Richardson, 4 Grant Street, Haverhill, Mass.

Olive Rumsey, The Markeen, Main and Utica Streets, Buffalo, N. Y.

Frances E. Thompson, Hawley Street, Northampton, Mass.

Florence V. Smith (Mrs. Wm. Triefenkerl), Tiburon, Cal.

Born, March 4, 1909, a daughter, Janet Jeffrey Carlile, to Mrs. W. W. Carlile (Florence Jeffrey), Reynoldsburg, Ohio.

Born, August 9, 1909, a daughter, Marian Benton Giles, to Mrs. J. Edward Giles (Mary Vanderbeek), New York.

Born, October 25, 1909, a daughter, Florence Fay Merrick, to Mrs. J. L. Merrick (Mary Fay), Holyoke, Mass.

1894

The class will hold a special reunion in June, with headquarters on South Street.

The members of 1894 living in and near Boston held an informal luncheon at the College Club on Wednesday, March 3.

Agnes Learned Dawson is living in Cambridge this winter. Address, 12 Arlington Street, North Cambridge, Mass.

Alice Taft Bryant's address is 415 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Mabel Walton Wanamaker is planning to spend the summer in Europe.

1895

Class supper will be at 6.30 p. m. on Tuesday, June 14, in Plymouth Inn parlors. Reply at once to the circular sent out in February, if you have not done so already. If you did not receive one, please notify Bessey Borden, secretary, 618 Rock Street, Fall River, Mass.

Helen La Monte's address is now Westover, Middlebury, Conn.

Mrs. W. P. Elkins (Ruth Conro) has moved to Northwood Centre, N. H.

Jessie A. Fowler's address is Wallingford, Conn.

Mrs. B. S. Winchester (Pearl Gunn) has moved to 93 Bowdoin Street, Newton Highlands, Mass.

Born, to Amey Taintor Bronson, a son, Talbot de Peyster, October 23, 1909.

Mrs. Horace Bigelow (Anne Wells) has moved to 738 West End Avenue, New York City.

1896

The class of 1896 will return for Commencement in good numbers and hopes to make a creditable showing in spite of the fact that its regular reunion is only a year away. Room 18 on the second floor of Seelye Hall has been assigned to it for reunion headquarters.

The whereabouts of every graduate member of the class is accounted for at present and the secretary is without addresses for only two of the non-graduate members, whose names have been replaced on the rolls since graduation. One hundred and seventy-nine names are now on the 1896 class register. Two of these are members who have died. The class welcomes the return of former classmates who were unable to remain throughout the college course and who are glad, after a lapse of time, to renew their connections with the college.

Recent news sent to the secretary locates Emily Betts Loomis once more in Brooklyn at 1263 Pacific Street.

Two sons is more often the rule among the children of the class, but Marion Chase Howard helps to balance up with her two girls.

Annie Fassett, who has traveled and kept house in Japan, may get back in June to tell her experiences.

Isabella Foote Pinkham is an active club woman in her town, where they have been doing some interesting playground work.

If Martha Hale Harts can get away she will come from Tennessee for Commencement.

Grace Lillibridge Russell did some unusual traveling with her husband last summer that will make an interesting tale at Commencement time.

Anna Lloyd Hunt likes Korea. Any classmate going that way is invited to look her up at Chai Ryung.

Eliza Lord Jaquith assists her husband in the direction of Gates Academy in Neligh, Neb.

Genevieve Marsh is teaching in Washington, D. C.

Alice McDuffee is back home again in Kalamazoo, after a protracted time of travel and residence in other parts of the country.

Georgia Pope Sawyer has a second son, four months old.

Mary Post is head of the English Department in the High School in San José, Cal.

Kate Williams Moseley has been spending the winter in California. In her absence Clara Burnham has helped to fill up the class ranks in New York by spending the winter there.

Died, the last of December, Mrs. Morris Bradley Butler (Alice Amelia Blair).

Born, to Mrs. Lucius Root Eastman, Jr. (Eva Louise Hills), a son, John Hills Eastman, January 30.

1897

The reunion this year will be an informal one, and instead of the usual class supper, a luncheon will be held on Ivy Day at 1 o'clock. Those who desire to engage rooms or who expect to attend the luncheon are reminded that they should write at once to Miss J. Imogene Prindle, 19 Massasoit Street, Northampton, Mass.

Mrs. Harry R. Parsons (Clara S. Doolittle) has changed her address to Fort Sumner, N. M.

Mary C. Hewitt was married in September, 1909, to Mr. Sydney Knox Mitchell, of the History Department of Yale University. Address, 877 Elm Street, New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. Frederic S. Ricker (Grace Palmer Hyde) has moved from Winchester, Mass., to Berwick, Me. Mr. Ricker is now cashier of the First National Bank of Somersworth, N. H.

Mrs. Howard L. Rogers (Clara H.

Phillips) has changed her address to 35 Allerton Street, Brookline, Mass.

1898

1898 will hold a reunion in June. Class supper is to be at Plymouth Inn, Saturday night, June 11.

Mabel Knowlton married Robert Henderson Strong. Address, 205 King Street, Portland, Ore.

Catherine Farwell Hyde has a daughter, Helen Elizabeth Hyde, born February 21, 1910.

Alice Ricker Keach has a son, John Ricker Keach, born June 24, 1909, at Missoula, Mont.

Helen Lewis Wilson's address is 1002 Main Street, Racine, Wis.

A son was born, November 6, 1909, to Mrs. Edward W. Beattie, Jr. (Ethel Dickinson); he has been named Edward William Beattie, 3d.

Bertha Heidrich Miles had a son, William Smith Miles, Jr., born February 27.

Mrs. F. N. Gilbert's (Florence Anderson) new address is 239 New York Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Born, November 10, 1909, to Mrs. John Devereux Kernan, Jr. (Charlotte Sherrill, ex-1898), a second daughter, Rosemary Devereux Kernan.

1899

The address of Mrs. G. A. Kingsley (Lucy Sinclair) is 1925 Irving Avenue S., Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. Harry F. Cameron (Edith Buzzell) is now at Cebú, Cebú, Philippine Islands.

1900

Born, on November 6, 1909, at Grosse Pointe, Detroit, Mich., Luther Stephen Trowbridge, 3d, son of Mrs. Luther Stephen Trowbridge, Jr. (Mabel W. Hartsuff).

May Whitcomb (Mrs. A. H. Clark), of Vadala, India, is in this country, with her family, on a year's furlough, and may be addressed at 635 West 115th Street, New York City.

Born, on February 12, to Mrs. Charles M. Case (Helen M. Janney), a son, George Price Case, 2d.

1901

Although 1901 is not to have a regular reunion this year, let all come who can.

If you have not already written to the class secretary for rooms in case you are coming to Commencement, do so immediately. Mary B. Lewis, president; Elizabeth L. Kimball, secretary (Mrs. Everett Kimball), 319 Elm street, Northampton, Mass.

MARRIED.

Marion Livia Ashley to Frederick W. Ahlborn, June 9, 1909.

Ethel Godfrey to Herbert R. Loud, August 3, 1909.

Gertrude Roberts to Hervey J. Sherer, August 18, 1909.

Mildred Tenney Brown to Edward Ernest Pearce, October 2, 1909.

Florence Louise Palmer to B. Walter Godsoe, October 9, 1909.

Mildred Winslow Dewey to Willis Chenery Hay, November 28, 1909.

BORN.

To Mrs. William P. Arnold (Ethel Swan Cobb), a son, William Percy, Jr., August 11, 1909.

To Mrs. John Barker (Miriam Trowbridge), a daughter, Nancy, June 3, 1909.

To Mrs. Norman W. Bingham, Jr. (Ethel Stetson), a daughter, Elizabeth, April 29, 1909.

To Mrs. Eben T. Bradbury (Gertrude Riddle), a daughter, Eleanor Riddle, April 8, 1909.

To Mrs. Theobald M. Connor (Ellen Duggan), a daughter, Margaret, September 1, 1909.

To Mrs. Russell E. Dexter (Mary Lawrence Smith), a daughter, Doris, March 24, 1909.

To Mrs. Edward E. Draper (Jessamine Kimball), a son, Richard Elliott, June 19, 1909.

To Mrs. Richard E. Edwards (Marie Stuart), a son, Richard Arthur, 2d, May 14, 1909.

To Mrs. Benjamin B. Hinckley (Agnes Childs), a daughter, Frances, August 13, 1909.

To Mrs. Clarence B. Hodges (Anne DuBois), twin sons, Albert Randolph and Charles DuBois, March 5, 1909.

To Mrs. J. Nelson Hood (Gertrude Hall), a son, William, February 2, 1909.

To Mrs. Everett Kimball (Elizabeth McGrew), a son, Everett, Jr., November 4, 1909.

To Mrs. John G. Palfrey (Methyl Oakes), a daughter, Elizabeth Howland, January 14, 1909.

To Mrs. Gardner W. Pearson (Alice Duckworth), a daughter, Sarah Hill, January 20, 1909.

To Mrs. Edgar M. Smead (Grace Zink), a daughter, Margaret Elizabeth, May 7, 1909.

To Mrs. Charles Wickwire (Mabel Fitzgerald, ex-1901), a daughter, Charlotte Rouse, March 20, 1909.

To Mrs. Schuyler C. Woodhull (Agnes Patton), a daughter, Caroline Vroom, July 29, 1909.

1902

1902, in line with the other classes, will have a reunion in June. The class will meet for luncheon at Plymouth Inn, on Monday, June 13. If you expect to be present please notify the class secretary before May 15.

Born to Mrs. William Ramsay (A. Louise Vogdes), a son, Wayne Vogdes Ramsay, January 20.

Lucy M. Davis has married Walter E. Rice. Address, 916 Queen Anne Avenue, Seattle, Wash.

Jennie Foster Emerson has announced her engagement to Albert Elliott Burnham, of Central Falls, R. I.

Mrs. Field Scott (Maroe Sater) has moved to 164 13th Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

1903

A third child, the second son, was born, December 2, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. Francis William Tully (Susan Pratt Kennedy), at Chestnut Hill, Mass. He has been named Sidney Kennedy Tully

(for his uncle, Sidney Kennedy, who married Natalie Stanton, 1904).

Mrs. Frederick Lynch (Maude Barrows Dutton) is literary editor of *The Christian Work and Evangelist*.

Born, December 9, 1909, to Mrs. Edward Josiah Stone (Rebecca Dickinson Carr, ex-1903), a son, Lewis Carr Stone.

1904

Remember that we voted last time to have another *regular* reunion this year—class programs, songs, supper, and all the fixings, and our old costumes all ready for us! Begin now to make your plans for it. President Seelye will never have but one "last year." Don't let husbands, babies, schools, principalities, nor powers keep you away from the festivities at Hamp, June 10-15, 1910!

The following addresses have proved incorrect. If anyone knows where these girls are at present located will she kindly send their addresses to the 1904 secretary, M. S. Haynes, Augusta, Me.:

Mary L. Berry, care of Com. Berry, U. S. N., Washington, D. C.

Florence J. Clark, 146 Union Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mary P. Colburn, Pittsford, Vt.

Corinne W. Davis (Mrs. Leonard Bradley), Hibbing, Minn.

Georgina Kellogg, 29 North Benton Avenue, Helena, Mont.

Anna D. Kincaid, Hatton Grange, Va.

Helen F. Plaisted, Franklin, N. H.

Elizabeth C. Scales, 8 Kenesaw Terrace, Chicago, Ill.

Has anyone the addresses of the following ex-1904's: Annie Thyng, Ella Gaylord, Grace Wells, Marion Doane, Mrs. R. E. Tomlinson (Jeanette Meyer), Mrs. Almon C. Barrett (Bessie Boynton).

Bertha Robe has announced her engagement to William Eltinge Conklin, of New York City.

Born, November 13, 1909, to Mrs. W. R. Westcott (Sophia Lord Burnham), a daughter, Sophia Burnham Westcott.

Irma F. Rothschild is married to Mr.

G. W. Bowers Bartlett and is living at 142 Bedford Court Mansions, Bedford Square, London.

Died, March 12, 1909, William Ogden Harrison, son of Mrs. John S. Harrison (Elisabeth Shepard Southworth).

Born, October 11, to Mrs. Charles G. Ireys (Florence D. Wells, ex-1904), a son, Calvin Goodrich Ireys.

Born, January 17, 1910, a daughter, Frances Perry, to Mrs. Thomas Perry (Margaret Watson).

1905

Married: Joan D. Brumley to William O. Cooper, October 21, 1909. Address, 180 Central Avenue, East Orange, N. J.

Married: Mary Louise Darling to Ernest S. Hethrington. Address, Bradford, Vt.

1906

By the kindness of 1908, 1906 will share with them as reunion headquarters the former reading room in the Students' Building.

All 1906 girls desiring rooms for Commencement week should apply at once to the secretary, Fannie Furman, 254 Alexander Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Odilee Burnham is engaged to John Clifford Gray, of Arlington, Mass., a Harvard graduate.

Esther Porter is engaged to Noah Reynolds Brooks.

Florence R. Sternberger was married, March 2, to Henry Vivian Bisbee.

Helen Putnam has announced her engagement to Mr. Robert Tilden Kingsbury, of Keene, N. H.

Marcia H. Shaw was married, March 5, to Mr. Waldo F. Glidden.

Mrs. Charles F. D. Belden (Anna Blackwell, ex-1906) had a daughter born December 20, 1909, named Elizabeth Blackwell Belden.

Marjorie Stephens Allen was married to Mr. Otto Henry Seiffert on January 20, 1910. Address, Allendale, Moline, Ill.

Florence Mann has announced her engagement to Dr. Herman A. Spoehr, of the University of Chicago.

Born, December 31, 1909, to Mrs. Maxfield Cook (Hazel Josephine Goes) a son, John Cook.

Betty Amerman was promoted on New Year's Day, after three months' probation, and has entered upon the full course of training as a nurse at the hospital at 68 Henry Street, Orange, N. J.

Melinda Prince (Mrs. David R. Smith) has removed from Bethlehem, Pa., to Pittsburg, where she is living at the St. Regis Apartments, corner Maryland and Howe Streets.

Melinda Rockwood expects to return in the spring from several years in Europe.

1907

Dorothea Schauffler was married, January 11, to Rev. Robert G. Higginbotham. Address, 63 Fremont Street, Bridgeport, Conn.

Married: December 30, 1909, Grace Townshend and Earl Partridge, Yale, 1907 S.

Born, March 14, to Mrs. Carl R. Bragdon (Helen Cobb), a daughter.

1908

Reunion Notice.—According to the vote of the Alumnae Association, all are earnestly requested to be present at Commencement this year. Applications for rooms may be made through the class secretary, Helen M. Hills, 715 St. Mark's Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Born to Mrs. Burritt Samuel Lacy (Kate Bradley), a son, Benjamin Marvin Lacy, February 14.

Jeannette C. Shaffert was married January 5 to Mr. George Moody Heune. Address, Marietta, Ohio.

Frances C. Boynton is teaching mathematics and English in the High School at Faulkton, S. D.

Nannie Morgan sailed for Europe in January.

Lucy Raymond sailed for Europe February 12. She will return during the summer.

Laura M. McCall has announced her engagement to Mr. Robert Northup, instructor at the Horace Mann School, New York.

Glenn Alda Patten was married on October 20, 1909, in Kokomo, Ind., to Dr. Rush P. Crawford. Address, East Washington Street, Sullivan, Ind.

Edith Sinclair was married in December to Mr. Philip Miller. Address, Lincoln Street, East Orange, N. J.

Mildred Towne was married on February 12 to Mr. Francis Foster Powell. Address, University Ranch, Stevensville, Mont.

Born to Mrs. Robert E. Blakeslee (Caroline Russell Brackett), a son, Robert Willard Blakeslee, January 14.

Born to Mrs. Cyrus Henry Loutrel (Ethel McCluney), a daughter, Harriet Loutrel, January 20.

Ella and Margaret Topping have moved from Kansas City, Mo., to Peoria, Ill. Address, The National Hotel, Peoria, Ill.

1909

Immediately upon arrival in Northampton all members of the class are requested to register in the French Club room of the Students' Building. All class notices will be posted there.

Miriam Elizabeth Alt, ex-1909, was married on March 24 to Mr. David Curtiss Munson, 600 W. 139th Street, New York City.

Henrietta Davis, ex-1909 (Mrs. Raymond West Ferris), 60 Sherman Avenue, Columbus, Ohio, has a son, Edward Mortimer Ferris, born October 16, 1909.

Alice Garrett Martin, ex-1909, was married December 15, 1909, to Mr. Frederick Abbott Weymouth, 719 C Street, Sparrows Point, Md.

Helen Dana (Mrs. James B. Draper), has moved from Canton, Mass., to Stillwater Avenue, Old Town, Me.

Elizabeth Alsop is at home, devoting a great deal of time to piano study.

BOOK NOTES

The *QUARTERLY* does not review books, but gratefully acknowledges the receipt of volumes written by Smith women. During the current quarter we have received the following:

MARGARITA'S SOUL, the romantic recollections of a man of fifty, an American love story, by Josephine Daskam Bacon, published under the pseudonym "Ingraham Lovell," by John Lane Company, New York, 1909. Illustrated by J. Scott Williams. Whistler butterfly decorations. Cloth, 12mo., 304 pages, \$1.50.

NOTICES

Rooms for Commencement, 1910

Campus rooms will, as usual, be assigned only to the classes holding regular five-year reunions, in the order of their graduation: 1880, 1885, 1890, 1895, etc. Applications should be made to the class secretaries.

As a special arrangement for this Commencement a local committee has been formed to assist the general secretary in asking persons who do not usually open their houses to do so this year as a favor to the *alumnæ*. Applications giving full details of accommodations desired should be made at once to the class secretaries.

Senior Dramatics, 1910

The capacity of the theatre has been reached for both the Thursday and Friday performances of Senior Dramatics. *Alumnæ* who have not yet applied may send their names to the General Secretary, 184 Elm Street, Northampton, to be placed on the waiting list. There is a greater possibility of tickets being given up for Thursday, June 9, than for Friday. Saturday evening is not open to *alumnæ*.

Applications if not desired must be cancelled by June 1.

Tickets may be claimed and paid for upon arrival in Northampton at the office of the Business Manager, in Seelye Hall. Tickets will not be saved after 5 o'clock on the day of the performance unless notice has been sent to hold them. Neither applications nor tickets are transferable.

The Business Manager will hold additional office hours at the Academy of Music on Thursday and Friday, when any tickets which may have been given up will be sold from 6:30 to 7 o'clock to those whose names are on the waiting list, and from 7 to 7:30 o'clock to the public.

Reduced Railroad Rates

Through the efforts of the *Alumnæ Association*, reduced railroad rates have been obtained for persons attending Commencement, in the New England, Trunk Line and Central Railroad Association districts. A full notice of the way to obtain the reduction will be mailed to *each member of the Alumnæ Association* one month before Commencement. For further information apply to the General Secretary, 184 Elm Street, Northampton.

Registration

Each alumna returning for Commencement is urged to register as soon after arrival as possible in Seelye Hall, Room 1 (instead of in the Registrar's Office). Collation tickets will be given *only to those who have registered*. The room will be open for registration at 9 o'clock on Friday, June 10.

At the General Secretary's Office, 184 Elm Street, are a few copies of the photographs of President Seelye's portrait, signed with the President's autograph, which may be obtained before Commencement upon application to the General Secretary. The price is 75 cents, mounted ready for framing.

The 1910 edition of the class book will contain pictures of the various college buildings, including the library and new auditorium, and also an article by a graduate on "Some Things President Seelye Has Meant to Smith." Orders may be sent to Juanita Field, Haven House, Northampton. The price of the book is \$2.25, postage extra.

As there was not sufficient interest expressed in the plan to establish an alumnæ clubhouse in Northampton, the idea has been abandoned for the present and the pledges which were received in response to the appeal sent out by the committee have been destroyed.

SARA DURYEA HAZEN,
ANNE MARIE PAUL,
LENA RILEY CURTIS,
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Wanted—A Good Alumnae Song

All alumnæ are urged to enter a competition for an alumnæ song to be set to any familiar and simple air and to be sung at the Rally next June. Please send your verses before May 10 to

ELIZABETH MEYER SCHEVILL,
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THE COLLEGE CALENDAR

Thursday, April 7—Spring Term opens.

Saturday, April 9—Morris House Reception; Hubbard House Reception.

Wednesday, April 13—Open Meeting of Biological.

Friday, April 15—Boston Festival Orchestra.

Saturday, April 16—Tyler House Reception; Baldwin House Group Dance.

Monday, April 18—Open Mathematical Club, Lecture by Professor Royce.

Saturday, April 23—Alpha Meeting; Phi Kappa Psi Meeting.

Saturday, April 30—Division "B" Dramatics.

Saturday, May 7—Albright House Group Dance and 20 Belmont Reception.

Wednesday, May 11—Junior Promenade.

Saturday, May 14—Meeting of Alpha Society; meeting of Phi Kappa Psi Society.

Saturday, May 21—Group Dance; Reception by The Lodge.

Wednesday, May 25—Open Meeting of Clef Club.

Saturday, May 28—Meeting of Alpha Society; meeting of Phi Kappa Psi Society.

Tuesday, May 31—Final Examinations begin.

Wednesday, June 8—Schumann Centennial Recital.

Thursday, June 9—End of Final Examinations; Senior Dramatics.

Friday, June 10—Senior Dramatics.

Saturday, June 11—Senior Dramatics.

Sunday, June 12—Baccalaureate Sunday.

Monday, June 13—Ivy Day.

Tuesday, June 14—Commencement Day.

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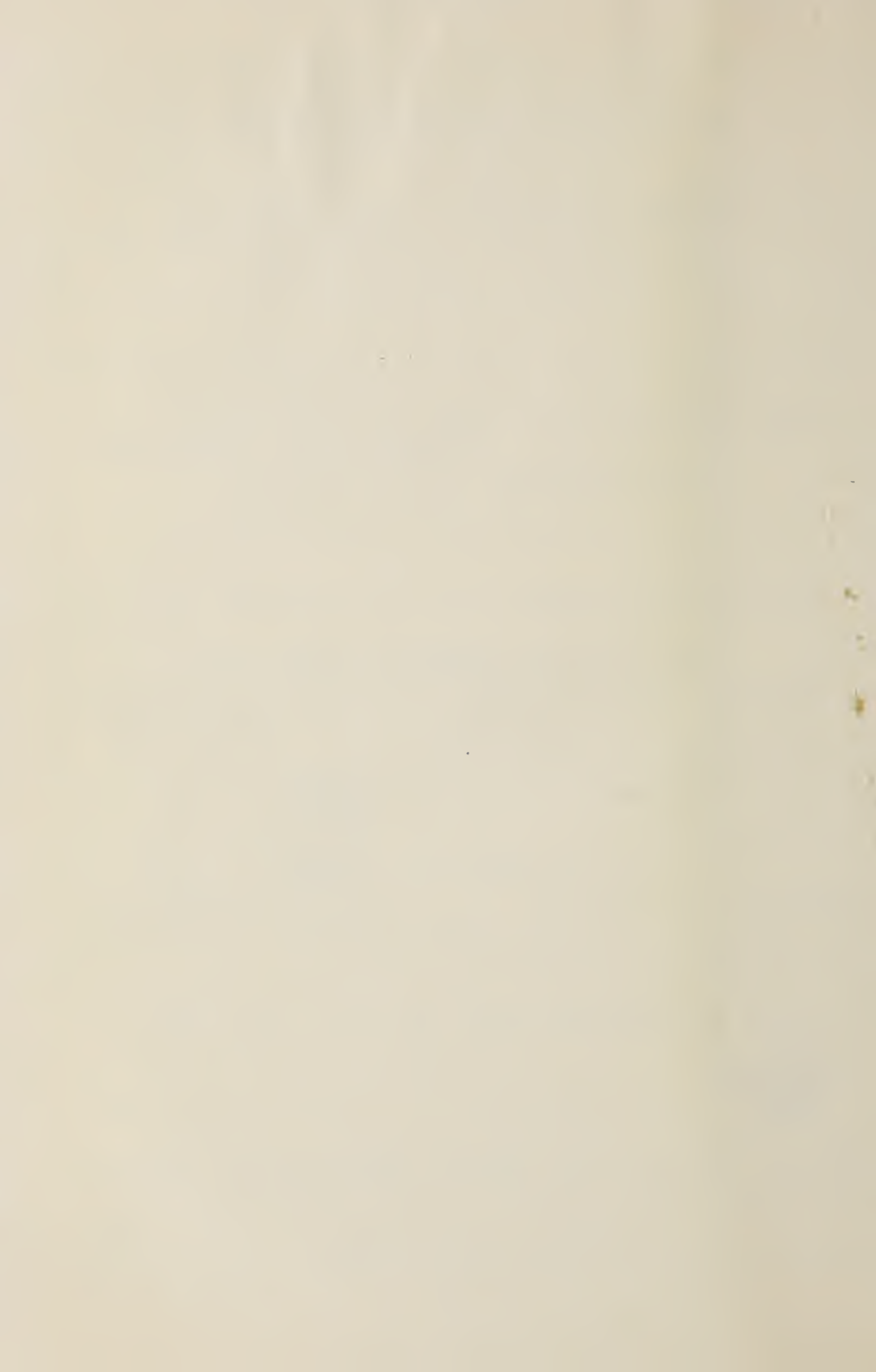
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THE
SMITH ALUMNAE
QUARTERLY

PUBLISHED BY
THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION OF SMITH COLLEGE
JULY, 1910

CONTENTS

THE SMITH ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

July, 1910

	PAGE
President Seelye (<i>Portrait</i>).....	Frontispiece
The Word from 1879.....	Mary B. Whiton, 1879..... 161
Sophia Smith—What She Read.....	Dr. John M. Greene..... 164
To the Older Alumnae.....	Justina Robinson Hill, 1880..... 169
Song—The Fairies' Dance.....	Sheila Foster, 1909..... 172
BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS—	
Pitiful Tale of a Prom Man.....	Virginia C. Craven, 1910..... 173
Tribute to President Seelye.....	Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke, 1883..... 174
For President Seelye (<i>Poem</i>).....	Fannie Stearns Davis, 1904..... 176
From a Faculty Standpoint.....	A Member of the Faculty..... 178
The Mystery (<i>Poem</i>).....	Bertha Chace Lovell, 1905..... 179
LET US TALK OF MANY THINGS—	
To Our Silent Partners.....	The Editor 180
Opinions Wanted	Kate Morris Cone, 1879..... 180
A Disregarded Virtue.....	Ellen Tucker Emerson, 1901..... 181
Need for a Coöperative Dormitory.....	Mary Byers Smith, 1908..... 181
The Poor Class Secretary Again.....	Elizabeth L. Kimball, 1901..... 184
Class Secretaries at Dartmouth.....	Kate Morris Cone, 1879..... 185
Other People's Children.....	Olivia Howard Dunbar, 1894..... 185
A Handmaid in Mexico.....	Grace Hazard Conkling, 1899..... 188
NORTHAMPTON NEWS—	
Spring Term	F. H. S., 1904 (<i>Compiler</i>)..... 191
Library Notes 194
The Auditorium 194
Smith Girls at Mt. Ivy.....	Marion C. Yeaw, 1911..... 195
Report of the Naples Table Association.....	Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke, 1883..... 196
What Commencement Meant.....	Elizabeth L. Kimball, 1901..... 197
The Week in Detail..... 197
THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION—	
The Local Clubs..... 206
What Shall Alumnae Do for the College?	Eleanor H. Eush Woods, 1896..... 208
ALUMNAE NOTES—	
The Association of Class Secretaries.. 209
Missing Non-Graduates..... 209
Class News 211
BOOK NOTES 214
NOTICES 214

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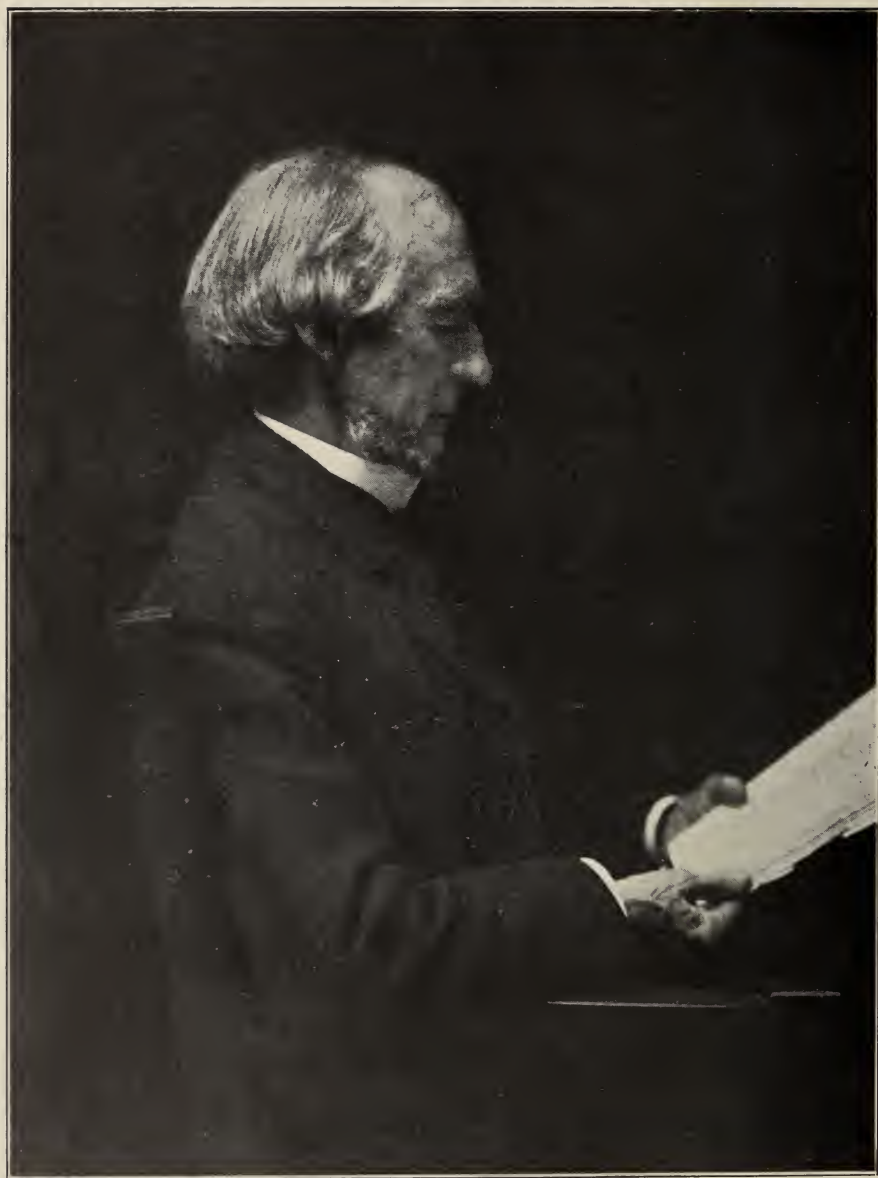
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PRESIDENT L. CLARK SEELYE.

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THE WORD FROM 1879 UPON PRESIDENT SEELYE'S RETIREMENT

MARY B. WHITON

Mr. Chairman, honored President, Alumnae and Friends:—

I am glad to be permitted to speak to-day. It is fitting that this honor came to a member of 1879, for we knew the President of Smith College in his official capacity before any member of the Board of Trustees here present: we antedate our Senior Professor—Dr. Greene, only, came before us.

I was touched this morning by Dr. Black's reference to friendship as one of the great gifts which college life holds in store, for in the debt of personal gratitude which I owe to President Seelye for what he has done for me, I count as not the least item the life-long and ever satisfying friendship with the dear girl whom he in his wisdom selected for my room-mate, because he judged, having carefully read our fathers' letters, that we would be good for each other.

She has been good for me! But think—I ask you—of an eminent scholar on the eve of a great experiment, an inventor about to launch a hitherto untried enterprise, against which there was determined opposition on the part of critics and cavilers of the highest professional standing, both physicians and clergymen—think of President Seelye at this crisis meditating on a girl's room-mate and a girl's friendship!

No doubt this would have seemed a minor detail to other administrators of great enterprises, but in that long ago time, when the advisability and possibility of a college education and college degrees for women was a subject for heated discussion, there was no detail of our lives to which President Seelye did not give his personal oversight and attention.

There are many distinguished qualities which a college president must possess. He must be idealist, creator, executor, financier, and scholar. President Seelye is all these—but he had another and a rarer gift which binds and links these qualities together, as the chain on which jewels are strung—President Seelye had immense capacity for work

and patient attention for details. It is this unusual combination, I hold, which has given us a great College, and has given to our President a unique position among educators.

This great assembly hall, these surrounding buildings, these crowding Alumnæ present to one of the sixteen, who in the fall of 1875 constituted the entire student body, then provided for by three buildings—the Dewey House, the President's House, and College Hall (half its present size)—an extraordinary contrast.

A Woman's College was an experiment. Mt. Holyoke was then a seminary; Vassar, in its infancy, was not at that date a true college, for Vassar had a preparatory department, and moreover at Vassar Greek was not required. Greek was the shibboleth in those days; the hallmark by which a real college could be distinguished; the *sine qua non*.

So we launched out upon an uncharted sea. The horizon was misty.

That 1879 has a voice to-day is not only because we remember most, but having known our College longest we love her best. We cherished Smith College in her infancy. In 1875 *we were* the College.

The President gave us a course of lectures on the college idea. We realized that we were an experiment; we imagined ourselves before the footlights; we were solicitous about the traditions and precedents to be established;—are our text books really of college grade?—are our instructors capable of college methods?—these were our anxious questions when we asked for appointments with the President in his office.

Selecting a College color we chose white as worthy for Smith, regarding as trivial colors Vassar's rose and grey and the Mt. Holyoke blue. When the first Commencement approached and gowns were discussed, plain black silk appeared dignified and was our choice. Like other pioneers, we took ourselves seriously.

But even great Jupiter nods, and there were lighter moments. We had a Professor of Social Culture who directed our social activities, and a reception was held every week in the Dewey House parlors to which the youths of Northampton came. There were not many youths to come. One of them told one of our number that she reminded him of his mother. Fancy! And we—only Freshmen!

But we were not really Freshmen, for the words "Freshman" and "Sophomore" have never been allowed at Smith and I am heartily glad. "First Year" and "Second Year" are distinctive and dignified terms, and do away with the necessity for those foolish pranks which, by the process of mental suggestion, foolish names produce.

President Seelye trained me and I have not departed from his teachings—but there was a time before I understood all about it when

hazing seemed a duty owed to my Sophomore rank. I thought that the new girls were Freshmen, and legitimate prey.

It was harmless enough. That season Cardinal red was the fashionable color—it is called “Chanticleer” now. So two of us wrote notes one of which we pinned on the door of every new girl, stating that “Cardinal red is a color forbidden to Freshmen.” The new girls cried, and the Professor of Social Culture redressed their wrong by requiring us to take the notes down.

But we had gala days too,—as when the President chartered a barge and took the whole college for a drive to visit Amherst or Mt. Holyoke, or when we went two by two invited by Mrs. Seelye to supper.

Life was very simple, our amusements were only incidents in a life of study. We came to Smith College to study. We thought that was what college was for.

It was indeed a day of small things, but of high hopes, and under our great leader the work has been divinely blessed.

It is for others here to-day to tell of the years that have witnessed the gradual rounding out of the slender crescent of that early time—that college of sixteen girls—into the resplendent orb of to-day.

Those years have changed the face of the world. We had no telephone, no trolley cars, no elevated railroad, no Brooklyn Bridge. We talk daily now with friends across a continent. Ships migrate the air. But returning hither to these Academic Groves, beneath our College elms we find the old idyllic charm abiding ever in our Alma Mater’s home.

Her family how multiplied! Her resources how amplified! Her influence and fame how splendid! But her ideal, her purpose, her spirit, in the words of England’s Virgin Queen, *Semper eadem*, ever the same. And so are we to her, as aforetime, so to-day.

“Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.”

The President of St. Andrew’s College remarked to a visitor to whom he was showing the medals won for archery four or five centuries ago, that the history of Scotland is to be read in the biographies of the winners of those trophies. One may say the same of the happy history of Smith College through more than a third of a century—it is the history of him who to-day for the last time dismisses us with his blessing.

Fortunate in her location, fortunate in her large minded Trustees, fortunate in the loyal devotedness of her Faculty, and supremely fortunate has our College been in the consecrated creative genius of her illustrious President.

Bringing to his great task a noble ideal, with rare sagacity as an administrator, with financial and economic skill rarely found in a scholar and idealist, but necessary to foster into fullest fruitfulness the

slender pecuniary resources then at hand; with tact and suavity which made President Seelye's "no," if no were needed, more gracious than "yes" from others; with the force which grasps difficulties fearlessly; with dignified scholarship and a courtly manner, the Master Builder of our College, under whose hand the little one has become a thousand and the small one a strong republic, has achieved the realization of his high ideal and is crowned with honor and affection.

Tuesday, June 14, 1910.

SOPHIA SMITH—WHAT SHE READ

JOHN M. GREENE

Nothing is truer than the old saw, "the books he reads describe the man." Sophia Smith was a genuine lover of books. If she had had in early life an opportunity to gratify her bookish taste, she would have been a great reader. In her old age she was painfully conscious of her lack of early educational advantages and of her scant acquaintance with books. She often said with saddened tone, "I wish I could have had the help and benefit of a college education. It would have enlarged and enriched my life, made me happier, and increased my power of doing good."

During the thirteen years that I knew Miss Smith she kept herself, through her reading, well informed on the occurrences of the day. Two weekly newspapers, and one daily from Springfield and another from New York, were with considerable carefulness read by her. No important event of the day in national or state affairs, in business, politics, church matters, society life, education or philanthropy, escaped her notice. She lamented that because of her deafness, which came upon her in middle life, she could not easily converse with others and get the benefit of their views on current events. But, as it was, she passed with those who knew her best, as a well-informed woman. She read the *Springfield Republican* and the *New York Tribune*. No one could be illiterate or behind the times who, with fair intellect and open heart, sat daily at the feet of Samuel Bowles and Horace Greeley. They were two of the most live men, able writers, and accomplished journalists in our nation. Miss Smith read these newspapers and kept herself abreast of the times. She also had humor and pleasantry in her nature. She relished in her newspaper a good joke, and laughed at a new story. She was quite human.

Besides the above she read with interest two monthlies—*Harper's* and *The Atlantic*. Before I became her pastor, she had read the former magazine several years. Able men and women contributed their best thoughts, in prose and poetry, to its pages, and Miss Smith spent many hours each month in perusing them. *The Atlantic Monthly* started on its noted career in 1857, the very year I began my pastorate in Hatfield; and, being myself one of the first subscribers, I not only read it, but encouraged others to read it. Miss Smith read it from its first appearance. She did not comprehend the transcendentalism of Mr. Emerson, but she did grasp and relish the wit of Dr. Holmes in *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, and the racy tales of Mrs. Stowe in *The Minister's Wooing*. The most brilliant of our New England writers contributed the product of their pens to that magazine. The newest and best thought, tersely and finely expressed, was found in every number.

One article by Colonel Higginson in 1859, entitled, "Ought Women to Learn the Alphabet?" did not at first attract her attention. She read it and thought nothing of it. But in 1861, after the death of her brother, and after she had come to me for advice, I, while I was working out a plan of a women's college for her, put into her hands from my own library, Colonel Higginson's article, just mentioned, and the address of Henry Thomas Buckle, given in England in 1858, on "The Influence of Women on the Progress of Knowledge." She read and reread them, and I think they did much to prepare her mind for the hearty acceptance of my plan of a Woman's College. She had not thought of this subject till I proposed it to her; but the more she thought of it and read about it, the more it pleased her.

Miss Smith was fond of biography, and she gave much time to the reading of it. There was much of this literature in the Hatfield public library, and she read it all. Irving's *Life of Washington* and Parton's *Life of Benjamin Franklin* were new books during her last years, and she devoured them eagerly. She was intensely patriotic, and American biography was her special delight. She had a good reading acquaintance with the women of the revolutionary period of our country. The lives and memoirs of Mary and Martha Washington, Abigail Adams, Dorothy Hancock and their co-laborers she read more than once, and was proud to be a citizen in the country which they had helped to save and build.

The heroes and heroines in the church and missionary fields were not forgotten by her in her reading. Any new biography of a Christian worker, in the home or foreign field, which came into the public or Sunday School library, or into her pastor's study, she was very sure to find and absorb its contents. She thought every heroic poem, such as the *Book of Job*, the *Iliad*, the *Aeneid*, is counted great and loved by men

because it is the life of a human being. And equally did she claim that every genuine human life is a heroic poem, whether it is written and read by men, or unwritten and known only to God.

Miss Smith had a strong imagination, and therefore she was fond of literature known as imaginative narration. Many then called it fiction, the novel, or story-telling, and rejected it. But she did not do that. To her, imaginative prose had attractions to which it was easy to yield. She found it good and helpful as a form of mental recreation, but harmful if indulged in to excess; good as a condiment, but not as regular diet, or the staple pabulum of the mind. In her Journal she often chides herself for wasting time and throwing away precious hours in reading stories. But if she had wholly denied herself this mental diversion and recreation, her life would have been very sad. Her deafness cut her off from the pleasures of conversation and social games, which add so much to the happiness and welfare of most people. Reading was a most important factor in her every day life. It meant more to her than it could mean to one whose sense of hearing was not impaired. She had friends in Hatfield and Northampton who saw to it that a good supply of what was new and best in imaginative prose should come to her house, and she read it.

In her Journal I find the following:—"I read through *Pendennis*, last week, by Thackeray. I do not admire it; too much light and frivolous reading about it." That is all she says. Soon after that we find the following in her Journal:—"I have just read Miss Phelps's work, *The Gates Ajar*, which is very fine. She brings heaven nearer; that our friends are not so distant; that they take an interest in this world; that they watch over us; that they stand ready to guide us to another world; that we shall see them there; and they will be to us even more than they were in this world." She understood Miss Phelps better than she did Thackeray. Some years earlier, in her Journal, I find:—"I have read too much light reading for the past, too many of Mary E. Braddon's novels. Although interesting and very well written, they take up too much time, and are too absorbing, they induce a disrelish for more substantial reading. And they also have a tendency to dissipate the mind, and take it off from more solemn things."

Miss Smith was also a lover of poetry. Whittier was a favorite of hers. The simplicity of his style, the purity and elevation of his sentiment, and his deep sympathy with the poor and down-trodden, met a responsive chord in her heart. She committed many of his lines to memory. Longfellow as a poet was very dear to her. His *Psalm of Life* had a rhythm and moral aspiration which were very pleasing to her. Bryant and Dr. Holmes too caught her ear with their songs, and she listened, and in her soul heard their melody whenever in magazine or

newspaper they sang. When she saw a poem from the pen of Harriet Beecher Stowe, or Julia Ward Howe, she always had time for its careful reading. In her Journal I find:—"I have read a good deal the past week. I have read Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*. It is a very interesting story, and very handsomely written, in a sweet and easy style. I have read criticisms upon Mrs. Barrett Browning as an authoress of great power, while I have never seen any of her writings. Tennyson is considered foremost among the British poets living. He is the poet laureate to the Queen."

But her chief delight in poetry was found in its help to her religious faith and life. For this reason her church hymn-book was a *vade mecum* to her. Poetry as an art did not strongly appeal to her; but as a vehicle of religious sentiment and emotion it stood high in her regard. She committed to memory, and often repeated, many psalms and hymns which were sung in the church, and felt deeply the comfort and strength which they brought into her life. She was fond of the poetical parts of the Bible, and had imagination enough to enable her to rise above the letter which so often kills, and catch the life-giving spirit in what she read. She held in highest esteem as poetic gems, the first psalm, the fifteenth, twenty-third, thirty-third and thirty-fourth, ninetieth, one hundred and twenty-first, and one hundred and thirtieth. She carried them in her memory, and said them over to herself in her hours of loneliness and sorrow. Like John Milton she thought, "There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion."

Miss Smith delighted in history. On the second page of her Journal she says:—"I have commenced reading Motley's *History of the Dutch Republic*, which is written in very good language and pleasing style. Alexander Farnese, the Duke of Parma, the greatest general and one of the most brilliant men of the age, devoted his life and service to Phillip II, who left him to his own resources, without men or money. He overcame every difficulty." She read Macauley's *History of England*, Palfrey's *History of New England*, and Abbott's *History of the Civil War in America*. She was much interested in Horace Greeley's *The American Conflict*. The works of Josiah G. Holland were very pleasing to her. In spirit and moral tone they were in harmony with her New England ideas, and they described persons and scenes with which she was familiar. The writings of Mary Abigail Dodge (Gail Hamilton) were popular in Miss Smith's day, and she was always glad to get a volume of her essays, or a magazine or newspaper which contained an article from her pen. On one of the pages of her Journal she quotes, with seeming approval, Miss Dodge's views on Prayer.

Many essays and reviews from English and Scotch writers which her pastor had, went also to her table and were carefully read by her. Miss

Smith read without a dictionary. I never saw her consult one, and I think there was none in her house, yet it is a rare thing to find in her Journal a misspelled word, or a word used in an erroneous sense. She learned to spell words as she read them on the printed page, and she wrought out the meaning of them in the laboratory of her own mind. She read classics, and thus acquired a correct use of language.

During her last years she read many printed sermons. Henry Ward Beecher was perhaps the foremost pulpit orator in our country at that time. His style was simple, fervent, poetical, and full of patriotic zeal, and his sermons were scattered broadcast over the land. Miss Smith read and admired them, whether she found them in volumes, or in newspapers. They were popular in style, and the inspiration of them was upward and onward. Another preacher whose volumes of sermons she liked to read, was Horace Bushnell. His sermons were very different from Mr. Beecher's. They were more philosophic, full of high and deep and sometimes abstruse thought. One had to study them in order really to enjoy them. But she was undaunted, and persevered till Bushnell's "Sermons for the New Life," on the "Moral Uses of Dark Things," and on "Living Subjects" were much admired by her. She read them and thought them out with great pleasure. She also read the sermons of Charles H. Spurgeon, the noted preacher in London, England, and enjoyed them.

But there was one book which Miss Smith read and studied more than any or all others—the English Bible. She read it not from a sense of duty, but because she relished it. She had a devotion to the sacred Scriptures, and a knowledge of them, which was very marked. She did not read her Bible by chapters, but by subjects. In her Journal she states that, on a Sunday afternoon when because of the rain she did not go to church, she read the account of the later years of King David's reign, which comprises as many as thirty consecutive chapters in the Books of Kings. And after the reading she wrote out in her Journal an epitome of it, which would be creditable to a minister whose profession requires him to make a special study of the Bible. At another time she would read all that the Bible says of Abraham, and lay it out in her mind in a systematic and orderly way. Thus she mentally grasped the whole subject and its details. Similarly she dealt with Isaac, Jacob, Joshua, Gideon, Ruth, Hannah, Esther. She pursued the same method with the New Testament. The result was that she was very familiar with Bible History and characters. The language of the Bible moulded and shaped hers in her conversation and writing. The imagery and figures of speech which she used she got from that storehouse. And there is no book like it to give the English writer or orator power. Shakespeare was a king among writers of the English tongue, but his language is

that of the Bible. In the single play of Hamlet occur fifteen quotations from or allusions to the English Bible of his day. Daniel Webster was the greatest of American orators, but his style is noted for his use of the small Saxon words and the imagery of the Bible. And whoever had the privilege of informal and familiar talk with the founder of Smith College, or has read the pages of her Journal, cannot but bear the same testimony with regard to her. It was the English Bible which inspired and shaped her thought, and gave her the garb in which to array it.

Winter Hill, Mass., May 30, 1910.

TO THE OLDER ALUMNAE

JUSTINA ROBINSON HILL

In view of the fact that the older alumnæ are not familiar with the present methods in force at Smith College, it has been thought wise to publish information concerning a few matters of importance to the college and its students.

The first question is, How do girls get into Smith College? and the answer is, By examination, by certificate, and by examination and certificate combined. It is not too much to say that the large increase in numbers is not due to a lowering of standards.

In earlier days admission showed the general simplicity of all matters pertaining to the college. The writer treasures a hand-written letter from President Seelye stating that her teacher had been to see him, had told of her work and she was admitted. It was a *viva voce* certificate, with no suggestion that the teacher filled out any papers, just his word was accepted—but when the teacher bade his college class good-bye he said, "Now woe be unto you, if you don't do well," and that was enough.

The rapid growth of the college made the admission of students a question of Faculty discipline and by degrees rules were formulated to guide teachers who wished the certificate privilege for their students.

ADMISSION BY EXAMINATION

Institutions have grown more friendly and have, as it were, pooled their common interests in maintaining standards of scholarship. There has been formed the College Entrance Examination Board. At the

present time this Board represents twenty-seven universities and colleges; eight secondary schools, and the Carnegie Foundation.

To further uniformity in college preparatory work the Board has established a scale of values of different studies, which it is hoped will be adopted by all institutions.

The examination papers are set by the examiners and reviewed by a general committee. The examiners represent different colleges and are often heads of departments. The students' papers are read by a Board of Readers, chosen by the executive committee, from colleges and secondary schools. Practically all the institutions accept the marks of the readers, but in case of discussion the original papers may be called for by any college. One example of how this board works will show its method.

At a meeting of the Board in 1907 a commission was appointed to consider the revision of the requirements in Physics. The commission consisted of university and college professors, inspectors and principals of high schools and an assistant commissioner of education in New York.

The majority and minority reports of this commission were referred to a committee of secondary school teachers and from the combined wisdom and experience of all those most concerned the revised definition of the requirements in Physics was approved.

This definition tells what the instruction in Physics should include in text book, lecture, and laboratory, gives a syllabus of topics fundamental in every well planned course of elementary Physics, and a list of experiments which every student should perform.

For 1909 there were 45 examiners chosen from different colleges. The examinations were held during a week in June, in 167 different places. The largest number of candidates, 1,174, was in New York, while Massachusetts followed with 792. The total number of candidates was 3,466 of whom 1,026 were from New England and 1,783 from the Middle States.

The ages of the candidates were from 12 to 33. These candidates declared themselves seeking admission to 54 different institutions and 204 were for Smith.

Smith College admits students who pass the examinations given by this Board in June—when two-thirds of the candidates present themselves. The standards of Smith College are those of the college world as far as examinations are concerned.

In September the examination papers are prepared by the heads of the departments, reviewed by the Examining Board and the students' papers are corrected by the departments.

ADMISSION BY CERTIFICATE

In the application of the certificate privilege students are divided into two classes—those from schools within and those from schools outside of New England.

Those from New England enter under the rules of a Certificate Board with which the larger number of New England colleges are connected. This Board is established to receive, examine, and act upon all applications from New England schools that ask for certificate privilege. Each college elects one delegate to serve for three years as a member of the Board.

A committee of this Board receives and examines all applications from schools desiring to be placed on the list. No school is approved except by the affirmative vote of two-thirds and no school is dropped except by vote of a majority of the Board.

Schools, candidates for approval, must make full statement concerning courses of study, teachers and equipment and must have sent within three years at least two satisfactory students to one or more colleges represented on the Board before its application is considered.

All schools are judged by the records of students who have entered college with the consent of their principals. If all conditions of a school applying for the certificate are favorable the school is placed on the trial list for one year, after which, if successful, it is placed on the approved list for three years, after which application must be made for another three years' approval. Schools from which the certificate is withdrawn must go through the same form if they wish it renewed.

That the approval of this Board is desired by the secondary schools is shown by the fact that 267 schools in New England are on the trial and approved list.

The method shows in what respect the schools are not meeting the requirements of the college, though it is claimed that the percentage of failures among those admitted by examination is larger than in the case of those admitted by certificate. Interesting results may be expected from the continuous work of the Board.

At Smith the proportion of students from New England is a little less than one-half.

Students from schools outside of New England are admitted on certificate from schools on the approved list which is made up by an examination of the application from the schools and by testing the candidates' work, giving the school first a provisional right and later, if its pupils succeed, approval. This privilege is frequently withdrawn.

ADMISSION BY EXAMINATION AND CERTIFICATE

Some schools are approved in certain departments and not in others; students from these schools are certificated in parts of their work and examined in the deficient portion. As a result more than half are entered in whole or in part by examinations—thus one class had 218 enter by certificate, 52 by examination, and 210 by certificate and examination.

All women's colleges, except Bryn Mawr and Radcliffe, admit students on the same basis as Smith College.

SONG—THE FAIRIES' DANCE

SHEILA FOSTER

Come to the woods—away, away,
To-night the moon is high,
The fairies are holding a dance, they say,
Where checkered shadows lie,
Where checkered shadows lie.

On soft, green moss the fairies dance,
To fairy music clear
Which would the mortal ear entrance
If mortal could but hear,
If mortal could but hear.

The fairies glide, and whirl, and skip,
And laugh with elfin glee,
And circling measures lightly trip,
From care and sorrow free,
From care and sorrow free.

The fairies wear robes all silv'ry light
Of finest cobwebs spun,
And trimmed with dew-drops, diamond bright,
Resplendent every one,
Resplendent every one.

They sing and dance the long night through,
The moon still watch doth keep,
But when first sunbeams light the dew
In flow'rs they go to sleep,
In flow'rs they go to sleep.

BY PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHERS

PITIFUL TALE OF A PROM MAN

VIRGINIA C. CRAVEN

(Reprinted by permission of *The Smith College Monthly*.)

Promptings to Prom in the beautiful Printemps,
Prominent Peaches or Pitiful Pills
Claimed from an agency—snatched from the cradle,
(All of them subject to 'leventh hour ills).
Pride of our nation, the youngest, the fairest,
All are impressed in the bloom of their youth;
Lightly, yes lightly, the young Junior's fancy
Turns to the one she would honor in truth.

All are but mortal—and some are in business
Hoarding their pennies that some day they may
Make some appeal to the heart of the father
Of this same maiden who asks them to play.
How can they leave in the mid-week to gambol
(Stiffly encased in the newest of togs)
Blithe on the green of the fair maiden's campus
Kodaked and followed by freshmen and dogs?

"Billy," she writes and her plea pulls his heart strings,
"You and no other shall walk at my side;
Susy Jones's man is a peanut and homely,
You and your six feet will give me such pride."
Shutting his books and requesting an absence,
White from the toil of an office-bound man,
Billy set out for a day in the country
Hoping to add to his charms a fine tan.

Prom time arrived and so, too, the six-footer;
Both Mary's dresses were fluffy and pink,
Red were his cheeks as the roses he sent her.
Hard was the luck of our Billy we think.
Gone are his chances of love of fair Mary;
Gone are his hopes with her father to speak;
Gone is his place in the bank of his boyhood
But still he retains the bright hue of his cheek.

TRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT SEELYE

(Reprinted by permission of *The Hampshire Gazette*.)

I have been told that when Ambassador Bryce was about to pay his first visit to Smith College he requested the Reverend Edward Everett Hale to give him a letter to President Seelye. In complying with the request Mr. Hale said to the Ambassador, "I am giving you a letter to the man who is beloved by more women than any other man in the United States." Whether the story is true or not, over four thousand alumnæ will testify that the spirit of the remark is true. Despite the rhyme, they are not empty words that we sing to our president:—

"Here's to President Seelye,
For we love him very dearly:—"

we sing them with a tightening of the throat and the tears very near the surface for we do indeed "love him very dearly." This last Commencement season every one of us is paying loyal tribute to him, by our presence wherever that is possible, by our messages and loving thoughts wherever absence was unavoidable.

The early records of the trustees state that at the annual meeting held June 17, 1873, "Professor L. Clark Seelye was unanimously elected President of Smith College." From that day till the time he lays down the burden on September 1, 1910, his hand has been at the helm, making a longer term of service than that of any other president of a New England college with the exception of President Eliot.

In accepting the position offered to him President Seelye stipulated that the opening of the college should be postponed for two years in order to allow a greater accumulation of the endowment, and more time to mature plans and erect buildings. During this time some principles of the general policy which should determine the organization of the college became clear to him. In brief these were: that there should be no preparatory department connected with the college; that it should be distinctively a college for women; and that the original endowment should be preserved intact and if possible steadily increased.

Before this no college for women had started without a preparatory department and it seemed that Smith must lack for students if it did not fill its halls largely from students of its own making. Partly therefore from the necessity of the case and partly to allow the funds further to accumulate only one class was admitted at the beginning. This fact was fortunate and tended toward the gradual building up of the college life unembarrassed by any traditions brought from other institutions. How afraid any of the members of those early classes were of making

tradition! We all remember the maxims informally laid down for us; we must "establish no precedent," and following out the second principle in the president's policy, we must not "ape our brothers." That the third line of policy was successfully carried out, the steady but healthy growth of the college in every material line can amply testify. Many of the *alumnæ* have met other college presidents who, with financial problems before them, have told us:—"Oh, your college president is the despair of us all."

How can one voice for so many the feelings of admiration, esteem and love that the passing years have brought. Those of us of the earlier classes were fortunate in having a more personal knowledge of our President than has been possible for the later classes and yet when the older *alumna* speaks to the younger, when the extremes meet, the common ground is there and the standpoint the same. The Smith *alumna* has been peculiarly placed. The love which an *alumnus* gives to his *alma mater* or the loyalty which he gives to his college president has for the Smith *alumna* meant but one and the same thing. To us President Seelye is Smith College and Smith College is President Seelye, the ideas are inseparable. Largely for this reason does it seem to me that the Smith *alumnæ* are the most loyal body of college *alumnæ* that I know, for they are the more homogeneous. We have all been for four years under the strong but kindly Christian influence of one who has taught us that the beauty of life is in service for others. Though we may fall very far short of his ideal, it must mean something to each one of us, and be a bond of union between us that we have all been brought to see the beauty and the nobleness of such a life. By his influence we have been stimulated, each in our appointed place, to live such a life as shall not prove us unworthy of what he has done for us. That influence will not cease, cannot cease, merely because he lays down the burden borne so long and we cannot consciously still associate his presence with the halls we love. Some of us have been so situated that we have never been back at the college, or perhaps seen the president, since we went forth with the words of our *baccalaureate* in our ears or the peace of a vesper service in our hearts, and yet the sound of his familiar voice and his kindly glance have been with us ever since and will yet be with us to hold us fast to the best that there is in each of us.

In the words of our *Alma Mater* song—

*"You gave us dreams unnumbered
And life we had not known:"*

and we gladly bring to you this tribute from the *alumnæ* who are bound together in loyalty to you and in loving service to the *Alma Mater* which *you* have made.

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE CLARKE.

FOR PRESIDENT SEELYE

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

(Read at the April meeting of the New York Smith Club.)

"Had we but known!"—so often we must cry
 With yearning hearts, when something very great
 In sudden flight from us reveals its high
 Strong-souled divinity, its passionate
 Beauty to bless us:—and we knew it not,
 Nor ceased for it our witless to-and-fro
 Of little earth-wrought troubles;—we grew hot
 With no just shame for aims so blind and low.
 "Had we but known!"—how often we must say,
 When the Gods pass, and it is late to pray!

Oh Joy! that here to-day we meet, uncursed
 By such a blast of helpless hopeless shame!
 Oh Joy! that this To-day is not the first
 High Day when we have said or sung his name
 Who made us ready-minded, free and glad,
 With the untarnished freedom of the heart:
 Who shared with us each wise, kind thought he had,
 Nor kept them from our simple gaze apart:
 Who gave us, every still or singing day,
 Himself,—a treasure Time blows not away.

Yes, we have always known how rich we were
 In that strong quiet trust he put in us!—
 Even among our vanities, the stir
 Of his slow presence made a serious
 Yet happy pause in our most clamoring days:—
 Like children, reverent,—like children, proud
 To catch one beam of blessing from his face,
 To watch his courtly figure part the crowd:—
 And yet, we were so troublous, odd, and wild,
 He must have sighed sometimes before he smiled!

To-day, we gaze on column, court, and wall,—
 The good clear symbols of prosperity:
 The great Books yonder, here the Audience Hall,—
 That make us feel the College swinging free
 Out into Time. We see with dazzled eyes
 The Faces thronging back, each face aglow
 With something deeper than the quick surprise
 That this, we loved, could mount and master so
 The perilous steeps of Strife and Prejudice.
 Yea, we are stirred by thoughts more deep than this!

To him, whose hand has led the gradual way,
 Whose skill has added noble stone to stone,—
 But more, to him whose voice was great to pray
 With Hope,—with Faith in Good not always known,
 But trusted, through all curious crookedness
 Of mad young folly, or stiff stubborn coil
 Of circumstance;—to him, who made us less
 The Slaves of Self, and more the Friends of Toil,
 Because within our hearts he sowed the seeds
 Of his prophetic dreams and steadfast deeds,—

To him,—we turn in gratitude. To-day
 We would not hush our heart's true speech. We know
 He will be glad to hear us, though we may
 Seem dull, and simple. Ah, how speech is slow
 And empty when the heart is crying out!
 Would that the royal restless Winds which fly
 Across the world, could help our hearts to shout
 And ease themselves! But no,—we must deny
 Full glory to our lips. We can but free
 Frail echoes of our inner symphony.

We give him gratitude, we give him praise,
 And utter loyalty, that joys to keep
 Unswerving through the menace and amaze
 Of Time and Change;—we give him dreams, more deep
 Than even he can fancy,—and we cast
 Before him all our deeds, the small, the great,
 His visions helped us to. And at the last
 We offer up the silent and elate
 Love of our hearts. Oh may he always know,
 However we are dumb, that Love!—

And so

We turn away. Column and hall and spire,
 Mountain and meadow, star and sun, grow dim;
 But in our hearts we bear the secret fire,
 Stolen from him,—and hid in us by him:—
 The fire of Faith in God: of Faith, that scorns
 Disastrous Time, and Death itself: that sees
 The golden turrets of undying morns
 Flashing across Earth's tangled treacheries.

—We turn away.—

But may he hear us all
 Breathe "Speed! God Speed! and Joy! whate'er befall!"

FROM A FACULTY STANDPOINT

(Reprinted by permission of *The Hampshire Gazette*.)

In a relation so vital and pervasive as President Seelye's to Smith College, many of his personal characteristics have become so incorporated with the fabric of the institution that their origin escapes notice.

One of the first comments of newcomers on the faculty—a comment not always unmixed with irritation—is on the extraordinary “government by general understanding” prevalent in the institution. For our guidance in many lines there seem to be no printed rules, no formal directions. We are under common rather than statute law and only by errors does one find out usage. Possibly this method is becoming outgrown in so large an institution, but it is born, I think, of President Seelye's dislike of red tape. Machinery is foreign to all his ideals. There has never been a moment, from the day he began with 16 girls, to the present day of 1,600, when he has dropped the standpoint of the individual and handled merely the mass. It takes a strong personality, a force like gravitation to project itself to the outer edge of a universe like this. But so long as the president can do it, we others are less likely to put our trust wholly in bars and fences.

Of the same origin is, I think, a certain democracy characteristic of the college. In the student body, class distinctions have been from the first less fierce than in some other colleges, and in the faculty, rank and degrees do not seem to creep out of the print of the catalogue. To the president they are, I think, non-existent. His faculty are ladies and gentlemen engaged with him in a common work. He has by nature the dislike of the true American man for furbelows. But his indifference to academic paraphernalia is not antagonism. It comes rather from a sense of the relative unimportance of these things, even as witnesses of work done, compared with the intense interest of work yet to be done.

An even more difficult and rare form of democracy lies in the president's willingness to listen courteously and attentively to the opinion of young members of the faculty. In his mind, an honest interest in the welfare of the college is ample warrant for the expression of an opinion. And the fact that that opinion may differ from his, imparts no touch of danger to its expression. Perhaps he can afford this magnanimity, for his personal opinion carries so great weight that he would rarely need to re-enforce it with his authority. Sometimes this is due to personal affection, but often the weight of the president's opinion rests on neither fear nor favor. Experience has shown so

often the sureness of the president's taste and judgment that many of us doubt our own when they are not in accord with his. Moreover few of his juniors can count on being so little biased by conservatism. Whatever prepossessions may exist in his mind, no new idea finds the way barred because it is new. And this progressive characteristic, time increases rather than diminishes.

But to predicate good taste, sound judgment, a progressive spirit and democratic ideals, is still to leave untouched the rarest and the least describable quality in President Seelye. Of a day of tragedy in our history, a colleague of mine afterward said, "When I saw the president going down through the campus, I felt as you do in a storm at sea when you see the captain on the bridge."

I said that Smith College was a democracy. But a democracy where President Seelye is, can bear witness to the true meaning of "the divine right of kings."

A MEMBER OF THE FACULTY.

THE MYSTERY

BERTHA CHACE LOVELL

(Reprinted by permission of *The Atlantic Monthly*.)

To wake some morning—just a common day
Of rain or sun, bird-note or budded rose,
Like any other day—and at its close
To be from all I knew a life away,
How wondrous strange 't would be! No more to play
With children's voices; and when winter goes,
To wait no spring's return; when glorious glows
The sunset, not to watch till night is gray.
O stranger far than dreams! The crowded street,
Scorched in the noon-tide, laughter, suppliant hands,
Man's joy in work, man's pain, unchanged abide;
While I, who thought that ever eager feet
Still in old paths would lead me through known lands,
Sudden, surprised, fare out to the untried.

NOTE.—Owing to the length of the list and to lack of adequate space, it has been found inadvisable to continue printing the Bibliography of the Published Works of Smith Alumnæ and Non-Graduates in the QUARTERLY, as we had hoped to do.—THE EDITOR.

LET US TALK OF MANY THINGS

TO OUR SILENT PARTNERS

Oh great and silent majority of Alumnæ, if it were only possible to confront the eyes of all of you with the following appalling statistics! To make you realize that you are publishing a magazine to whose table of contents you give no crumb and for whose well-stocked larder you pay not one cent, and all the while you are receiving as much credit from the public as your active partners who supply the menu and settle the bills!

At the foot of the table of contents it is stated that this magazine is "Published quarterly by the Smith College Alumnæ Association." The Alumnæ of Smith College number 4,436. Non-graduate members of the Association swell the number to 4,589. On the QUARTERLY's subscription list there are 1,164. Horrible discrepancy! Incredible indifference! Among the 50,000 publishers in these United States there stands forth this unique and defiant band of 3,425, who scorn to be caught with their very own magazine on the centre table, and worse than that, who deliberately elect complete ignorance of what-all is being printed over their very own signatures!

Oh, silent 3,425 partners! May we not look for you at the office some bright morning? We are doing well, but are short-handed and—don't you want to earn your dividends of glory?

THE EDITOR.

OPINIONS WANTED

Smith College women have done many things which it is worth while to record. Just because they are college

women their attitude toward even common experiences is a matter of consequence.

I am glad to see a call for opinions on questions relating to children from our Alumnæ who are married. We have children, a good many of us, and into them we have put years of our best work. They are good children, grown up in some cases and started in life. How did we do it? How did we meet the difficulties by the way? How do we feel about co-education, private vs. public schools, colleges, vocations, and religious training? It has been our business to be informed on these themes and we ought to have something to say. Let's get it said in our own organ, THE SMITH ALUMNÆ QUARTERLY.

My own children have long since been engaged in training their father and me, but I remember a time when I was exercised on the topic of their English speech and taste in reading, and wrote articles on it, and carried out my theories with much care. My theories worked; but so did the theories of the mothers whose children were cared for by daughters of Heth, and who went to public school, and heard read anything that chanced or even nothing at all.

I had pronounced views on the value of kindergartens, and because in the small place in which we lived there could be no thought of a public kindergarten, I borrowed a dozen children, got a kindergarten for my Mother's Helper, and carried on an institution of my own. It solved the question of companionship, always difficult in the country: my children, after spending the forenoon with their contemporaries, were ready to play by themselves the rest of the day. But something vastly less ex-

pensive and cumbrous would have served that purpose, and as for the effect of the games and songs on their little minds, I found the theories of Herr Froebel not so valuable as fancy painted.

Never having been to public school myself, I could not bear the thought of one for my tenderly reared offspring, and indeed at that particular time our public school building and equipment were very poor. I am proud of the result which governesses and boarding-schools accomplished; nevertheless, my children themselves say that they ought to have gone to public school, to keep acquainted with the boys and girls in their own town, and to learn how to get on with all sorts of folks. I myself say now, send your children to the public school and then watch the school, and do your duty as a parent and a citizen.

There seem to be a good many ways of making good children. The results justify varied methods, and nothing matters much so long as parents and children like each other and trust each other from the beginning on.

KATE MORRIS CONE, 1879.

A DIS- REGARDED VIRTUE

Before I went to college, I had heard older people mention "college women" in awestruck voices, as a race of favored beings whose educational advantages had given them lasting superiority over others of their sex. In my ignorance, I believed that they were executive, cultured, prompt, and grammatical beyond their domestic and butterfly sisters. Inkings of the sad truth began to penetrate during four years of close contact with the college women in embryo, and now after nearly a decade of graduate life the light has broken only too clearly. Here lies the hideous, naked fact—we are not different from the rest! Would that we were in one respect at least,—can't we be prompt?

Why is the hour set for a business meeting the hour we choose for starting from home? Why do we affect penitence and never reform? Why do we glory in feminine weaknesses and explain with cheerful unconcern that we are always behindhand? I don't know *why*, but we just do.

The prompt, the self-righteous, self-respectful prompt, are more annoying than St. Sebastian with his smiling face and pin-cushion body. We will teach them that there is no use in their promptness, for we shall always come when we please. Yet consider the fine opportunity for a reform minus self-righteousness! How unique! At business meetings, rehearsals, luncheons, we are always wasting our time in waiting for others, or wasting other people's in allowing them to wait for us. Would it involve a millennium if we should be on time?

Don't think I ask us to be at the station with baggage checked at 9 A. M. when the train goes at 10 A. M. That is another variety of waste—like buying a return ticket when you "ain't coming back."

But can't we all try to do our best to turn over a new leaf, and then at the Last Great Day maybe we shall escape those long minutes of sickening suspense before the last judgment can be pronounced, as we wait for the opening door and the smiling, "I'm so sorry to be late, but I never *can* be on time!"

ELLEN T. EMERSON, 1901.

The problem of girls working their way through college is one in which the Alumnæ are bound to be increasingly interested. Much has been done in many ways to lessen the difficulties; and we have reason to be proud of the record of the Students' Aid Society and of the Students' Exchange. Yet those who know most about these organizations

and about the situation at Smith to-day, are the first to urge the need of a coöperative dormitory. They are by no means blind to the other needs of the college; they realize the lack of adequate scholarships, particularly of residence scholarships, of new collegiate buildings, and of regular dormitories. But they see very clearly that as the college has increased in size, the available rooms and boarding places near the campus have, in most cases, become crowded and expensive, so that some of the girls who must economize have been obliged to put up with most undesirable quarters, sometimes at great distance from the campus. Again, the difficulty of getting the right kind of food at a low price deserves more attention than it has received. Proper supervision of the girls' meals is as important off the campus as on; and under present conditions, supervision is impossible. While I hope that eventually the college will house all its students, I feel that its first duty is to provide accommodations for the large number of girls who cannot afford campus prices and who prefer to pay in their own work, part of their expenses. A single dormitory will by no means hold them all. Nor will it solve the whole problem; but it will be a step in the right direction. The one objection which friends of this plan have to meet is that it will cause an unfortunate separation of the rich from the poor. This is a question which lies so much with the future that it is hard to answer. But we should place some confidence in the history of the Tenney House, where, from time to time, under the right kind of leadership, college spirit of the finest sort has prevailed.

During the first years of the college Mrs. Tenney took "roomers," one of whom writes of her thus: "It was my good fortune to spend one of my college years at Mrs. Tenney's. She had given up the second floor of her home to a club of five or six girls who, in order to keep down expenses, desired to

coöperate in a housekeeping scheme of their own. Mrs. Tenney was most sympathetic and coöperated with us in every possible way, allowing us the use of her dining room and kitchen, and furnishing such assistance as we needed. Mrs. Tenney stands out in my memory as a type of the New England gentlewoman of the past generation; a woman with strict standards of propriety and conduct, with high ideals of character and womanhood, with fine appreciation of educational values, and a deep sense of religious truth; a woman of faith and courage and of a large vision.

"It is good for the girl of to-day to contemplate such an example of the womanhood of yesterday, and it is fitting that Mrs. Tenney's name should be known and honored by the young women of Smith, who, like herself, have placed such a high value upon a collegiate education, that they will have it at any cost."

Miss Mary Williams's portrait of Mrs. Tenney, familiar to most of us, shows a grave woman in gray, with a white shawl drawn over her shoulders, seated in an old-fashioned high-backed chair, simple, quiet and dignified.

Mrs. Tenney's death occurred in 1895. By her will one-half the land on which the Tenney, Albright and Baldwin stand was left to the Trustees of Smith College, to quote her words, "with the intention of enabling them with the same, or out of the proceeds of the same, to provide a home for the students of 'Smith College,' which shall be called, 'The (Mary Smith) Tenney House,' as a memorial of my interest in the Higher Education of Women. It is my desire, that thereby, a limited number of meritorious students, who are unable to meet the full expenses of a college education, may obtain board at lower rates. At the same time, I do not desire that the House be exclusively for this class, but also for other students, who may be able to pay the current prices; so that

the same spirit of social equality may prevail, as in other college houses."

By the will of her brother, Justin Smith, the other half of the land was left to the Trustees for "the use of indigent students—such use to be under the direction of said Trustees."

For a few years the house suffered a transition period, with an inevitable sense of loss, and with some discontent at privileges withdrawn. Before long, however, the quiet influence of Mlle. Duval made itself felt. A member of the class of 1902 writes:

"You are very welcome to my testimony in reference to the Tenney House, which has my loyal attachment. It was my home—and a most pleasant one—for my four college years, and without it I should have missed the identification I felt with the college, through proximity to the campus and contact with college authority. * * *

"The housekeeping arrangements, for a part of my course—the last two years—included a laundry privilege somewhat limited, but of some service. We could heat irons in the kitchen for use in our own rooms and could use the laundry tubs certain days in the week. For cooking, such as we did, we had only little oil stoves to depend upon. Occasionally and surreptitiously one heated milk or cocoa over the gas, or made toast, but we were not allowed to use gas-stoves on account of the expense. We often regretted this restriction.

"From two to five girls occasionally formed groups for a term or a year to coöperate on one or two meals a day, always going out for dinners at some boarding house. This plan worked well. I have never known girls to show poor judgment in choice and quantity for these coöperative meals, and I never saw any ill effects of the plan, though we often had warnings from our families and friends. An extension of the housekeeping facilities to include gas-stoves, pantry-lockers, or the like, would be of benefit.

"For two years we had one of the most congenial and harmonious groups imaginable. For the past nine years that two-year group has kept up a thoroughly interesting and interested Round Robin letter in which there are eighteen members, widely scattered, but still strongly united. This group is the basis of a recent memorial gift to Tenney House in memory of Mlle. Duval, our lady-in-charge, whose quiet helpfulness endeared her to so many of her household. . . .

"The 'social status' of the Tenney House girl is not, I believe, particularly affected by her residence in that house. We had widely recognized girls—two ivy orators, a class-president, *Monthly* editors, S. C. A. C. W. officers,—and we had humbler members who took pride in their house-mates' achievements or popularity without envy. I have never known a Tenney House girl who did not feel that Smith College was a most democratic institution.

"If ever there is a new Tenney House, it would be a blessing to extend the rooming privilege to a wider number, and to increase the housekeeping facility somewhat. I should regret seeing any cheap boarding plan instituted in the house at any time, for it seems to me that that would have a poor effect in the college community. It is much pleasanter to invite one's friend to a chafing-dish supper than to an inferior public table."

This letter and others which space will not permit, prove to my mind that the Tenney House has by no means failed in its mission. But the inadequacy of the present building is apparent to everyone. To cite a few figures:

Number of students in house when opened, 1895.....	18
Number of students in house, 1906..	13
Number of students in house, 1910..	15
Number of students in college, 1895.	875
Number of students in college, 1910.	1635
Number registered at Students' Exchange, 1910.....	136
Number waiting on table, 1910.....	47

That is to say, that while the college has doubled, and the number of girls working their way has enormously increased, the rooming capacity of the Tenney House has decreased. At times there have been three resident members of the faculty. For four years the college physician and the college nurse have occupied five rooms on the ground floor, and have gone out for their meals. For ten years the lady-in-charge kept house privately, taking to board with her one or two members of the faculty or one or two of the girls. There is no matron whose sole duty it is to care for the house and to make it a home. The kitchen and laundry, interesting features of a coöperative house, have gone through many vicissitudes, from partial use to entire withdrawal. At the present time they may be freely used, but, as may be imagined, their equipment is not adapted to to-day's needs.

It seems natural, however, that the interest in a coöperative dormitory should revive all the kindly memories of the old Tenney House. The problem of erecting just the right kind of house is worth the attention of all the Alumnæ. And I am sure that any suggestions would be welcomed by those who have the matter in charge. For my own part, I am convinced that the Tenney House has in store for it, increased usefulness, and that a new Tenney would stand in the future as the old Tenney has stood in the past, for the best spirit of the college—loyalty, courage, democracy.

MARY BYERS SMITH, 1908.

THE POOR CLASS SECRETARY AGAIN

The class of 1901 is blessed with a lively interest in itself so that the task of getting a complete record of its members, both graduate and non-graduate, is made easy for a secretary. The present secretary has evolved a card index system which has worked well so far and which may prove of in-

terest to those who have similar records to make and keep. It consists of three guide alphabets and a geographical index on which the names of the States, of the most important cities, and the necessary foreign countries are placed. The first index is kept on cards of two colors, white for graduates and buff for non-graduates; on each card a slip from the quinquennial catalogue is pasted. To this information is added from time to time such changes of address and occupation as the replies to the annual inquiries contain. The permanent address is kept on the face of the card, while a temporary address may be written on the back. The names of those who were graduated in other classes or were advanced or dropped into other classes and were members of such for a longer time than of 1901, are written on white cards similar to those used for the graduates. In addition, the secretary has tried to put on each card the house in which the girl lived, the societies she belonged to, and the committees she worked on. This information is most helpful in following up girls who have lost touch with the class organization.

Another alphabet contains the names of the married members of the class, two colors being used, as in the first. The married name is given, together with a reference to the card in the first index. The last alphabet contains the names of children, pink cards being used for boys and blue for girls. Each card bears the name of the child, the date of birth, and a reference to the card on which the mother's maiden name appears. The last set of cards is a geographical one, two colors being used as in the first, and although not yet complete has proved of great use and interest.

The secretary sends out annually—usually in September—a class letter, together with a treasurer's statement and any special notices, and encloses a postal card addressed to herself on which a

form is printed. The admirable cards designed by Miss Florence Snow, General Secretary of the Alumnæ Association, for Commencement registration have been followed with a few alterations. Instead of "Northampton Address" the words "Address for 19—" are printed, and a request is added for "Occupation," "Degrees (dates and where taken)," "Marriage date," and "Names of children and dates of birth." The space on the face of the card which may be used for correspondence is utilized when a referendum vote is desired. The cards are preserved for a year and may be sent to the officers of the class or the chairmen of committees who desire the latest information. Seventy per cent. of the class respond within three months, and ultimately about ten per cent. more. The original labor of making the indices was not great when the ease of reference, the convenience of form and the completeness of the information are considered.

ELIZABETH L. KIMBALL,
Secretary of 1901.

By way of post-
CLASS SECRETARIES AT script to Mrs.
CLARKE'S suggestion
IN THE APRIL QUARTERLY, to establish
an Association of Class Secretaries, we
print the following note from Mrs.
Cone, 1879:

"At Dartmouth the Class Secretaries' Association is one of the most effective means of making the Alumni acquainted with the college. It has been in existence four or five years. The one meeting of the year occurs at Hanover in February after the beginning of the second semester. Usually about fifty classes are represented, each by its secretary or a proxy who does not live in Hanover.

"There is a business meeting in the afternoon, and in the evening the secretaries are the guests of the college at a dinner in College Hall. Topics are

discussed relating to the college and to the Alumni,—one year it is the method of getting and keeping records of the Alumni; another, the recognition of the non-graduate in Alumni affairs; and this year, student activities, which were described by representatives from all the student organizations, athletics, the fraternities, the Christian Association, college journalism, and scholarship. The secretaries make the acquaintance of the faculty, they see the college at work, and they come under the spell of the famous Dartmouth spirit, that delightful something evoked by Dr. Tucker out of the necessities and under the limitations of a college in the country. Dartmouth is very hospitable and very democratic, and in College Hall it has an admirable place for entertaining. I doubt if the meetings of the secretaries would be anything like as successful in any other place."

OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN

It must be from our earliest parents that the ancient custom sprang of speaking of Other People's Children as though they were of a lesser caste. It is true that these comprise all children in the world except the three or four of whom A or B may happen to be the complacent parent; but a naïve idiom generalizes about them as though they were a narrow and very special class, who are hampered by unmentionable disadvantages and from whom it is best on the whole to keep aloof. Some dimly remote ancestor must also have framed the particular code of behavior that still prevails in regard to them, a code upon which only the hardiest infringe. This code acknowledges the absolutely despotic right of the parent and proscribes meddling with Other People's Children, even for their manifest advantage. Let them survive their handicaps as best they can.

But it is from Other People's Children that the valors and virtues of the race

have somehow got to develop. Why, then, should they not present a legitimate object of interest to the looker-on, and why should the looker-on strive artificially to restrict the expression of his interest? There is a reasonable courtesy in refraining from comment on other people's bonnets and cravats. But a parent does not own his child. He did not select it, and there seems no logical reason why he should not invite whatever benevolent meddling the looker-on may feel inspired to offer.

It is no part of the present discussion to prove that every parent is at bottom a stranger to his own child, and that it is only the sympathetic alien who can understand him. Such a law, if established and made public, would be prejudicial to domestic authority and possibly even subversive of the home. And it is often more discreet to walk around a serviceable fallacy than through it. But if here and there the spectacles of some childless observer did not inquisitively shine, where in the world would the progeny of these parents receive any dispassionate appreciation. A parent, because of an induced astigmatism peculiar to the interesting system of race reproduction, sees only his own children. The parent next door sees only *his*. Thus a community of promising juveniles can be beheld as a group only by a person who, being without offspring, has retained, as nature's compensation, his normal vision.

It may be, of course, that there are quarters in which the foregoing statements about parents will not be regarded as axiomatic. But they are easily proved; and they contain no animosity. An agitation designed to harm parents, or to do away with them, is unthinkable. Any logical person admits their necessity. Any candid person envies them their sweet responsibilities. Any clear-sighted person sees that they are in need of reform.

A familiar illustration will clear the question. Let the reader call to mind

the actions of a normal mother, that is to say, a sane, healthy, good-tempered woman, content in her children, upon some such occasion as the visit to her home of one or more children whom she has not seen before. It may be assumed that she has a high regard for the parents of these children, who themselves may be wholesome and well-mannered.—But it is hardly necessary to pursue the hypothesis. We know that this good average mother does not delight in her little visitors, that she does not press them to her maternal heart, that she does not exult because her excellent friends have been so fortunate. We know, on the contrary, how she flutters about, like a mother-bird, smiling artificially and anxiously watching and questioning until the necessary points shall have been established. And these are, of course, for she is but an average human parent,—the strangers' points of inferiority to her own children. When she has determined that one child is less mature than her own of the same age, that another is less robust, that another has less beauty, her restlessness is considerably assuaged. But a process of comparison resulting favorably to her own brood is absolutely necessary to her peace of mind. This phenomenon is one of the most frequent and the most unveiled that human nature exhibits, and it appears in men also, although usually in a modified and less savage form. Everybody who has observed it should study its bearing upon the limitations of parents; the superior qualifications of the looker-on; and the injustice habitually done to Other People's Children.

But if parents are flagrantly imperfect, their critics are notoriously without prestige. The wise and the loving-hearted, as we all know, may spend lifetimes of leisure in the consideration of Other People's Children; yet Other People will never ask them what they have discovered. A mere theorist, unaware of the passions and prejudices

that the question involves, might suppose that parents would endeavor by tears and supplications to get the sympathetic onlooker's impression of their children's welfare and their own discharge of responsibility. But such humility must transcend human nature, for a case of it has never been observed. The weakest and most timorous become in the parental relation arrogant and self-sufficient. Try him sometime with a few words of sage advice; or describe to him some form of the well-known scheme for raising children in a parentless enclosure; and note the singular savagery of his retort. The peace-loving onlooker would no more tamper with the divine right of parenthood than he would tease a bulldog.

Let us admit, however, the extravagant supposition that some one of the race of observers, gentle, experienced and wise, should for once be approached as an oracle and besought to tell what most impressed him in Other People's Children. Fortified by deep knowledge, strengthened by a genuine love, and with a vision pure and undistorted, the ideal wisdom might spring from his mouth. Would the mothers and fathers of Other People's Children pause to consider,—or would they give their familiar snort of impatience and advise the philosophic observer to go and get him a child of his own?

It is true that all onlookers are conscious of surprise—which now and then they inadvertently express—that Other People should on the whole have such agreeable children; children so well formed, so intelligent, so companionable. For there is something so hopelessly average about Other People themselves. The mothers are so likely to be a little too stout and the fathers a little too bald; and they are both sure to exhibit traits of mind and character which one would suppose they would hate to have any child inherit. But again and again their offspring amazingly defeat these disadvantages of ancestry. In addition

to the incomparable grace of childhood itself, most of them have freshly-coined little individualities to which their tire-some parents seem after all to have contributed but an insignificant alloy. It is surely by a supremely gracious provision of nature that Other People are so seldom allowed to reproduce duplicates of themselves. Lovers of children can never be sufficiently thankful for this obscure but beautiful law.

Perhaps it is no more than could be expected that parents should so often set to work to mar the personalities they have not made. For of course no onlooker would ever admit that among Other People's Children he had found one that was properly brought up. And it is this process of marring that we are all,—as guests, or hosts or fellow-travelers—invited to watch, and with which we are forbidden to interfere. One of the first things that onlookers learn about Other People who have children is that they are, after all, so ridiculously alike. There are so many customs and expressions in which they do not appear to differ by a hair's breadth. Anyone will accede to this who will recall his attempts to talk with Other People's Children, at least the very young ones, in their parents' presence. You will remember, in a conversation of this sort, that your purpose was to elicit the child's own innocent reply. You had no interest in what the child's parent might consider an appropriate rejoinder for a little automaton to make. Yet you can always depend upon Other People to intervene with all the assurance in the world and make their children's answers for them. It does not occur to them that if you wished to get *their* views on the number of daisies blossoming in the yard, or whether the little bird had a nest in the shrubbery,—it is they whom you would address. No situation requires greater self-control on the part of the third person. You could effectually silence the parent, but you are too magnanimous to do it in the

child's presence. You could kidnap the child, but you are too considerate to do it in the parent's presence. There is only one feasible course, which is to retire from the encounter.

Onlookers can judge pretty accurately of the destructive domestic policy that Other People pursue, when they note how few tomboys can be found in modern families. How has the innocent wildness of youthful blood been stilled, and what manner of reckless and indecorous second childhood will later have to make up for the unnatural repression of the first? Children who are at every point acutely conscious of their own social behavior; children who know how to keep their clothes clean, and do; children who have never turned somersaults down hill;—all these pitiful sights are often to be met with in Other People's homes.

There are features of parental policy that force themselves upon the onlooker's attention, however passive his attitude may be. And the most noticeable of these is the survival of spanking. It is reported that there are persons who beat their mothers or their wives, in order to induce unanimity of opinion, or for whatever reason; but in these cases the assailant, conscious that public opinion does not support him, preserves what he can of secrecy and silence. But Other People who beat their children are secure in public opinion and they therefore most indelicately boast of their brutalities. In fact, their conversation recurs so often to the offensive theme that it is difficult to accept their asseverations that the duty, as they profess to regard it, is an uncongenial one. The hilarity with which parents exchange confidences of this nature must be taken as proving callousness, if nothing worse. No onlooker would challenge the legal right of Other People to assault their children; their moral right rests with their own consciences; but the social decencies he would have them forced to observe. For after all, a thoroughly

civilized society could never tolerate Other People's complacent boasts of prowess in their unequal combats.

A scientific readjustment of society might separate Other People from their children, for the latter's good. But secretly the onlooker thinks no more highly of such a plan than Other People do themselves. Indeed it would completely satisfy his not too radical desires if he were given unrestricted access to Other People's children and thereafter unrestricted liberty to speak his mind.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR, 1894.

"A
HANDMAID announced Eugenia,
IN MEXICO setting down her
basket. "I arrive, in

bloom. One would mistake me for a flower-vendor. My aunt who sells flowers in the market-place sends this gardenia to the Señora. . . . But yes: it is making the most beautiful weather. . . . The gardenia is *chula*—no? To me, it is more agreeable, the odor of gardenias, than that of tube-roses or even of violets. There is something about a gardenia: who knows what? My aunt says—"Look, Eugenia,"—says she—"

"Eugenia, where are my postage stamps?"

Eugenia stopped pulling flowers from the top of her market-basket. Her wide gesture of dismay was accentuated by violets in one hand and sweet-peas in the other.

"*Ay, Dios mio!* Where would they be, the postage stamps of the Señora? But I bought them, I had them in my hands, I put them into the basket. They are surely in the basket at this moment: I wrapped them in a strip of little paper: I laid them there among the oranges."

She tumbled the flowers on to the table: her brown hands emptied the basket: oranges rolled to the floor.

"*Valge me a Dios,* they are not there! And they are not in the pocket of my apron! Ah, what a head I have! I said

to the Señorita in the window, 'Give me the stamps desired by the Señora,' said I. I paid the money. The stamps were yellow. I wrapped them in my little paper. I went out to buy the oranges—"

"And the oranges, too, were yellow," I interrupted, my patience on the ebb.

"Si, Señora! the same color as the stamps. I noticed it!"

"But where *are* the stamps?"

"That is the question, Señora! Could I have left them with my aunt? *Quien sabe?* To-morrow I shall ask her. She will tell me, it may be, in case I did. Wrapped in a little narrow strip of paper, they were, folded like this."

She folded a violet carefully within one of its own broad leaves.

"The Señora sees that folded inside in this manner, they could not escape?"

"What did you do with my letters? Tell me."

"The Señora need have no fear in regard to her letters."

"How do I know that you didn't leave them with your aunt?"

"But why should I do that? No, Señora. In the great post-office I found the hole that is marked for letters; into this I put first one, then the other." She waved her hand. "By now they are on their way. Will the Señora wear the gardenia in her hair? To me it always seems so cunning, a flower in the hair!"

I stepped into the white patio roofed with sky. Eugenia had already forgotten the lost stamps. She whistled one of the reeling vulgar tunes to which the town cinematograph shows unroll their wonders. When she whistles it through her teeth, as she very frequently does, I can think of nothing. It is always a sign of cheerfulness, incredible cheerfulness.

She whistled it now, fortissimo, through her teeth.

I looked in at the door.

"Eugenia, what was the song you were singing yesterday—the one about the birds?"

"Does the Señora mean 'As the birds sing?' It goes this way."

She stood in the middle of the kitchen, facing me.

*"Como los pajaros cantan
Suspiros de sus amores—"*

she began with enthusiasm. Her voice resembled that of the big keel-tailed blackbird creaking away on the perul tree outside the patio door. But in the song there was the alleviation of the more or less fantastic Spanish, roughened as it came from her untutored tongue.

*"Asi canto yo la jota
Para aliviar mis dolores."*

she concluded, extending her hands in a sudden gesture of tragedy.

"What *dolores*, Eugenia?"

"But this song is not about me."

"About whom?"

"I don't know exactly. Some woman who was sorrowful."

"And you have no sorrows?"

Again the delightful smile.

"How should I have, Señora, when I am not married? I am absolutely free. Others—ah, *Dios!*"

I returned to the patio to work a little among my flowers. They offered me an excuse for staying out under the blue of such a sky as dreams are made of.

Across Eugenia's monotonous chanting there wavered a grating sound; a curious little scrape, first up, then down. She was evidently scouring something. This seemed to me so remarkable that I lazily approached the doorway to look in upon such unwonted industry.

Eugenia was cleaning my silver spoons with Sapolio.

"But the Señora *said* this hard white soap was to use for cleaning."

"What else have you cleaned with it?"

"This,"—holding out the round silver butter-plate—"and this other."

This other was my love of a silver tea-pot!

Of course I made remarks. Who wouldn't? And when I finished, Eugenia, who had listened respectfully with eyes

downcast, looked up and smiled. Smiled delightfully, as always; a most confiding, most ingenuous smile.

"Aren't you sorry even, you careless girl?"

"*Pues si*, Señora; *como no?* But I never get angry when I am scolded. These things must be said, I think to myself. And it is true that I have no head. My aunt says so. 'Eugenia,' says she, 'thou hast no head upon thy shoulders.'"

Eugenia, orphaned, she assured me, when she was no bigger than a fly, seemed particularly well supplied with aunts, and even uncles. When after a day's fiesta she appeared at the door with a stalwart youth who faded away into the twilight before my very eyes, it developed that he was her Tio Miguel.

"But he is young to be your uncle, Eugenia," I protested.

"He is, however, my uncle; the son of my great aunt."

"But then he isn't your uncle at all. He is——"

"Si, Señora; he has always been my uncle."

I capitulated.

A week later Eugenia, returning at dusk from a visit to one of her many relatives, bade farewell upon the doorstep to a second youth, younger and sturdier than the first. He wore a scarlet sash and his sombrero was of beaver.

"That," exclaimed Eugenia proudly, as I appeared and the youth took flight, "that is my Tio Juan!"

"Oh! And he is the brother of Tio Miguel?"

She hesitated a bare second.

"No, Señora; he is only a very distant cousin."

O wonderful Eugenia!

"Go," I said, "and fill the water-bottles. You promised me that to-day you would forget nothing."

Eugenia shivered, opened her eyes wide in wonder at herself, let her hands fall at her sides as in despair.

"*Madre!* No water in the *botellones?* The Señora is right; I forget everything. But that is the only little thing I forgot; isn't it true? I left all things ready. . . . It is making beautiful weather and there will be a moon presently. I adore moonlight. . . . Si, Señora, I go. What a head I have!"

She went away shaking it from side to side. Her skirt of pomegranate red was stiffly starched. She had tucked a pink geranium into her black braid for Tio Juan.

Eugenia was certainly happy. She lived on a serene height of cheerfulness.

When she prepared her first dinner "in American style," by assembling the meat for the roast, all of the vegetables, and my "Brown Betty" in one common caldron where they might stew together until some decisive moment which her instinct should determine, she assured me that it was really better to cook them thus, that each might acquire the indubitable flavor of the other.

"Which flavor do you think will predominate?" I asked her in effect; to which she replied illuminatingly:

"Señora, I added enough chile to enhance the flavors of all alike."

How often since the Brown Betty à la chile have I forced myself to remember that until she came to me, the poor child had never seen an American stove! Left to herself she would undoubtedly have built the fire in the oven, as my friend's cook actually did.

I would be patient. I would be wonderful. I would educate this girl from the adobe hut; who said it could not be done?

And before me at some such moment would appear the girl in question, her eyes downcast, her hands folded.

"Señora, I am very *triste*. Two of the thin glasses, the thinnest of all, just fell apart in my hands; but into small pieces!"

"Señora, the vase in which were roses broke itself by falling on the tiles in the patio."

"Señora, the *dulcera*, which has upon it a rooster in red and green, is broken. I was going through the swing-door—*asi*—when in one little moment, it broke itself."

She added that she was all that there was of badness, and would the Señora tell here in what way she wished the potatoes prepared for dinner?

Only to-day Eugenia imparted to me a secret.

"When the Señora becomes too angry with me so that she will not pardon me any more at all, I am going to become a flower-girl. Many of the girls I know sit all day in the flower-market. They sell flowers in the sun; it is very agreeable. A little business; a little pleasure. One talks, one sells a rose, one sees the people passing, all the life of the town. There are many flowers in the market now. I shall bring home samples of them all that the Señora may see for herself. To-morrow I shall bring them: *mañana*. There are carnations, white

and *color de rosa*; there is iris; there are violets, as always; and *perritos*——"

"Little dogs, Eugenia?"

"Because they snap at you when you pinch them, *so*." She illustrated with her fingers, smiled, and was resuming her list, when something diverted my mind, something unmistakable that seemed to summon me to the kitchen.

The potatoes were a cinder, as well as the roast; and behind me came my flower-girl, her eyes wide open in consternation.

"*Madre!* And I talking of flowers. What a head, Señora; isn't it true?"

She wagged it up and down like a mandarin. She seemed sad, even discouraged.

I sighed and started to go, as I usually did, nor was I through the door before her voice at its very cheerfulest was warbling,

"*Así canto yo la jota,
Para aliviar mis dolores.*"

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING, 1899.

NORTHAMPTON NEWS

GATHERED BY F. H. S.

SPRING TERM

The idea of a song competition started from a widespread desire to improve the quality of the general singing and to make the college songs so familiar to everyone that there will be no resort to "mm—mm" in singing the last verses of *Fair Smith*. The first step toward the desired end was the award of a banner, usually made on Rally Day, to the class with the best original song. This year, because of the limited number admitted to the gymnasium on Rally Day, the award was postponed until an out-of-door contest in the spring. On the evening of May 25 the classes gathered on

the campus before the Students' Building. The freshman class took the steps and sang two verses of *Fair Smith* and *O Fairest Alma Mater*, followed by two class songs. The first two were repeated in turn by each class, with two class songs. The prize of \$25 offered by the Glee Club was awarded to 1910 for the best class singing. The sophomore class was awarded honorable mention.

Together all the classes sang four songs which had been chosen, in competition for the prize of \$25 offered by the Clef Club, half to the author of the best words and half to the composer of the best music. Lilian Jackson, 1913,

was given the prize for the music and Nancy Barnhart, 1911, for the best words. Paula Haire, 1911, was voted honorable mention for music. The judges of the competition were: Miss Jordan, Prof. Churchill of Amherst, Prof. Olmsted, Prof. Bigelow of Amherst, Mr. Allen Hinckley of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Prof. Sleeper.

The sixth and last concert of the season's course was given on April 15 by the Boston Festival Orchestra of fifty, conducted by Emil Mollenhauer and assisted by Mme. Alice Lakin, English contralto, and Mr. Carl Webster, solo 'cellist. A recital by the Buhler Chamber Music Club of New York, assisted by Mrs. Alfred Vance Churchill, soprano, was given in Assembly Hall, April 28.

On May 25 the faculty of the department of music presented a program of original compositions by Prof. Vieh, Miss Jennie Peers, Mr. Moog, Prof. Olmsted and Prof. Sleeper of the department. In the evening the Clef Club gave its second concert of the year with a program of original compositions by members of the club. Frau Margarethe von Mitzlaff, of Springfield, soprano, was the soloist at the weekly recital on June 1. The program of the weekly recital on June 8 was devoted to the works of Robert Schumann, on the one hundredth anniversary of his birth.

On Sunday evening, April 10, Mr. Sam Higginbottom, missionary to the lepers in India and the Far East, addressed the S. C. A. C. W. meeting.

Mrs. George Sherwood Eddy spoke at the college prayer meeting April 12.

Prof. Mary Benton gave a lecture on Sicily, illustrated by stereopticon slides, on April 13.

The last lecture of Prof. Royce's series was given on April 18. The topic was "Sources of Religious Insight." In the evening Prof. Royce lectured before the open meeting of the Mathematical Society on "What Manner of Existence Have the Entities of Mathematics?"

At the open meeting of Telescopium, on April 30, Prof. A. S. Young, of Mt. Holyoke College, spoke on "Photometric Work."

Alice Blanchard, 1903, of the Pittsburg Training School for Librarians, gave a talk on April 20 on "Library Work for Children."

A lecture was given on April 26 by Mr. Leonard P. Ayres, associate director of the Department of Child Hygiene of the Russell Sage Foundation. Prof. Ayres's subject was "Widening Opportunities for the College Trained Worker in the Field of Education."

The Greek Club held an open meeting on April 27. Prof. Tyler addressed the meeting on the topic of "The Modern Greeks."

Señorita Carolina Marcial spoke on "The International Institute for Girls in Spain" at the S. C. A. C. W. meeting May 1.

A meeting of the College Settlements Chapter was held on May 16, at which the speaker was Ernestine Friedmann, 1907. Her subject was the work of the Y. W. C. A. in its industrial department.

Division B of dramatics, or "Soc and Buskin," played *King Alfred's Jewel* in the Students' Building, April 30.

At the open discussion meeting April 25, "The Value of Our Present System of Dramatics" was the topic under discussion.

At the meeting of the Voice Club, on April 18, Mrs. Jennette Lee read from her new book, *Happy Island*, a sequel to *Uncle William*.

The senior class of the New York State Library School visited Forbes Library and Smith College Library on April 26.

The old library in Seelye Hall has been fitted up with cabinets for the use of the geological department.

In April Miss Laura D. Gill, 1881, spoke to the students interested in taking up occupations other than teaching after graduation. Miss Gill has been giving six months to organizing a vocation

bureau for college women under the auspices of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston.

The play of *Alcestis* was given by the Greek Club at one of its regular meetings on May 17. The entire play was translated from the Greek by members of the club.

The Gymnasium and Field Association held its annual field day on the Allen Field Wednesday, May 25, postponed on account of the weather from the preceding Saturday. The cup was won by the class of 1910, which held first place in archery, field hockey, clock golf and cricket. The doubles in tennis were won by 1911 against 1912. 1911 won also the volley ball game. Basketball and croquet were won by 1912. The officers of the G. & F. A. for the year 1910-1911 have been elected as follows: President, Elizabeth Webster, 1912; Vice-President, Marion Ditman, 1911; Secretary, Calla Clarke, 1913; Treasurer, Dorothy Haskins, 1913. Josephine Dormitzer, 1911, and Josephine Thomas, 1911, have been appointed to have charge of the Allen Field Club House.

A copy of Titian's celebrated "Entombment of Christ" of the Salon Carré in the Louvre has recently been purchased for the Hillyer Art Gallery. The copy is in oil, of the original size. A loan exhibit has been held of pictures from the private collection of Prof. Tryon, including several original Italian paintings and canvases by T. W. Dewing, Horatio Walker and D. W. Tryon. It is planned to have the new lecture hall, for which a gift of \$25,000 was announced just before the Easter vacation, added to the building at once and ready for use in September. The present crowded condition of the art lectures in Chemistry Hall makes this most desirable.

The news of the purchase by the college of the Oscar Edwards estate was made public May 24. The lot is on the corner of Elm and Prospect Streets, with a frontage of 200 feet on Elm and

a depth of 160 feet on the Burnham School property line. A right of way has been granted the owner of the Edwards property on the side near the Burnham School. Two new dormitories will be placed on the lot, to cost between \$60,000 and \$70,000 each. Plans are now being drawn by Architect Charles A. Rich, of New York, and the buildings will be finished by September, 1911.

The Junior Promenade was held Wednesday evening, May 11. The Students' Building was decorated with garlands of laurel and hanging baskets of yellow jonquils and tulips. Over the stage were the class numerals in electric lights. The glee club concert in the afternoon was held on the front campus and the musical clubs used the library steps instead of the space in front of the observatory, as in former years. On the evening after the Prom. nearly all the juniors attended the performance of *Iolanthe*, given in the Academy of Music by the Lend a Hand Dramatic Club of Boston. Ethel Hale Freeman, 1902, is president of the club, and there are several other Smith graduates among the members. The proceeds of the Northampton performance, amounting to several hundred dollars, will be given to the Smith Students' Aid Society.

The members of the 1910 *Monthly* board have newly furnished the *Monthly* room in the Students' Building. The walls have been tinted, dark brown curtains have been hung at the windows, and a heavy oak table and chairs for the twelve editors have been placed in the room. To obtain this furniture the board has omitted the usual number of banquets, confining themselves to one in honor of the newly elected board and a tea for the new board and the college contributors.

The S. C. A. C. W. elections for the coming year are as follows: President, Helen Earle, 1911; Vice-President, Ethel Cox, 1911; Secretary, Ruth Cooper, 1912; Treasurer, Eleanor Cory, 1913.

LIBRARY NOTES

The library was formally opened and dedicated on Friday afternoon, May 27. In connection with the event was held a meeting of the New England College Librarians' Association. The public dedicatory exercises were held at 3.30 in Assembly Hall, with President Seelye presiding, and Dr. W. Dawson Johnston, Librarian of Columbia University, as the speaker. He was preceded by President Seelye, who gave an account of the development of the college library, from its first room, in what is now the private office of the registrar. He said that the cost of the building was \$163,690 and the cost of furnishing \$4,425. The total amount of gifts has been \$130,681, which left an amount of \$45,000 to be met from the general fund of the college, including the expense incident to moving the Hatfield and the Old Gymnasium, which brought the total enterprise to \$175,000. Miss Clark, the college librarian, spoke of the need of an endowment fund of not less than \$100,000.

The following summary of the growth of the library is taken from the Librarian's report to the President and Trustees for May, 1910:

"Appreciation of the library has been shown by the greatly increased use of its facilities and by constant expressions of approval. After five months' use the building has been found admirably adapted to the college needs and promises to be adequate for any possible growth of the college for many years.

"There have been added to the library since May 20, 1909, to the same date of the current year, 5,905 volumes; of this number 2,929 were purchased and 2,976 were gifts. An increase of nearly 2,500 volumes in gifts during the past year over last year is a striking evidence of the effect of the new building upon many who are ready to contribute to the efficiency of the library as an important factor in college work. The total number of volumes at the present date is 35,083, exclusive of pamphlets and pieces

of sheet music, which number about 7,000. Of this number there are deposited for convenient use certain technical books and periodicals as follows: Lilly Hall, 4,530; Plant House, 150; Observatory, 954; Chemistry Hall, 1,340. The list of periodicals has been increased by 59 new subscriptions, making a total of 259 periodicals, together with 11 newspapers newly subscribed for this year.

"The total circulation for the year amounts to 14,323, of which the circulation among the students is 12,274. About 1,300 volumes are on reference all the time in the main reading room for required reading in connection with courses of study.

"Recent gifts to the library include a table and chairs for the classical seminar room from the class of 1909; a desk and chairs for the librarian's office from the *alumnæ* librarians; furniture for the staff room from the Rochester Smith Club; an unusual collection of standard authors in limited editions and fine bindings to the number of 1,563 from an alumna of the class of 1905, and from this same alumna, two Dresden vases, a jardiniere and an alabaster statue with standard; a bronze 'Victory' from the class of 1906 in memory of Alice Chapman Loud, 1906.

"A special case has been provided for the collection of publications by Smith *alumnæ*, where the books may be examined at any time. The collection has been made for the *Alumnæ* Association by Miss Nina E. Browne, 1882."

THE AUDITORIUM

The new Assembly Hall is built after plans by Charles A. Rich, of New York, and the contractors were Horton & Hemenway, of Boston. The building is of the local red brick with pillars and other trimmings of Longmeadow brownstone. Its cost is something over \$150,000.

The large hall has seats for 2,070, with 225 more on the platform. The floor slopes slightly. There is a large gallery running around two-thirds of the room,

which is circular in shape. This room has had the ceiling toned to cream color to harmonize with the fittings, platform, chairs and so forth, which are all of weathered oak. The rest of the plastering will be so toned when the building "settles."

Three rooms for the use of the choir are being fitted up by contributions from members of the choirs from 1905-1910 inclusive. Some of these furnishings are in, but the work will not be finished until next term.

The organ is the most interesting feature of the building. It is built by the Austin Organ Company, of Hartford, Conn., after specifications drawn up by Prof. H. D. Sleeper, F. A. G. O., with the advice of several leading organ experts in America.

The funds for it were raised by the class of 1900, in memory of their senior President, Cornelia Gould Murphy. The organ itself, without the weathered oak case, cost \$20,000. It is one of the largest in New England, and owing to the size and shape of the audience room, one of the most effective in America.

THE SMITH GIRLS' WORK AT MT. IVY

During the summer of 1907 two Smith girls, then undergraduates, feeling that the best way to get in touch with settlement work was to take an active part in it, conducted a small fresh air home for children at Waterloo, a little village in the northern part of New Jersey. The house was so crude and in many ways so inconvenient that it was seen that its use would be impracticable for a second summer; but the idea had gained a firm hold upon the two who had undertaken the work, and was so heartily encouraged by the Rivington Street Settlement, from which most of the children were sent out, that during the following winter another opportunity was closely watched for. Finally the proposition that the Smith girls take charge of the little girls' house at Mt. Ivy was made

and welcomed heartily. It seemed just the opportunity for which those interested had been looking, as the house was in perfect condition, and the New York settlement had been rather embarrassed in supporting it.

Ridge Farm at Mt. Ivy, the summer home of the New York College Settlement, covers eighty acres of the beautiful country which lies among the Ramapo Hills, about ten miles back from the western bank of the Hudson, about seven miles south of the town of Haverstraw. It is a one-hour-and-a-half journey on the Erie Railroad from New York. There are two large houses on the farm, the main house, where the older girls, the mothers and their babies stay, and the farmhouse, where the little girls, in the charge of the Smith girls, spend their ten-day holiday. Scattered over the farm are the camps where the boys stay. There is also a pond where the children can learn to swim.

When the Smith girls decided to take charge of the work with the little girls, they at once began to raise the funds, about two hundred dollars, necessary to run the house, and to arrange the groups of college girls who wished to go up there and stay, each group for about two weeks. That summer proved so successful that the following year, 1909, the work was continued, a group of girls who had been up there forming the committee which cared for the raising of the necessary funds, and getting girls to take charge of the farm. Miss Williams spoke so enthusiastically of the success of the work done by the Smith girls that year, and the girls themselves have become so interested in Mt. Ivy, that it has become a regular institution in connection with the social work of the college.

This collegiate year a committee under the Smith College Settlements Chapter has had charge of the plans for the coming summer. Active work for the raising of the funds began soon after Christmas, and all during mid-year ex-

aminations sandwiches were made and sold by the girls every evening. In February and on "pay day" in April, most successful candy sales were held, and all the proceeds from the candy sold at the lawn party of the Junior Promenade were given to the Mt. Ivy fund. During the first month of spring term sandwiches were sold in the Gymnasium, also for the benefit of Mt. Ivy; and on Field Day another candy sale was held. Sandwiches were sold in the Gymnasium during Commencement week for the same worthy cause. Beside this absolutely necessary two hundred dollars, enough money has been collected to pay for the installment of running water in the farmhouse.

Although it is a good deal of a strain to raise the two hundred dollars each year for the summer work, those who have earned it feel more than repaid for their efforts when reports reach them of the great enjoyment which all concerned get from the use of that money.

MARIAN C. YEAW, 1911.

THE NAPLES TABLE ASSOCIATION FOR PROMOTING LABORATORY RESEARCH BY WOMEN

The thirteenth annual meeting of the Naples Table Association for Promoting Laboratory Research by Women was held in Baltimore, April 22 and 23, 1910. By invitation of President Noble the members of the association were the guests of Goucher College, the meetings being held there and at the College Club.

Ten members of the committee were present: Bryn Mawr College, President Thomas; Goucher College, Dr. Lilian Welsh; Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Mrs. Ellen H. Richards; Radcliffe College, Miss Coes; Smith College, Mrs. Samuel F. Clarke; The Women's Advisory Committee of the Johns Hopkins Medical School, Miss Mary E. Garrett; the representative of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, Miss Florence M. Cushing; Miss Sarah E. Doyle

and Miss Helen Collamore representing private subscriptions, and the secretary, Mrs. Ada Wing Mead.

By the hospitality of the College Club the meeting of the executive committee was held in their library on Friday afternoon. Friday evening the members were entertained at private dinners and at a large reception given by Goucher College. The meeting of the general committee on Saturday morning was held in the President's room at Goucher College and President and Mrs. Noble entertained the members at luncheon at the close of the meeting.

The association has now completed twelve years of existence. During those years there have been fourteen *different* holders of the table (seventeen appointments, as three of the scholars have held two appointments), and two holders of a table at Woods Holl. The research prize has been three times awarded and once withheld, as no essay offered in competition seemed, in the opinion of the judges, to meet fully the high standard set by the association. The prize has been offered a fifth time and the award will be made at the annual meeting to be held in April, 1911. The essays in competition for this prize have to be submitted to the prize committee before February 15, 1911. Any information as to the details of the prize can be had on application to the secretary, Mrs. Mead, 283 Wayland avenue, Providence, R. I.

For the coming year the table was granted for a term of three months to each of two appointees: Miss Katharine Bush, Ph.D., Yale, 1901, who has been associated with Professor Verrill since 1879 in the Zoölogical Department in Peabody Museum, is given the table from January 1 to April 1, and Miss Minnie Reed, B.S., M.S., Kansas, 1886 and 1893, and M.S., California, 1899, is granted either the same three months or April 1 to July 1. Miss Reed has taught biology for five years in California city high schools and for the past

seven years has been a teacher in Honolulu, H. I.

Of the fourteen holders of the table two have been Smith alumnæ, Anne Barrows Seelye having been awarded the table for the term from January 1 to July 1, 1903, and Grace B. Watkinson from March 1, 1906, to May 1, 1906, and a second appointment from March 1, 1907, to June 1, 1907. A third Smith alumna has had the privilege of the table through the courtesy of Dr. Dohrn, though she was not an appointee of the association, Anna Grace Newell, from March 1, 1908, to June 1, 1908.

On the invitation of President Seelye the next annual meeting of the association will be held some time during the month of April, 1911, at Smith College. The officers elected for the year 1910-1911 were: President Thomas of Bryn Mawr College, President; Mrs. Mead, Secretary; Mrs. Clarke, Treasurer.

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE CLARKE, 1883.

WHAT COMMENCEMENT MEANT

Commencement this year meant more to more alumnæ than any other has ever done. Not only was there a gathering of an unusual number of graduates who delighted to do honor to President Seelye, but every non-graduate and friend of the college who could come was present in Northampton. Most left with a new conviction of loyalty and a feeling that it was "the best Commencement yet." Numbers had something to do with that feeling; the material success of the college during the past years, the splendid buildings which are in use for the first time, the dignified look of things, but chiefly it seems to me, the knowledge that the whole is the fruit of striving toward high things. The alumnæ procession on Monday morning—that long line of nearly fourteen hundred women who have felt President Seelye's influence—displayed a deep personal regard for him. The picture, merely full of color and movement to an

outsider, took on a new aspect and significance, and became one of the most inspiring acknowledgments of our debt to our President. No one could come away from the meeting of Tuesday afternoon without a swelling pride that this dear mother of ours had so completely come to her own and that her place was one of dignity in the educational world. While it may be a hard thought that President Seelye is not to be the active head of affairs, he is still to be "our President" always, and his acknowledgment of the deserved tributes from the trustees, faculty and alumnæ, gave our personal affection for him a new impetus and will help it grow into that loyalty to the institution, which is the surest earnest of success and usefulness. Mere numbers mean little, but one could not look around at the animated crowd on the campus on Monday evening, or at the huge audience in the Assembly Hall on Tuesday morning, or listen to the singing of *Fair Smith* at the close of the afternoon exercises without realizing that on this occasion at any rate numbers stood for interest and a genuine and sane love for the college.

ELIZABETH L. KIMBALL, 1901.

THE WEEK IN DETAIL

THE NUMBERS.—Before Commencement, doubt had been freely expressed as to the possibility of handling the large crowds that were expected; the result was therefore surprising to many, for in no recent year has the returning alumna found fewer difficulties to perplex her mind.

Undoubtedly Seelye 1 was crowded—particularly during the first days, since everyone was reluctant to leave cover; for from Thursday afternoon, as the earliest comers neared the town, to Monday morning the town was visited by a plague of the true Northampton rain, known to all from freshman year. The rain came in showers, but the periods between were never long enough to dry the paths. On Monday morning the sun

came out and then followed three days of Northampton's tropic heat—almost as familiar as Northampton rain.

The rain of the earlier days may, by preventing jaunts afiel, have made for general sociability. It certainly did not make for quiet. Nearly every room in Seelye Hall seemed to be the headquarters of some class; the four youngest returning classes, 1906, 1907, 1908 and 1909, filled the ground floor of the Students' Building with clamor and color; 1900 took possession of Music Hall, and many other classes had off-campus headquarters.

The real Commencement headquarters, nevertheless, was Seelye 1. There Miss Snow sat pasting numbers on railroad tickets and receiving in calmness what seemed to be sixteen different kinds of money. On the tables around the room were seen for sale *The Monthly*, the *College Hymnal*, *Smith College Verse*, *Smith College Songs*, and likewise THE QUARTERLY. These all had their visitors, but the registration table across the end of the room was the goal of everyone. Behind that sat undergraduates writing names on admission tickets according to some inexorable system. The alumna filled out her registration card, paying due attention to typewritten directions scattered along the table—having to do with "ex-members," "husband's full name," and the like—she then gave her card over, and received in return as many admission tickets as her station in life permitted: organ vespers and Tuesday afternoon to everyone, white collation tickets for 1879 through 1906, and red for those below, and baccalaureate tickets for everyone through 1902. Yet the only moment of real congestion at that spot in Seelye 1 came on Sunday between 3 and 4, when 1903, at the last moment was found to be old enough for baccalaureate, together with all the alumnae who had arrived in town since Saturday afternoon, tried to wrest tickets before the few moments that would elapse between the opening of the doors

and the filling of all the seats in the auditorium.

Thanks to the committee that had worked so hard all through the winter, the rooming problem apparently was not a difficult one for those who came to Commencement. Rumor does have it, however, that those who did not come, after having engaged rooms, contributed to making home life unpleasant for their friends who really did come and who stayed where the absentees had planned to be.

Northampton treated the visitors royally. The Board of Trade opened the rooms of the Northampton Club to all visiting gentlemen, and it also maintained a bureau of information on Main Street across from the Academy of Music.

The measure of the problem so satisfactorily handled is told by the size of the senior class, 374, with its full quota of visiting relatives, and the number of returning alumnae who registered at the General Secretary's office during the week.

Registration of Smith alumnae, June 9-14, 1910:

Number		Number	
Class	Registered	Class	Registered
1909.....	213	1892.....	24
1908.....	108	1891.....	13
1907.....	129	1890.....	32
1906.....	48	1889.....	18
1905.....	96	1888.....	8
1904.....	88	1887.....	16
1903.....	58	1886.....	29
1902.....	61	1885.....	24
1901.....	60	1884.....	19
1900.....	112	1883.....	17
1899.....	40	1882.....	13
1898.....	43	1881.....	10
1897.....	61	1880.....	7
1896.....	33	1879.....	4
1895.....	89		
1894.....	24	Total.....	1,523
1893.....	26		

(from a total of 4,175 graduates.)

Many alumnae failed to register, so the number who returned was even larger

than the report indicates. The entire class (9) of 1880 was present in town for some part of the week.

SENIOR DRAMATICS.—A single incident will illustrate the good fortune of alumnæ able to reach Northampton Thursday afternoon. Last September on the date set for opening the alumnæ application list for Senior Dramatics all the applications before that time received were shuffled together. They numbered one hundred and fifty—but there were only seventy-one tickets for Friday night left when the business manager began assigning seats to alumnæ. The dramatics well repaid those who succeeded in claiming their tickets before 5 in the afternoon in Seelye Hall or from the waiting list at the Academy at the hour most preferred for dinner.

Parts were filled even more uniformly well than is usual in Senior Dramatics and all the performances went off without a hitch, beginning with a promptness discouraging to those shut without the doors during the long first act.

LAST CHAPEL.—The last chapel exercises of the year were held on Saturday morning in College Hall and marked the last use of that building for the general assembling of the college. President Seelye, as usual, made a brief address; he reviewed the growth of the college from its opening in 1875, when the students did not fill the two front rows in chapel, to the present time, when the twice enlarged assembly hall is finally to be given up and the chapel exercises of the future are to be held in the new auditorium.

He said in part:—"We shall pass into a new home, but we shall not pass into a new life. The college life will be the same; it has been the same from the beginning. It has had the same standard of a woman's college, a college where women can receive equal opportunity for intellectual culture with men and yet where they are not to be transformed into men. We have endeavored to preserve the womanly ideal, feeling

that the womanly type was as valuable as the manly type and that education would be as valuable to a woman as to a man. We think time has proved that we were right in starting the college on such a basis. We have now succeeded in demonstrating that women are capable of acquiring as high a degree of culture during their college course as men are, without injury to their health or womanly character, but instead with benefit to both. I rejoice," said President Seelye in closing, "that the college in the future will have not only the same spirit and loyalty, but will have a faculty equally devoted to its interests, and I rejoice that the trustees have chosen a younger man to succeed me, who will, I trust, when next year he begins his administration, enjoy the same loyalty from the college that I have enjoyed during my administration of thirty-seven years. It has been one of the great joys of my life that the alumnæ and students and friends of the college have coöperated so heartily with me in my work and that I have received the coöperation of so able a body of instructors. And when I leave on the first of September and my successor takes my place, I shall rejoice that he will have greater opportunity for usefulness and for carrying on the institution on a higher plane of life than I had when I began my administration here."

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Alumnæ Association was held Saturday afternoon in Assembly Hall, for this time at least having outgrown its usual place of meeting, Chemistry Hall. The President of the Alumnæ Association, Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke, 1883, presided. Ruth Johnson, 1905, was elected vice-president, and Elizabeth Fay Whitney, 1900, secretary, to take the places of Mrs. S. G. Mills, 1882, and Ellen Emerson, 1901, whose terms of office had expired. A formal report of the meeting will be printed in the October number of *THE QUARTERLY*.

BACCALAUREATE.—The new auditorium was used for the first time for the baccalaureate services. Four o'clock was the darkest moment in all the rainy Sunday, and the seniors were forced to form in line in the basement. As usual colored dresses were worn, but this year the seniors wore no hats. For the first time in many years it was possible for the alumnæ to be present. The college choir, enlarged for Commencement to one hundred voices, sang the anthems and Rev. Henry T. Rose made the prayer. The text of the baccalaureate sermon by President Seelye was *Ephesians ii:22*:—"In whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the spirit." The sermon showed human history as "a vast structure which all men are building under the guidance of a master mind."

ORGAN VESPERS.—Almost as large an audience attended the organ vesper service Sunday evening as attended the baccalaureate exercises in the afternoon. The service was of the nature of a dedication of the new organ, Prof. H. D. Sleeper having arranged a program appropriate to the occasion. As is quite generally known, the organ was given by the class of 1900 in memory of Cornelia Gould Murphy, a beloved member of that class who died not long ago. During the evening President Seelye made a statement regarding the gift of the organ, which cost \$20,000. It is one of the finest organs in the country, an instrument of powerful tone and varied resources.

Prof. Sleeper played the organ, and Robert E. S. Olmsted, baritone, head of the vocal department, sang, the college choir assisting. The program included the prelude and fugue by Mendelssohn in G major, the adagio from Merkel's first organ sonata, the largo from Dvorak's "New World" symphony, Guilmant's Funeral March and Song of the Seraphs, the *Sanctus* from Gaul's "The Holy City," an improvisation by

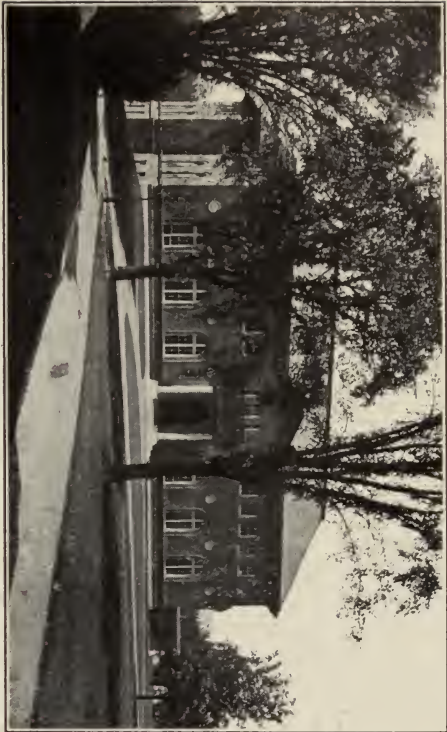
Mr. Sleeper, and "Eventide," Monk's hymn, sung by the entire assemblage.

The organ is to be known as the Cornelia Gould memorial organ.

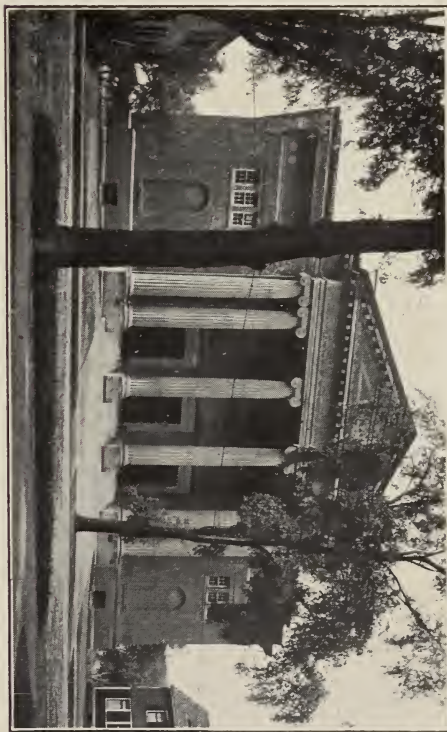
THE ALUMNÆ PROCESSION began to form at quarter before nine on Monday morning. The formation had been carefully planned beforehand and the classes gathered around their standard bearers and without confusion fell into line as the time came. The earliest classes gathered near Tyler Annex and marched up the Green Street side of the campus, turning at the Morris House and passing in front of the Students' Building. The younger classes fell quickly into line behind them, but so many were the returned alumnæ that before 1909, two hundred strong, had joined the procession as it passed the Students' Building, 1879 had climbed the slope by the Observatory and was well on its way to the front of the campus.

Each class wore a distinctive badge showing the class color, from the four members of 1879, with green ruffs and parasols, through 1909, with yellow neck bows and belts and yellow parasols bearing the class numerals. A strict rule had eliminated all babies this year. The foundation of all costumes was the white walking skirt and white waist, and no hats were worn except those making part of a class costume.

A number of songs written for the occasion were sung vigorously by the different classes until they passed in turn the Wallace House. The line of march led past the Art Gallery and College Hall and thence down the main road toward Seelye Hall, where President Seelye stood to review the procession. There was no singing from the time the line passed the Wallace House until it neared the steps of Seelye Hall. Then began one song; as each class came it took up the chorus and as it passed President Seelye and saluted was singing, to the tune of *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp*,



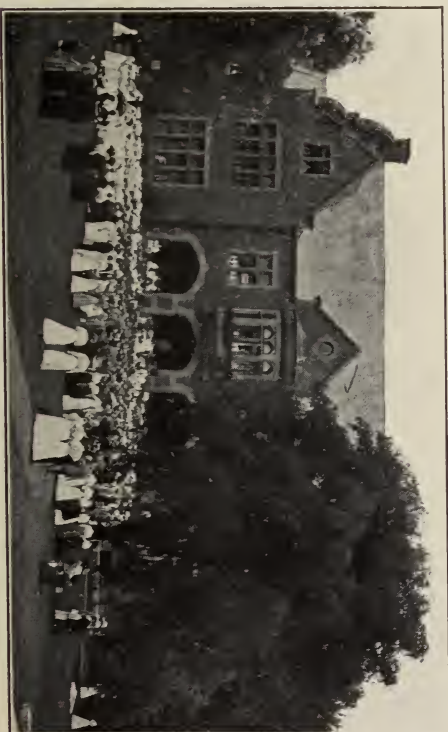
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THE AUDITORIUM



1910 ALUMNAE PROCESSION REVIEWING THE SENIORS



THE ALUMNAE RALLY, 1910

"Cheer, cheer, cheer for President Seelye!
Sing as you've never sung before,
For the college as it stands
He has made with heart and hands,
And we love him, yes, we love him
evermore!"

The procession continued down the main road and as it passed the library divided, the odd classes forming on the right of the road, the even on the left, and stood to review the ivy procession. Even standing four deep on each side of the road, the *alumnæ* reached from the Students' Building to Seelye Hall. The seniors, with the junior ushers carrying the laurel chain, passed up the road between the *alumnæ* lines to Seelye Hall, where they, too, were reviewed by the President. The *alumnæ* then broke ranks and gathered around the steps of the Students' Building for an informal rally, which took the form of a debate on the subject, "Resolved: That the good old days were better than those of the present time." The speakers for the affirmative were Mrs. Justina Robinson Hill, 1880, and Miss Ruth Barker Franklin, 1885; for the negative, Mrs. Emma Tyler Leonard, 1905, and Miss Mary Ormsbee, 1907. Speeches were called for from the floor and then an aye and nay vote was taken. The result was a tie vote along strict party lines, the chairman having ruled that all since 1896 belonged with the negative, since with the class of 1897 came the deluge.

IVY EXERCISES.—Immediately following the *alumnæ* procession the seniors came up between the ranks of *alumnæ* toward the front campus, passing in review before President Seelye on the steps of Seelye Hall, then making a semi-circle from the back of College Hall and the Art Gallery, past the Wallace House to the Library, where the class ivy was planted on the side nearest the Washburn House.

After the planting of the ivy the march was resumed to the new Auditorium, where the indoor exercises were held.

The organ processional, written by Elsie Sweeney, was played by Laura F. Legate, both of the senior class. A poem, a sketch, and the class will were read and then followed the ivy oration by Josephine Keizer. An extract from this follows:

"A great deal is said nowadays of the discontent of home-coming college girls. Some of our own mothers have written to us about it. 'Why should this be? Will it be so with you?' they ask. Many seem to think the discontent arises from a demand for excitement which the quiet home interests fail to satisfy. They mistake, I think, for an unworthy restlessness that which shows most surely that we have been benefited by our school training. I mean our discontent in intentional and unintentional idleness. We who have been given interesting difficult work with a high purpose behind it for fifteen years, must have more than enough to do for the rest of our lives if we are to continue to develop. I do not mean that we must have notable work, but I do believe that, however petty the tasks themselves may be, they or their purpose must command serious effort on our part. I mean that the woman who washes dishes in the kitchen to support herself in decent independence or to send her child to school, leads a bigger, fuller life than the college daughter of the house, who studies French and music merely to fill up her time.

"'To fill up her time' is an unworthy purpose. If it be ours next year whose fault will it be?

"Some of us go home to little country towns. 'There is nothing here to do,' we cry. 'Help our mothers about the house?' Of course we do. Why should people ask that as if we had never helped them before we came home from college? We cannot expect our mothers to let us take entire charge of the house; it is their work; they like it. They can give us only small tasks that we used to perform besides going to school. 'You should be a companion to your father

and mother' our critics assure us. Of course we should. They are fine companions to us; they are busy, useful people. We are the only idle companions they tolerate.

"Some of us go home to great cities and find our fathers deep in law or medicine and our mothers busy with the concerns of a family and a household. 'Our fathers object to our doing settlement work, our mothers have plenty of servants; there is no work for us to do,' we exclaim.

"Whose fault; whose fault? My friends, it is our fault. We must solve this problem, you and I. It is true we have been taught to work, but upon given tasks only, and the success or failure of our training will show in whether we are capable of finding our new work."

MONDAY AFTERNOON.—The usual society and club reunions took place Monday afternoon. One of the most interesting events of the day was the presentation to the college of a life-size half-length portrait of Prof. Henry M. Tyler. The exercises of presentation took place in the new library building at 5 o'clock. The presentation was made by Laura Pettingell, a member of the senior class and also president of the Greek Club, which started the movement to secure such a portrait. The portrait was painted by Mary Gulliver, a member of the class of 1882. The portrait was received on behalf of the Board of Trustees by Rev. Arthur Gillett, of Hartford. He spoke at considerable length of the work and influence of Professor Tyler during the many years that he had been connected with the college and also of the value of Greek as a study.

The plan of securing a portrait of Professor Tyler was conceived by the Greek Club, and Miss Caverno took a very active part in raising the funds to pay for the painting. The plan is to set apart the large reading room in the library as a place in which to have hung, as the years go by, portraits of

teachers who have served the college a long time and of members of the Board of Trustees and, perhaps, of others whose services have been largely in the interest of the college.

MONDAY EVENING.—By Monday evening everyone was becoming used to clear weather and doing her best to make up for lost time. The glee club concert and the president's reception took place as usual. It is doubtful, nevertheless, if many of the younger alumnæ knew much of either, for the sounds of the former could hardly go beyond the seats of the seniors' friends, and the class costumes and class lanterns—of many styles but each more besmirching than the last—prevented their owners from attending the latter.

More Japanese lanterns than anyone had ever before seen on the campus were hung along the paths and in the trees. The classes flocked back and forth and sang to themselves and everyone else, watched as usual by the visiting friends of the seniors and by large numbers of small boys and likewise by many grown people attracted by the lights and the singing. Indeed, so dense was the crowd that many were heard to express the fear that in the near future if the present custom of singing and foregathering by classes and groups of classes continues, it will become necessary to close the campus on Monday night to all but those directly interested in the participants and the college.

At 10 o'clock everything changed. President Seelye left the Students' Building and suddenly everyone on the campus found herself rushing toward the path where he was to walk, and then as he passed felt herself carried along with all the others to the steps of the President's House to say good-night; those were happy who were near enough to hear him answer, "Long life to Smith College! I shall never find her equal!" and then, "Good-night!"

After that there was little left to do. The visitors vanished, some footsore

and weary alumnæ went home, others found comfortable steps and listened to 1910's last Senior Sing, the men with ladders and wagons began taking down the lanterns, and according to John Dolman, though others have murmured that they know better, "there was no one left on the campus after 11, not even——"

THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.—The new auditorium gave opportunity for all alumnæ who cared to do so to attend the Commencement Exercises on Tuesday morning. The line of those who availed themselves of this possibility began at Music Hall and extended to the gymnasium, the regularly reuning classes through 1909 coming first and being followed by the other classes in order of seniority. The alumnæ and the families of the faculty filled the gallery as at the baccalaureate service on Sunday and the seniors and their friends the main floor. The trustees, faculty, and choir were seated on the platform with President Seelye, the Rev. Hugh Black, the orator of the day, and the Rev. Lyman Powell, of St. John's Church in Northampton, who offered the prayer. The subject of the oration was "The Spirit of the College."

The President conferred the degree of Bachelor of Arts on the three hundred and seventy-four members of the senior class and the degree of Master of Arts on six candidates. Then followed the conferring of two honorary degrees, both of which were greeted with great enthusiasm on all sides. The one was the degree of Master of Arts, given to Mlle. Berthe Vincens in recognition of her long and distinguished service on the faculty as Professor of French and French Literature; the other was the degree of Doctor of Literature, given in recognition of her long and distinguished service as Professor of English and English Literature, to Miss Mary Augusta Jordan.

COLLATION.—One of the innovations in the usual order of Commencement fes-

tivities was the division of collation. The classes from 1879 through 1906 were served as usual in the gymnasium between 12 and 1, and at 1 their places were taken by the younger classes. Because of this division, the President's speech to the college family and the usual announcements did not take place at either collation, but were deferred until the afternoon meeting in the auditorium.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.—The meeting on Tuesday afternoon, the real farewell to President Seelye, was strictly a family gathering. The trustees and the faculty, the executive committee of the Alumnæ Association, and the speakers of the day were seated on the platform and the alumnæ and the families of the faculty and the underclassmen yet in town filled all the seats in the auditorium.

Rev. Arthur Gillett, of Hartford, a member of the Board of Trustees, presided. His last words in the opening speech may well be quoted:

"It is my privilege on this occasion, in behalf of the Trustees, to make the announcement that the Board of Trustees, desiring to bestow on President Seelye the richest honor in its gift, has made him President Emeritus of the College. President Seelye he has been, President Seelye he is to-day, and President Seelye may he remain through a long vista of golden years sloping slowly toward a brilliant west."

The speeches made at this service are all to be printed later and need not be quoted in full here. The first speaker was Mary B. Whiton, of the class of 1879, whose paper is printed elsewhere in the *QUARTERLY*. She was followed by the representative of the youngest class, Caroline D. Park, senior president of the class of 1910. She spoke particularly for the alumnæ of the later days who, though their acquaintance with President Seelye has been less intimate, have loved him no less deeply than do the older alumnæ, but her last words

voiced the feelings of all, whether of the earlier or of the later days:—"We feel sure that the love we bear him will in some way lessen our debt to him." Anna Hempstead Branch, 1897, as representing the classes midway between, read an ode written by herself, a full and beautiful tribute to the college and to its guiding spirit.

Professor Tyler, representing the faculty, next spoke, and said in part, turning to President Seelye: "We will say, and yet more think, as we move among these buildings which will one and all remind us of your unceasing thought and labor for the college, 'He was a man who gave himself unstintedly to the institution of his love and gave wisely as well as largely. * * * He has been a successful leader without being a vexatious master. He has shown a broad interest in all work which is appropriate to a college, ready for innovations if change meant progress, yet conserving the principles which experience has approved. His ideal of education has been as large as his ideal of life.'"

Dr. Gillett then read a letter from the Rev. John M. Greene, "to whose sagacious suggestions we owe it that Sophia Smith decided to give her fortune to founding a college for women."

Professor Clark of Columbia, formerly professor of economics at Smith and long a member of the Board of Trustees, read a statement from that board expressing their wealth of personal respect and their profound admiration for President Seelye, summarized by the sentence near the close, "If you had given the original sum and had left its administration to others you would have been little more truly the creator of the institution than you have been through your executive efficiency."

President Seelye then rose and said:

"My heart is altogether too full for me to utter in fitting language a proper response to the gracious words to which I have listened. * * * I have been somewhat troubled in listening to all

these addresses by the contrast between the charming picture which has been drawn before you and the picture which I have in my inner consciousness of a man who has struggled so often with doubt and despair, who has so often been discouraged in his administration, who has so often lamented his mistakes.

"I am probably more amazed than anyone present at the growth of Smith College, for I feel how much more that growth means than is represented in any personal ability which I may possess. * * * Success makes a man humble, and I am sure that is my experience to-day. I have never felt so sincerely humbled as in the presence of this assembly of graduates and students of Smith College, in the presence of these trustees, and in the presence of my peers among the faculty.

"I cannot say of Smith College as the arrogant Louis Quatorze once said of his kingdom, '*L'etat, c'est moi*,'—'Smith College, it is I.' Smith College embodies in itself the spirits of many who have labored for it, and to whose advice and counsel and coöperation I am unspeakably indebted for the success which has attended my administration.

First of all I would reverently acknowledge before you all to-day my indebtedness to Him who is the source of all our life and wisdom. I believe most truly, 'Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.' 'This is the Lord's doing and it is marvelous in our eyes.' During my administration I have been conscious of an invisible divine force in the midst of this college, actuating my life and the lives of all connected with it, actuating the life of the founder of this institution, inspiring her to lay the foundation and inspiring all our friends who have contributed to it. It is primarily the Lord's doing.

"I am indebted also to the epoch in which Smith College began. It was most favorable to the founding of a college for women. Men had come to

realize and demand that women should have not only an equality of opportunity with men for intellectual culture, * * * but should have an opportunity to perfect the womanly type. * * * I am indebted to the environment in which Smith College was placed. We are indebted to him who first sowed the seed in the mind of Sophia Smith. He did that work well, with foresight and sagacity. We are greatly indebted also to one whose name has not been mentioned here to-day, but whose name is perpetuated in the Hubbard House, George W. Hubbard, to whose sagacity and unceasing devotion to his work we owe the establishment of Smith College in Northampton. * * * We are indebted also to the benefactors who have from time to time aided us so generously and who have contributed to make the college what it is. * * *

"I have been most unspeakably indebted to that ideal of womanly virtue, intellect, and character which I have been permitted to witness from my earliest childhood to the present time in my homes. Looking at that ideal from day to day I could not doubt the value of womanly dignity and refinement; I could not doubt the intellectual capacity of woman for the highest vocations. 'Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.'

"These are some of the contributions which have been made by others to this work in which I have been engaged. After surveying what has been done in the past, do you think I can doubt for the future?

"I am glad to close my administration of the college with the most successful year in its existence. We have completed this year two of our best buildings, representing gifts of three hundred thousand dollars. We have received this year also as special gifts for this building and for the addition to the Art Gallery fifty-two thousand dollars from alumnæ. In fact, we may say of all the

gifts which have been given to Smith College that they have come largely from Smith alumnæ or their parents or their friends. It is a family institution which we have here. And I believe that it will grow in the future because of this family interest and family life. I believe that the alumnæ of the future, as the alumnæ of the past, are to sustain the college and make it better and stronger. It is therefore with no feeling of discouragement that I give the helm to a younger hand, but with one of joyful expectation that the administration which succeeds mine will be more richly blest than mine has been;—that the college will make greater progress in the coming than in the past generation. I think we have perhaps at present received as large a number as we can accommodate until we secure greater endowment. But I believe that the college in the future will grow in quality, if it does not in number of students, and that each year it will add to its resources and will offer better facilities for giving students the education which they should receive. We have maintained a high standard of scholarship. Our alumnæ are noted all over the country for their scholarship, but they are noted also for their womanly character and other attainments. I read in a letter not long ago in *The Springfield Republican*, reviewing the different colleges for women, the statement: "The women who graduate from Smith seem to preserve most faithfully the characteristics of true womanhood." I don't think any statement could have pleased me much more. While I don't care to indulge in superlatives, I am gratified to feel that this is the impression made on an impartial observer, and none the less so, that the statement was qualified by the words, 'and yet the administration of Smith is in orthodox hands.' * * *

"And now I speak to you officially for the last time as President of

Smith College—I believe I am to be called the President Emeritus after this. I do not quite know what the duties of that office will be,—but if it be in the idea of the title that I should continue in the future as President Emeritus to give the best I have to give to the college in the way of interest in its work and in the way of helpful counsel I shall be delighted to render the service. And so as I bid you to-day farewell in the capacity which I have thus far held, I bid it with no feeling of gloom or sadness, but with a feeling of joy that the college has been so richly blessed in the past, that here I can see my crown and my rejoicing, and that in the future I can hope for the accomplishment of all that I have been trying to accomplish in part in the past.

“What matters I or they,
Mine or another’s day,
So the right word be said
And life the sweeter made?

“Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of, win.”

The list of gifts which President Seelye read at this meeting was as follows:

From the class of 1900 for the organ	\$20,000
For the addition to the Art Gallery	27,500
From Mr. W. H. Lanning as a memorial to his daughter, a scholarship fund of.....	5,000
and a bronze fountain.	
From Edith Thornton, 1910, for the purchase of botanical books.	1,000
From the class of 1885 for a lectureship fund	1,200

At the 1910 CLASS MEETING, held on Wednesday morning, June 15, the following officers were elected: President, Margaret Miller; Vice-President, Ida Holliday; Secretary, Dorothy Waterman; Treasurer, Juanita Field. The class voted to give the \$25 which it won as a prize in the competitive singing contest to Professor Sleeper to enable him to purchase some article of furniture for the choir rooms in the auditorium. It also voted to give a choir screen of carved wood for the platform of the auditorium, to separate the choir from the faculty seats, the screen to cost about \$200.

THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

THE LOCAL CLUBS

At the last meeting of the Chicago Smith College Club, held on May 14, the following officers were elected: President, Florence Mann, 1906; First Vice-President, Mrs. Ruth Dutilh Jenkins, 1897; Second Vice-President, Eda Linthicum, 1907; Secretary, Anna Louise Squire, 1908; Treasurer, Florence L. Thomas, 1908; Elector for Alumnæ Trustee, Mrs. Alice Miller Whitman, 1883; Councillors, Edna L. Foley, 1901, Mrs. Helen Kyle Platt, 1886.

The Southern California Branch of

the Students' Aid Society gave a children's vaudeville in Pasadena on April 7. Those having this little entertainment in charge believed that the average elaborate performance is an unnecessary drain on our complex life. Members of the club who had children were asked to bring them, and the simple tableaux in which they took part without rehearsing were very amusing. Music, dances, a pantomime and a short exhibition by Mrs. Jarley completed the program. These numbers were contributed by members of the club and their

friends. Over fifty dollars was raised for the Students' Aid Fund, and as one in the audience said, "We haven't laughed so hard since we left college."

CARROLLE BARBER CLARK, 1899.

The Smith College Club of Cincinnati entertained at luncheon at the home of Miss Goss those Smith alumnæ who were in Cincinnati to attend the Biennial of the Federation of Women's Clubs. The guests of the club were: Miss Laura Drake Gill, Miss Louise Fast, Mrs. Maddell, Miss Edith Souther, Miss Gertrude Weil, Miss Sabina Marshall, Miss Louise Evans. Miss Gill made an informal speech about Commencement and also about the inauguration of Dr. Burton in September.

The fifteenth annual luncheon of the Smith College Club of New York was held at Delmonico's on Saturday, April 2, at 1 o'clock. The occasion marked the club's farewell to President Seelye as President of Smith College. At the luncheon he was the sole speaker. Beside President and Mrs. Seelye, the special guests from Smith were Miss Hanscom, Miss Cutler, Miss Jordan and Dean Tyler. There was a large attendance of alumnæ, 266 covers being laid. The class of 1901 had the largest representation, with a table of twenty-four. After President Seelye's address, a poem written for the occasion by Fannie Stearns Davis, 1904, was read by Elsie Kearns, 1906. There was incidental singing of new and old Smith songs by the club, led by former members of the Glee Club. The luncheon was followed by a reception to President and Mrs. Seelye and the members of the Smith faculty.

The present president of the Smith Students' Council, Miss Perry, 1910, addressed the Smith College Club of New York, on Saturday morning, May 7, at their annual meeting. She received a hearty vote of thanks from the club members present for her entertaining talk on undergraduate conditions, which have changed so greatly with the in-

creased attendance within the past few years at college. Among these innovations noted by Miss Perry, of interest to alumnæ, especially to those unable to attend the Commencement reunions, are the following:

Sets of printed rules, framed by the Social Regulations Committee of the faculty and by the Students' Council, which consists of four seniors, three juniors, two sophomores and one freshman, the class president.

The postponement of freshman class elections until after Thanksgiving, by which time the freshmen may become acquainted, and form independent judgments, instead of depending upon so much electioneering at the polls.

The number of persons to be permitted within the gymnasium at one time has been limited to 1,200, by order of the fire inspector, and that number is permitted only because of an added force of ushers, policemen, and a new fire-escape on the back of the building. Owing to the restriction, admission to rallies, etc., must be gained by tickets.

The "property closet," at the service of all House Dramatics, has been moved into the Student's Building.

The practice of reserving chapel seats has been abolished, as it necessitated coming at 8.15 in order to secure an unreserved seat. It is expected that the opening of the auditorium, seating 2,000, at Commencement, will do away with many problems of accommodation.

At vespers, it is now the custom to wear clothes suitable for church, and not the dinner gowns and cloaks which the students, in order to be ready for Sunday evening dinner, had fallen into the habit of wearing to vespers.

The rooms of the *Smith College Monthly* Board and of the Students' Council have been renovated, with fresh walls, hangings and cushions.

The fifty practice pianos, the overflow from the Music Department, which had invaded the Students' Building, are to depart, owing to new-found space.

The rule that reference books must be signed for, before they could be drawn from the shelves, has been abandoned, as it was found that waiting in line for an hour or more was often necessitated. The present system of not signing seems to be satisfactory.

Off-campus houses must now subscribe to the same rules observed by on-campus houses.

GRACE L. COLLIN,
Recording Secretary.

WHAT SHALL THE ALUMNÆ DO FOR THE COLLEGE?

At the meeting of the Alumnæ Association on Saturday, June 11, the question of the next undertaking to which funds raised by the alumnæ shall be applied came up for discussion.

Four propositions were submitted,—three by the Executive Committee and one from the floor.

The three recommendations, which came from the President and Trustees as being the next important steps in the development of the college, are a new biological building, a new gymnasium, and an endowment fund. Each of these means the raising of a large sum of money. The fourth suggestion, the foundation of a graduate fellowship, does not entail so much. As a result of the discussion, it was voted that a special committee be appointed by the Executive Committee to make recommendations and that this committee should hold an open meeting during Commencement.

Following the Alumnæ Rally on Monday, such an open meeting, for discussion only, was held. Between seventy-five and a hundred were in attendance. The committee introduced by Mrs. Clarke, the President of the Alumnæ Association, is composed of Miss Calkins, 1885, Mrs. Wheeler, 1885, Miss Hunter, 1901, Miss James, 1904, and Mrs. Woods, 1906, chairman. As there

was but an hour available each undertaking could receive only a limited time for presentation and discussion. The latter centred rather on the educational advantages to be gained by the contemplated developments than on their financial aspects.

Valuable material was secured by the committee for its further deliberations and it hopes to augment this from the experience of other alumnæ, the members of the faculty, and students.

The alumnæ should be prepared for some form of communication on these questions, either in the shape of a referendum or otherwise. Meantime they need not wait to be asked, but are invited to express opinions and present data on the basis of the educational values involved in each and all of the propositions before them. As between the two departments needing enlargement, there can be in the last analysis only the question as to which has the most urgent need. But a decision between raising money for either one of them or working for an endowment or general alumnæ fund involves the establishment of a somewhat different policy than has been thus far pursued by the alumnæ. It would probably mean the introduction of some such plan as is now in use at Yale of systematic giving on the part of all alumnæ every year. Such a fund would be disbursed at the discretion of the Trustees and would represent a permanent source of income for current uses or for building purposes or for both.

The committee therefore hopes by investigation into methods in use in other colleges to be able to offer, when it reports, the basis for an intelligent decision as to the best financial relation between a college and its alumnæ.

Communications may be sent to the chairman,

ELEANOR H. WOODS,
16 Bond Street, Boston, Mass.

ALUMNAE NOTES

THE ASSOCIATION OF CLASS SECRETARIES

Following the suggestion of Mrs. Clarke in the April QUARTERLY, an association of class secretaries was formed at a meeting held June 13 at the Clark Annex. Representatives of fifteen classes were present. Mrs. Eleanor Bush Woods, 1896, acted as temporary chairman; Mrs. Kate Morris Cone, 1879, explained the workings and composition of the association of class secretaries of Dartmouth College, and a general and informal discussion of purpose and practice took place. Mrs. Netta Wetherbee Higbee, 1880, was elected president and Mrs. Elizabeth L. (McGrew) Kimball, 1901, secretary. It was decided to hold an annual meeting at the college some time during the term, preferably in the autumn, although it was suggested that such a meeting be omitted next autumn on account of the inauguration of Dr. Burton. The purpose of the association was defined as two-fold: (1) to reach the large body of alumnæ and non-graduates, who are not members of the Alumnæ Association, and to present to them the large interests of the alumnæ; (2) to make the ALUMNÆ QUARTERLY the organ of the whole body of alumnæ in a very real sense. Two practical suggestions were received: (1) That the class secretaries may obtain from Miss Snow, general secretary of the Alumnæ Association, separate copies of the class lists to be published in the forthcoming Quinquennial Catalog. The price will be from 3 to 5 cents each. These lists have been found of the greatest convenience to officials of the class organizations and to chairmen of committees; (2) That the annual letter of the class secretary contain a résumé of the aims, achievements and inter-

ests of the Alumnæ Association and an urgent appeal for more members.

ELIZABETH L. KIMBALL, 1901.

MISSING NON-GRADUATES

In preparing the lists for the next biographical catalog of persons connected with the college to be issued in 1910, the General Secretary finds the following names of non-graduates whose addresses are incorrect or unknown. Information which will help to trace them will be greatly valued, if sent to the General Secretary of the Alumnæ Association, at 184 Elm Street, Northampton, Mass.:

Albert, Mary, '79-80.
 Allen, Etta Adele, '81-82.
 Anthony, Grace Julia, '01-02.
 Bagg, Laura Street (Mrs. C. T. Sewall), music, '88-90.
 Bagg, Louise, art, '87-88.
 Baker, Emma Stewart, '88-89.
 Baker, Mabel Anne, '96-97.
 Baldwin, Louise, music, '99-00.
 Barrett, Lefe Gertrude, art, '88-90.
 Bartow, Grace, S-D, '89.
 Battin, Nancy Maus, '95-F '96.
 Beck, Mayme Ethel, '98-99.
 Benson, Myra Cornelia, '07-08.
 Benton, Mary, '87-88.
 Bigham, Lillian Marion, '93-95.
 Blake, Anna Reeder, '85-87.
 Blanchard, Alice Tessier, '03-04.
 Blanchard, Florence Adelia, '87-88.
 Blanchard, Mary Goddard (Mrs. F. F. Marshall), '80-82.
 Brainard, Florence Atwater, '91-92.
 Brett, Maude Runyon, S-D, '84.
 Briggs, Lena Walker (Mrs. John E. Porter), '99-F91, Ja93-Je '95.
 Brigham, Ethel Percy, '92-93.
 Brown, Katharine Louise, '98-99.
 Brown, Rachel, '05-06.
 Burnham, Mary Elizabeth Lyon, art, '84-86.
 Bush, Eugenia, '84-86.
 Butler, Frances Louise, music, '85-86.
 Butler, Katherine James, '01-02.
 Byxbee, Edith Sumner, '92-93.
 Calhoun, Flora Jane, '89-90.
 Campbell, Mary Burton, '80-81.
 Carleton, Alice Bowker, '94-95.
 Carpenter, Elizabeth Louise, '98-99.
 Case, Myra Wilcox, '95-99.
 Chandler, Abbie Belle, '84-86.
 Chase, Mary, music, '87-88.
 Clancy, Laura Elizabeth.
 Clark, Clara Elizabeth, '96-98.
 Clark, Julia B., music, '95-96.
 Clark, Lavinia R., '94-96.
 Clark, Mary Sophia, music, '90-91.
 Clough, Alta Louise, '79-81, '82-83.
 Coatsworth, Jane Electa, '86-87.

- Collins, Mary Gould, art, '83-84.
 Comstock, Elizabeth, '00-01.
 Cooley, Clara White, music, '87-92.
 Coonley, Laura Amelia, S-D, '83.
 Coonley, Lura Sally, S-D, '83.
 Cooper, Mary Louise, music, '86-87.
 Cotter, Lucia Hosmer, '77-78.
 Cottrell, Cora Mabel, '80-82.
 Crofoot, Sara Elizabeth, '88-91.
 Currier, Mary Mehetabel, S-D, '83.
 Curtis, Cora Belle, music, '81-82.
 Davis, Lizzie Mabel, '86-87.
 Davison, Mary Lucinda, music, '91-92.
 Denison, Eunice Dunbar, music, '94-96.
 Denman, Martha Luella (Mrs. Albert S. Hanna), '89-91.
 DeRidder, Belle (Mrs. George H. Ames), '90-91.
 Dickinson, Bessie Marsh, '00-02.
 Dodge, Louise Varnum, '92-93.
 Dunn, Katherine, art, '93-94.
 Eastman, Lucy Hayes, '01-03.
 Eaton, Helen Maria, '80-81.
 Eaton, Mary Laurette, '89-90.
 Eddy, Jessica Louise, '92.
 Edgerly, Marion Cooper (Mrs. Alexander H. Bill), music, '96-97.
 Edgerton, Lillian, music, '82-83.
 Edwards, Helen Louise, S-D, '92.
 Eldredge, Julia Ortentia, S-D, '81.
 Elliott, Elizabeth Jane, '92-93.
 Ellis, Anna Hale, '01-02.
 Ellis, Grace, '85-86.
 Emerson, Mary, '83-85.
 Evans, Abbie Ayres, art, '81-82.
 Evans, Bernice, '98-99.
 Falconer, Helen, '06-07.
 Faye, Georgiana Ransom, art, '86-87.
 Field, Charlotte Hamilton, '91-92.
 Fisher, Mary Emma, '84-85.
 Fiske, Ida Mabel, '85-87.
 Forbes, Esther Bradford, S-D, '96.
 Foss, Harriet Campbell, '83-84.
 Foss, Ida Clift, '81-82.
 Foss, Ruth Brewster, S-D, '97.
 Foster, Gertrude, art, '02-03.
 Fox, Pauline Saxton, art, '88-89.
 Freeman, Julia Rawson, '01-03.
 French, Fannie Smith, music, '92-93.
 Frye, Gertrude Harrison, art, '81-82.
 Fuller, Elizabeth Tate, '78-79.
 Gale, Sarah May, '05-06.
 Goodell, Katharine Abigail, '95-F, '96.
 Goodhue, Frances, '06-07.
 Gould, Florence Louise, S-D, '99.
 Gray, Elizabeth Emma, art, '00-02.
 Gray, Mary, '06-07.
 Green, Carolyn Marie, '98-00.
 Green, Lena Ella, music, '85-86.
 Greene, Marguerite Cleveland, music, '89-90.
 Greenhalge, Harriet H. (Mrs. Laurin H. Martin), '97-98.
 Greeno, Dorothy, S-D, '00.
 Griswold, Alice Caroline, art, '86-87.
 Grosvenor, Louise Payson, S-D, '87.
 Haight, Elinor Church, art, '87-88.
 Hall, Anna Bond, art, '87-88.
 Hanrahan, Kate, music, '86-88.
 Harper, Jennie Mildred, '04-05.
 Harris, Marion Chaplin, music, '88-89.
 Hart, Mary Agnes, '01-03.
 Hastings, Phebe, '97-D, '98.
 Hatch, Edna, '03-04.
 Hauser, Jeannette Shepard, art, '85-86.
 Hedges, Abbie May, S-N, '77.
 Hendrie, Frances, '88-90.
 Henry, Esther Maria, S-D, '89.
 Higgins, Eliza Rosalie, '89-90.
 Hilt, Susie Edna S., '95-F, '96.
 Hine, Mary Helen, music, '80-81.
 Hodges, Agnes Susannah, '00-01.
 Hodgman, Mary Belle, music, '94-96.
 Holbrook, Mary Georgia, '80-81.
 Holmes, Emma Charlotte, '89-90.
 Holmes, Helen Phœbe, music, '97-98.
 Hooker, Ellen, '05-06.
 Hoover, Helen Marie, music, '01-02.
 Hopkins, Theodora Crosby, music, '84-85.
 Howell, Adalove, '02-04.
 Hufnagle, Alice, music, '96-97.
 Hunt, Maude Jennie, music, '93-94.
 Ingals, Melissa Rachel, '01-02.
 Irwin, Abby Alice, music, '80-81.
 Jackson, Elvenia Josephine, '97-98.
 Jackson, Emma Lillian, '84-85.
 Jarvis, Helen, '01-02.
 Jones, Connie Springs, music, '91-92.
 Jones, Edith Louise, '98-D, '00.
 Kalish, Bertha, '80-81.
 Keith, Virginia, '04-05.
 Kelly, Amy Ruth, '98-99.
 Ketchum, Mary, S-N, '95.
 Keyes, Eva Beulah, '97-98.
 King, Effie Bokewell, '77-79.
 Kittredge, Hattie, music, '88-90.
 Kittredge, Minnie, art, '85-86.
 Laing, Kate, '87-88.
 Lane, Lucia Daggett, S-D, '86.
 Lawrence, Caroline, art, '83-85.
 Lawrence, Hattie Alice, music, '94-95.
 Leach, Gertrude E. (Mrs. E. T. Robinson), music, '93-96.
 Leonard, Mary Adeline, '77-78.
 Lewison, Sarah McCalmont (Mrs. George Hayes), '01-03.
 Libby, Ella Frost, music, '84-85.
 Little, Lucy, music, '87-88.
 Lobdell, Ethel, '02-04.
 Lord, Kate Kimball, '01-02.
 Lothrop, Anna Maria, music, '80-81.
 Luce, Adella Matilda, S-D, '79.
 Lunt, Olive Ann Meservey, art, '02-03.
 Lyon, Edith Estelle, music, '96-97.
 McCarthy, Ella Maria, music, '88-91.
 McCarthy, Ellen Mary, music, '91-93.
 McClellan, Mary, music, '84-85.
 McCobb, Callie Talbot, music, '94-96.
 McKnight, Alice, art, '91-92.
 McLellan, Mary Butters, '01-03.
 MacMillan, Frances, '90-91.
 Marsan, Gertrude Olivine, '01-03.
 Marshall, Mary Estella, '03-04.
 Martin, Jennie Clarke, music, '80-81.
 Mason, Mary Elizabeth, '90-91.
 Mathews, Elizabeth Collins, '78-79.
 Matthews, Bessie Louise, '03-04.
 Maynard, Harriet Adelaide, S-D, '95.
 Mead, Mary Louise, '84-85.
 Merriam, Louise Angele (Mrs. George Way), '79-80.
 Miller, Helen Lyman, '76-77.
 Moore, Alice Katharine, '01-03.
 Moore, Lilian Adele, '85-86.
 Morgan, Marion Sherman, '92-93.
 Morris, Eva Millward, '01-03.
 Mulholland, Mary Estelle, '93-94.
 Murlless, Eloise Gertrude, '85-87.
 Murphy, Elsie Bogardus, '01-02.
 Naramore, Elfrida Marguerite, music, '80-82.
 Nelles, Margaret Alexander, music, '84-85.
 Nelson, Mabel Esther, S-D, '97.
 Newcomb, Marion, music, '93-95.
 Nickerson, Ethel Susan, music, '03-04.
 Norton, Agnes Bonnell, S-D, '80.
 Noyes, Grace Richardson (Mrs. Leon Mead), '82-83.
 Oakes, Margaret Maude (Mrs. Bixby), '90-91.
 Owen, Mary Elizabeth Hodges, S-D, '94.
 Packard, Caroline Etta, '92-94.
 Park, Sophia Breck, music, '84-85.
 Patterson, Margaret Martin, '05-06.
 Pearl, Alice Field, music, '93-94.
 Peirce, Annie Calder, '78-D, '79.
 Perry, Emmeline Potter, '83-84.
 Perry, Leonora, '04-05.
 Pitkin, Sarah Eliza, music, '88-89, '91-92.
 Prairie, Etta Louise, '95-96.
 Pratt, Edith Louise, art, '89-90; music, '90-92.

Proctor, Marion, '97-98.
 Puffer, Florence Lynn, '98-Mr, '99.
 Rankin, Emma, '99-F, '00.
 Ratcliff, Margaret Gertrude, '06-07.
 Rathbun, Mary Elizabeth, S-D, '93.
 Raymond, Lillian Arnold, '99-00.
 Reid, Alice, '87-91.
 Rice, Emma Ida, music, '80-83.
 Richardson, Alice Balmaine, '01-03.
 Richardson, Alice Maude, S-D, '81.
 Richardson, Dorothea, S-N, '99.
 Rickard, Annie, '80-81.
 Ricks, Mary Helena, '88-90.
 Robinson, Emma Frances, '90-91.
 Robinson, Margaret Arnold, music, '80-81.
 Rolfe, Fanny Dennett (Mrs. Cole), music, '88-89.
 Ross, Cora, '87-88.
 Russell, Helen Hale, '83-84.
 Sanderson, Mary Elizabeth, music, '80-81.
 Schofield, Elizabeth Horton, '01-02.
 Scholey, Edith Madeline, '01-02.
 Shaw, Florence Inez, music, '03-04.
 Shepard, Alice Lee, '90-91.
 Sherrett, Margaret, '88-89.
 Simpson, Kate Ludelia, '85-89.
 Smart, Mrs. J. L., art, 86-87.
 Smith, Flora Ella, S-D, '80.
 Smith, Frances Louise, music, '89-91.
 Smith, Helen Herndon, '06-07.
 Smith, Mabel Maria, '01-02.
 Smith, Minnie Allen, S-D, '81.
 Smith, Myra B. M., '00; music, '97-00.
 Smith, Nellie Hunt, music, '80-82.
 Snow, Alice Deane, music, '83-84.
 Snow, Maria Foster, music, '94-95.
 Spalding, Josephine Mabel, S-N, '92.
 Spencer, Alice Isabelle, '03-04.
 Starks, Grace Evalynn, '02-03.
 Starr, Sarah Lamson, music, '85-86.
 Stevenson, Mary Frances, '92-93.
 Stewart, Esther Cocilla, '88-89.
 Stillwell, Sara Richmond, S-D, '82.
 Stirling, Grace Heathcote, '86-88.
 Stone, Lee Mabelle, '91-92.
 Strong, Gertrude Helen, '89-90.
 Sturges, Caroline Margaret, '06-07.
 Stursburg, Nellie Bertha (Mrs. Mann), '79-80.
 Sullivan, Edith, music, '88-90.
 Swan, Mary Annie, music, '95-97.
 Sylvester, Edith Eunice, '96-97.
 Taft, Susan Haywood, art, '87-88.
 Taylor, Agnes Louise, '80-81.
 Taylor, Louise, '96-F, '97.
 Thayer, Florence Edmund, '88-90.
 Thompson, Ellen, S-N, '89.
 Thomson, Mary Hanna, '88-89.
 Tirrell, Ada Maria, '81-83.
 Tower, Mabel Gertrude, '92-93.
 Towle, Ethel Ward, '98-00.
 Tucker, Alice Pendleton, '03-04.
 Tucker, Mabel, music, '92-95.
 Tyler, Eva Sessions, '86-87.
 Uhllein, Ella, '04-05.
 Underhill, Florence Winn, music, '91-92.
 Vale, Florence, '98-99.
 Van Iderstine, Alice, music, '93-95.
 Van Orsdale, Mabel Craig, '01-02.
 Van Wagner, Katharine, music, '92-94.
 Van Wagner, Olive, music, '94-95.
 Veeder, Jessie Budington, '88-90.
 Waite, Jessie Evelyn, music, '86-87.
 Walbridge, Isabel Elizabeth, music, '91-92.
 Walley, Alice Louise, '83-84, '87-88.
 Walradt, Ella Marie, '84-85.
 Walters, Sarah Anne, '02-03.
 Walton, Virginia Florence, music, '84-87.
 Ware, Louise Stevens (Mrs. Lyton), '05-07.
 Warren, Jennie Priscilla, '85-88.
 Waskiewicz, Katherine, '04-05.
 Watling, Lillian Lucile, Ja-Je, '92.
 Watson, Effie, '78-79.
 Weathered, '01-03.
 Welles, Marguerite Fitch, '02-03.

Wheeler, Mary Louise, '95-97.
 Whelen, Acelie Thorbecke, '03-04.
 White, Lily Palmer, '77-78.
 White, Patti Louise, S-D, '89.
 Whitney, Emma Seiler, music, '93-94.
 Whittier, Charlotte Maude, art, '84-85.
 Wilcox, Mary Elizabeth, '87-89.
 Wilkie, Mary Sophia, '77-78.
 Williams, Susan Conover, S-D, '85.
 Wilson, Abigail Frances, '85-87.
 Wilson, Bertha Elizabeth, '98-99.
 Wilson, Blanche Dolores, music, '96-97.
 Wilson, Carrie Ellen, music, '87-88.
 Wilson, Ella May, '86-87.
 Wilson, Grace Evelyn, music, '95-96.
 Wilson, Hattie Ella, '82-83.
 Wilson, Sarah, '97-98.
 Wilson, Sophia Agnes, music, '94-96.
 Wolf, Emeline Kooser, '03-05.
 Wood, Emily Sibley, '81-84.
 Woodruff, Harriet Estelle, music, '85-86.
 Woods, Mary Lowe, '79-80.
 Woodward, Martha Gaunt, music, '84-85.
 Woodward, Mary Jane, music, '86-87.
 Wrightington, Ethel Renfrew, S-D, '82.
 Wyman, Annie Lottie, '81-82.

CLASS NEWS

1879

The *Rockford Register-Gazette* for May 4, 1910, contains the following account of good work done at Rockford College, of which Julia H. Gulliver, Ph.D., is President:—

"Rockford College has just received the news of a great success of the French department.

"A competitive examination among thirty universities, colleges and other schools, in which native French teachers are members of the faculty, was held all over the United States the 14th of April. Each institution was represented by five students only, and about 120 candidates were presented. The examination covered two hours of hard work: (1) a translation from French into English, (2) a translation of English into French, (3) a theme on the conquest of the air and the progress of airships and aeroplanes.

"Yesterday morning a New York French paper announced that Miss Jean Anderson from Milwaukee, who is a freshman at Rockford College this year, had obtained the first prize (a medal) for the highest average in all three of the above tests. Miss Anderson also received honorable mention for the translation from French into English, and the first prize for the theme on the conquest of the air.

"Miss Ruth Peterson of Rockford, who is a junior at Rockford College this year, received second honorable mention for her translation from English into French, and the fourth prize for her theme on the conquest of the air.

"Rockford College appeared in competition with Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., and with Brown University, Providence, R. I., as well as with twenty-eight other schools beside.

"Professor Patet has received a letter of congratulation from the society representing the above competition on the success of his students, and it is a matter in which Rockford College may take a just pride."

1888

Born, at St. Johnsbury, Vt., May 13, 1910, to Mrs. Arthur F. Stone (Helen S. Lincoln), a daughter, Laura Helen. Weight, 11½ pounds.

1893

On March 31, 1910, Martha B. Blackstone, of Springfield, Mass., was shot by a burglar and instantly killed. She was an unusually successful primary teacher, and her death was a great loss to the community.

Mabel Whitman has left New York City and will live in Amherst, Mass.

REUNION.

The class of 1893 had 31 names registered, including our five faculty members. An informal class supper was held at Rose-Tree Inn, Monday evening, with 28 present, and the class girl, Margaret Oldham. We are already making plans for our Twentieth, in 1913.

1898

Rejoyce Ballance Collins was married to Mr. Charles Maclay Booth, April 4, 1910. Address 510 Alameda Street, Vallejo, Cal.

1899

Married.—Elizabeth Goodwin to Austin N. Botsford. Address, Newtown, Conn.

A son, Albert Moore, was born December 5, 1909, to Mrs. Richard Winslow Nutter (Alice G. Moore).

1900

Leslie Mitchell was married to Mr. Otto Arthur Poirier on Wednesday, April 20. Address, Virginia, Minn.

Married.—Grace Russell to Harry Bartley Arnold, May 26. Address, 1584 Hawthorn Park, Columbus, Ohio.

Carolyn, second daughter of Mabel Milham Roys, died April 18 in Wei Hsien, Shantung, China.

Gertrude Gladwin has moved from Chicago to 1931 Orrington Ave., Evanston, Ill.

1902

Married.—Faith Potter to Hugh H. C. Weed. Address, 2242 Red Bud Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

1903

Mrs. George A. Hutchins (Gladys Aldrich) died on May 13, a week after the birth of her son, Morton Aldrich.

Mrs. Spencer Carleton (Ernesta Stevens) died suddenly on May 31. She leaves a husband and two sons, Baldwin, aged five, and Ernest, aged three.

Born to Mrs. Arthur Honeyman (Carlotta Parker) on April 2d, a daughter, Barbara Ritchie.

Born to Mrs. Herbert Hewitt (Helen Carter) on May 1st, a daughter, Gillette.

Born, April 1, to Mrs. David Heydorn Ray (Sara Beecher), a boy, David Heydorn, Jr.

1904

Born, January 6, 1910, to Mrs. Otis Weeks (Edith Vaille), a daughter, Eleanor.

Born, March 11, 1910, to Mrs. Poyntell C. Staley (Margaret Nichols), a son, Poyntell Caldecleugh.

Born, June 3, 1910, a second child, Ada Deane, to Mrs. John S. Harrison (Elizabeth Shepard Southworth).

Elisabeth Telling's address has been changed to 2120 Lincoln Park, West, Chicago.

Edith vom Bauer was married in June to La Rue Van Hook, of the Barnard College faculty.

1905

The engagement is announced of Helen. B. Pratt, 1905, to Philip Sweetser, M. I. T., 1904.

1906

Married.—Hazel Cary to Charles H. Kerr, November 15, 1909. Address, Southbridge, Mass.

Helena B. Alford and Gail Tritch will spend the summer on the Continent of Europe. Address American Express Company, 11 Rue Scribe, Paris.

1907

Married.—Ruth Pratt to Andrew Ivory Keener. Address, University Place, Lincoln, Neb.

1908

Married.—Mary Louise Dunn to Frank Douglas Spaulding, June 1. Address, 98 College Street, Burlington, Iowa.

Ethel Middlebrook Bowne was married April 12 to Mr. Harold Chessman Keith, of Brockton, Mass. Address, after September 1, 1383 Main Street, Brockton, Mass.

Margaret Bright was married to Mr. Edwin H. Parkhurst, of Cleveland, Ohio, on April 30.

Helen Buffum Davidson was married to Mr. Bartlett Walton on April 30. Address, Wakefield, Mass.

Helen M. Hills has announced her engagement to Mr. James Mandly Hills, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Hills graduated from Williams in the class of 1899.

Jeannette Chase Kraffert was married, January 5th, to Mr. George Moody Henne. Address, Marietta, Ohio.

Lewella Payne was married December 21, 1909, to Dr. Garnett Ryland. Address, Georgetown, Ky.

The wedding of Alice Jeanette Walton and Mr. Harry Maynard Wheeler (Harvard 1906) took place on June 21st at Lakeside, Wakefield, Mass.

The wedding of Margaret Topping and Mr. George Tourtellot took place on June 21st.

Born, to Mrs. Harry C. Bonney (Harriett Lytle), a daughter, Katherine Alice, on May 9, 1910.

Born, to Mrs. George Street, Jr. (Florence Prince), a daughter, Elizabeth Lovejoy, April 17, 1910.

The engagement of Gretchen Moore

to Curtis P. Upton of East Orange, N. J., has been announced.

Married.—Ruth Leigh O'Donnell and Chester White Graves, June 18th.

1909. First Reunion.

Two hundred and twenty signed the class register for first reunion, but the endless stretch of yellow parasols in the alumnae procession must have made President Seelye wonder if "neighbor Holyoke" had been annexed for the occasion! At any rate, there was a positive proof of "last but not least."

Monday night surpassed all other Monday nights! Free from ushering one's own parents or some one's else, we waved our lanterns, burnt our sparklers and serenaded 1909—and a few other classes—until at eleven o'clock we joined in 1907's

"We'll sing just one more little song,
And then we'll all do what?

Go home!"

On commencement day we walked in the "dignified" alumnae procession, feeling the importance of being placed between 1907 and 1879, and being allowed to enter the doors of the new assembly hall, instead of being told that admission was by ticket only, and that tickets were not given to classes later than '06.

That afternoon we rejoiced with all other alumnae in playing our small part at the exercises in honor of President Seelye. Truly we were proud to belong to that great body and to have had the privilege of working under the leader of Smith College.

Class supper was held in the Students' Building again as the senior class had outgrown the hall. It was a fitting close for a splendid reunion: clever toasts, interesting tales of lives spent "as a Social Butterfly," "as a School Teacher," "Before the Footlights" and "Behind Prison Bars," bespeaking the many-sidedness of our class; also a wonderful parody in blank verse on the senior dramatics.

As 1909 came back in such large numbers at its first reunion to do honor to President Seelye at the close of his administration, so it is the hope of every member that the next reunion may be equally large to extend to President Burton a royal welcome and to assure him of our loyal support.

Ethel Updike and Joseph Nicholas Niaqua were married June 28th.

Ex-1909

Katherine Hubbard has announced her engagement to Mr. Henry C. Ervin, Jr.

BOOK NOTES

The QUARTERLY acknowledges with appreciation the receipt of *Skies Italian, A Little Breviary for Travellers in Italy*, an anthology of poems about Italy and Italian things and personages, compiled by Ruth Shepard Phelps, '99. The poets represented range in period from Dante and Boccaccio to Mr. Andrew Lang and Mrs. Meynell, and the poems are arranged to follow the lines of an imaginary journey. 368 pp., 12mo. Kid, 5s. net. Methuen & Co., Ltd., London; Edmund D. Brooks, Minneapolis, Minn.

NOTICES

The Alumnae and Dr. Burton's Inauguration

The date for the inauguration of Dr. Burton as President of Smith College has been fixed for Wednesday, October 5th. The program, as already arranged, includes the induction at half-past ten, luncheon at one, addresses at three, a reception at half-past four. To these exercises of the day the officers of the general Alumnæ Association, a representative of each local club according to its membership in the Alumnæ Council, a representative of each class, and former alumnæ trustees and presidents have been formally invited by the Trustees. While even the new Assembly Hall is not unlimited, it is hoped that seats for the morning and afternoon exercises will be left after the formal guests of the college have been provided for. The committee of trustees and faculty in charge of the inauguration will gladly welcome the alumnæ, whose cordial coöperation they bespeak in the arrangements for the induction of the second President of Smith College.

Applications for tickets should be sent to the Office of the Dean between September 20 and 27. These will be filled in order, with the necessary consideration for a proportionate distribution among the classes. The Alumnæ Secretary, Miss Florence Snow, if notified at the same time, will try to secure rooms in town.

LOUISA S. CHEEVER,

Secretary of the Inauguration Committee.

Senior Dramatics, 1911

Applications should be sent to the General Secretary not earlier than September 15 (applications sent before that date will be returned). Alumnæ are urged to apply for Thursday evening if possible, as Saturday evening is not open to alumnæ, and there will probably not be more than seventy-five tickets for Friday evening.

Each alumna is allowed one ticket, and may not use another name to secure extra tickets. No deposit is required to secure the ticket, which may be claimed on arrival in Northampton from the business manager in Seelye Hall. Tickets will be held only till 5 o'clock on the day of the performance, unless a request has been received to hold them later at the theatre. Applications are not transferable and should be cancelled at once if not wanted.

A fee of 10 cents is charged to all non-members of the Association for the filing of the application. The fee may be sent to the General Secretary at the time of application.

Alumnæ should keep this notice for reference, and bear in mind that the date of dramatics for 1911 begins with Thursday, June 15.

FOUND.—Some time during Commencement week a pocketbook containing \$3.75 was left in Seelye 1. It can be regained by the owner through the office of the General Secretary, 184 Elm Street, Northampton.

The Hampshire Gazette (Northampton) for Monday and Tuesday, June 13 and 14, and *The New England Magazine* for July contain Commencement news and an article in appreciation of President Seelye, respectively.

President Seelye has resigned from the Board of Trustees of Smith College, the resignation to take effect at midnight, August 31st, when his resignation from the Presidency also becomes effective.

By the courtesy of Dr. Arthur L. Gillett of Hartford Theological Seminary and of our own Board of Trustees, we have the following news item:

HARTFORD, CONN., May 11, 1910.

"Yesterday I saw a letter from one of the American missionaries in Constantinople which contained a sentence which may possibly have some interest for you.

"On Easter Sunday Dr. Burton, President-elect of Smith College, gave a masterly address on the limitations of knowledge, through an interpreter, in the Bible House (Constantinople). The chapel was full of the three nationalities, all charmed with the earnestness of this 'lovable' man, as one of my Turkish students called him. Dr. Riza Bey (a member of Parliament) was present and spoke also, thanking Dr. Burton for his address, and for the suggestive thoughts of his address."

Yours sincerely,

A. L. GILLETT."

Mrs. Lucia Clapp Noyes, 1881, has been re-elected Alumna Trustee of Smith College.

Mrs. Clarke will be at Denver, October 18th-22d, and can probably visit clubs on the way out and back, if desired. Any club interested please notify Miss Whitney and communicate regarding dates.

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were doing he wrote us Jan. 17, 1910 **Seventy-five per cent.** dates failures. **NUMBER ONE**
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